M. E. W.

DO NOT REMOVE FROM COLLECTION
PRIOR TO 2032
SHARED PRINT RETAINED ITEM

College of the
Holy Names
Library
Oakland - - California

HOLY NAMES UNIVERSITY
PAUL J. CUSHING LIBRARY
library.hnu.edu
34681000708310

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/modernreaderssha0008henr

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

From the painting by Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A., in the Manchester Art Gallery.

Cæsar and Calphurnia ("Julius Cæsar").

Calphur. "When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."
ACT II., SC. II.

THE MODERN READERS

SHAKESPEARE

With Notes and Comments by
Henry Norman Hudson, M.A.
Israel Gollancz, M.A.
C. H. Herford, Litt., D.
and over One Hundred other
Eminent Shakespearean Authorities.

VOLUME VIII

JULIUS CÆSAR
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
CYMBELINE

SOCIETY OF SHAKESPERIAN EDITORS
NEW YORK

PR
2754
H82
V.1

Copyright, 1909, by
Bigelow, Smith & Co.

34783

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Julius Cæsar was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens*. It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy for *Timon*.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed

North's very expressions,[1] while "of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch." Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own." [2]

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579." [3]

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, *e. g.* (i) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months be-

[1] One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

> "I dare assure thee that no enemy
> Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
> The gods defend him from so great a shame!
> When you do find him, or alive or dead,
> He will be found like Brutus, like himself."
>
> (V. iv. 21–25.

Cp. "I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself" (North's *Life of Brutus*).

[2] *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp. 64–66).

[3] The best modern edition is in Mr. Nutt's *"Tudor Translations"*; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr. Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's *Plutarch* was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, was certainly not used for the present play.

fore); (ii) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already found in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

> "In the Capitol anon him hente (*i. e.* seized)
> This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,
> And stikked him with bodëkins anoon
> With many a wound, and thus they let him lie."

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days "did enact Julius Cæsar," "*I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.*" "*It was a brute part,*" observed Hamlet, "*to kill so capital a calf there,*" *Hamlet*, III, ii, 115–116).

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

> "The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

Similarly, Drayton's *Barons' Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare's famous lines:—

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him," etc.[1]

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations

[1] It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons' Wars*, con-

of style and versification.[1] The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony;* 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex' reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly "come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favorite's out-break against his sovereign. *Et tu, Brute!* would mean more to them than to us" (Dr. Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

JULIUS CÆSAR AND HAMLET

Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world of action, when they would fain contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher

taining a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e. g.*:—

"As that it seem'd, when Nature him began
She meant to show all that might be a man."

[1] Mr. Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgment of a fuller play; hence "the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play." The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. "Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602–1603. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare's *Cæsar,* if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare's death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgment have been entrusted except Shakespeare's critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened" (*cp. Shakespeare Manual,* pp. 262–270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as "Decius" Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically "correct," but lifeless, *Sejanus,* with Shakespeare's living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognized the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precurse of fierce events, even as

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralizes on "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust"; when the King, watching "the poison of deep grief" in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in hugger-mugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus?* [1]

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS

If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connection with the subject of Hamlet. The present writer ventures to think that he may have found some such connection. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (Act III, sc. ii) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in North's *Life of Brutus*,[2] but one looks

1 "Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger."

2 "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have

in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Lives*.[1]

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "*How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done*"; etc. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." [2]

done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end'" (*Life of Brutus*).

[1] Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (Act III. Scene ii.) is to be found in *Plutarch*. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

[2] I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French:—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, etc. . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not effect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, etc. I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet, Shakespeare Library*.)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. iii.
Day 3. Acts II, III. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act IV, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act IV, sc. ii, iii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act V.

The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

PLAYS ON "JULIUS CÆSAR"

(i) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute,*" which may indirectly have been derived from Dr. Eedes' play of *Cæsaris Interfecti*, acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions *Cæsar and Pompey;* while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that *Julius Cæsar* was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,[1] for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and

[1] The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

"Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake," etc.

others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar*," which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, April 10, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide* Note, *supra*).

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* (*circa* 1608) the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated).

(iii) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin Play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's *Le Brutus*, an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on "Tragedy" is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
> In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar was printed with remarkable clearness and accuracy, the acts being regularly marked, but not the scenes, in the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Tragedies. Perhaps no play in the volume has fewer troublesome readings, or presents less occasion for editorial ingenuity in ascertaining the text; for which cause it has suffered comparatively little from the mendings and tamperings of modern editors. Notwithstanding, some accidental omissions and some needless changes have been made.

We have no clear authority towards fixing the date of the composition. External evidence there is none whatever, on which any great reliance can be placed for this purpose. Malone assigned the year 1607 as the probable time of the writing; his only ground for doing so being the supposition that it was written after the appearance of a tragedy on the same subject by Lord Sterline; which tragedy he supposed to have been first published in 1607. But, in the first place, there is no reason for inferring the date of either of these tragedies from that of the other; they have nothing in common but what would naturally result from using a common authority; while at the same time the subject had been too often treated dramatically to warrant the argument of either play having been suggested by the other: in the second place, Lord Sterline's tragedy is now known to have been published as early as 1604.

Mr. Collier thinks there is good ground for believing that the play in hand was acted before 1603. We shall set

forth his argument as succinctly as possible. In the last speech but one of the play, Antony speaks of Brutus thus:

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him,* that *Nature* might stand up,
> And say to all the world, *'This was a man!'*"

In Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, as published in 1603, occurs the following stanza, speaking of Mortimer:

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd,* as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,
> That 't seem'd, when Heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*"

Mr. Collier thinks Italic type is hardly wanted to prove that one poet borrowed not only the thought but the very words of the other. The question is, who was the borrower? The *Barons' Wars* first appeared in 1596; but what is said of Mortimer in that edition bears no likeness whatsoever to the speech of Antony. Drayton afterwards recast the whole poem, and put forth an edition in 1603, containing the stanza quoted above. Mr. Collier's argument is, that Drayton, having before that date seen the play in manuscript or heard it at the theater, caught and copied the idea and words of Shakespeare, without being conscious of it; and hence the resemblance in question. And he thinks this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact, that in the later editions of the poem, in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained the same as in that of 1603; while in that of 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before the tragedy was published, the resemblance was made still closer, thus:

> "He was a man, then, boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay,*
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;

> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

We give this argument for what it is worth, and hope it has lost none of its proper force in our statement. Nevertheless, we have to own that we can make nothing out of it for the purpose. Nay, of the two, we should rather conclude from the premises here furnished, that the indebtedness, if there be any, lies the other way. For we believe, not only that Shakespeare was in fact the greatest thief of mental treasure in his time, but that he could therefore all the better afford to borrow from others, forasmuch as he had so much more of his own than any body else, and forasmuch as his own was so much better than anybody's else. And indeed we hold it to be one of his highest merits, that his genius sucked in whatever of good there was in the intellectual atmosphere where it moved, and then reproduced it in just the right place, and applied it exactly where and as it would best fit. But in this case the thought, however just and happy it may seem to us, or may be in itself, was really but a philosophical commonplace among the writers of Shakespeare's time; who held that all things both in the world of matter and of mind were composed of the four original elements, earth, water, air, and fire; and that harmony and felicity of mind and character lay in these elements being rightly mixed: these standing together in due proportion, order and excellence were the result; otherwise, the result was eccentricity or defect. Images and expressions implying this theory are often met with in the Poet's works, and hardly less often in other writers of that age. If, however, there were in this case any thing more than a mere coincidence of thought and language, the most likely conclusion would seem to be, that Shakespeare, having read Drayton's poem, borrowed his matter, and that then Drayton, having heard Shakespeare's play, borrowed his improvement of it.

Other critics of great and well-seasoned judgment, and

from whose conclusions we are very reluctant to dissent, refer this drama to the Poet's latest period, placing it, as to the time of writing, in the same class with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Coriolanus*. Among those so judging are found the high names of Coleridge, Campbell, and Verplanck. And their judgment herein is avowedly grounded, not on the qualities of style and versification, but on what they consider the more calm and ripened tone of philosophic thought pervading the play. The point need not be better stated than in the words of Campbell: "I cannot, on the whole, but remark a more matured tone of philosophy in the classical and later, than in the earlier and romantic, dramas of Shakespeare. By his classical dramas I mean the three great ones, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The philosophy that illuminates *Hamlet* has, possibly from the hero being neither entirely in his perfect mind nor entirely out of it, a certain vagueness and obscurity, unlike the deep and clear insight into human nature displayed in the classical dramas which I have named. I attribute this difference, not to the influence of classical or unclassical subjects, but to the ripened growth of the Poet's mind."

Now, for ourselves, we cannot discover, in *Julius Cæsar*, quite that serene and mellow philosophy, that entire and absolute aloofness of self from the representation, that pure and perfect transparency of mind,—like the light of heaven, revealing every thing it looks upon, yet remaining itself unseen,—which especially distinguishes the dramas that we reckon of the Poet's latest period. On the contrary, we seem to feel, in this play, somewhat of the same enthusiasm—a chaste and well-regulated enthusiasm, we grant, that scarce disturbs the balance of dramatic justice, and such as an angel need not blush to acknowledge—which discovers itself in *Hamlet* and other plays written between 1600 and 1605. To go no further, there are several speeches put into the mouth of Cæsar, which cannot be regarded as historically characteristic; and which certainly do not give a just impression of that greatest of all

the Romans, and who was perhaps the man of the highest and most varied powers and accomplishments, that ever figured in the political history of the world. In this part of the drama at least, we seem to miss somewhat of that wonderful calmness and elevation of soul, which discloses itself in *Coriolanus* and *The Tempest*, as if the Poet had looked on too many things, and seen into them and through them, to be at all captivated to or from the special interests of any one of them; having reached that stage and perfection of art,—if indeed it be not something higher than the highest art, and which but uses art as an organ for discoursing the harmonies of truth,—that he could pass into and, as it were, become the very persons themselves whom he studied or created, reproducing all the thoughts and feelings that were in them, as if they were his own, and yet all the while remain firmly himself and firmly within himself.

Another sort of argument has been drawn from the political cast and complexion of the three "classical dramas," that they were written after the Poet's mind had been specially excited to inquiries of that nature, by the great questions of public right against royal prerogative, which grew into general agitation early in the reign of James I. We will give this point the benefit of Mr. Verplanck's clear and judicious statement. He is speaking of *Julius Cæsar:* "The composition of this drama, like that of *Coriolanus*, may with all reasonable probability be assigned to some of the seven or eight years subsequent to 1607;—that period of the author's life and of the history of English liberty, when the principles of popular rights were first distinctly and continuously brought into collision with the doctrine of divine regal power and prerogative. Not indeed that the English people had not long before, even under the Plantagenets, often been driven by wrong to assert their natural or chartered rights, and thus to preserve a larger share of personal liberty than was to be found elsewhere. But it was in the early years of James I that these great questions were first formally carried into the

elections, and made the subject of elaborate discussion, as well as of popular appeal, through the press and the action of the House of Commons. When the public mind had been roused to such inquiries, it was natural that the dramatic poet—as the experience of every age of revolution and strong political excitement has shown—should partake, in some way, of the spirit animating and pervading all about him. Shakespeare appears to have looked at and studied the phenomena of political strife, with the eye at once of an artist, as to their external appearance, and of a philosopher, as to their principles and moral causes; but with little of the spirit of a partizan."

And in another place, where he is speaking to the same subject, he mentions the years 1610 and 1613 as the time when these questions broke out into open legislative controversy, and came to be matter of formal debate and of steady concerted action in Parliament. But, in the first place, it stands to reason and experience that such agitations should be brewing in secret, mingling in the currents of private study and social converse, and entering largely into "the talk man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk of the mind's business," for some years before they could work and establish themselves into definite legislative and judicial issues. In the second place, they grew forth into such action and expression some years earlier than the time assigned. The very first Parliament after the accession of James was deeply charged with their spirit and efficacy, thus showing that they had for some time been gathering strength, and were then ready to leap forth into effect upon the first coming of opportunity. The proclamation convoking this Parliament was itself irregular, assuming it as the right of the crown to control the election and return of members. After the meeting, their first business was upon an issue with the king, which ended in establishing their right of exclusive jurisdiction in such cases. Then, the king having set himself, with that bungling and blundering wrong-headedness which was probably inherent in him, to dictate their privileges, and to make

the law subject to his will, the House of Commons planted itself in an attitude of firm resistance. And when the king took upon him to censure some parts of their course, this gave rise to a high-toned vindication, which was drawn up by a committee and in pursuance of an order of the House, setting forth a full and pertinent justification of the censured proceedings, and asserting, with respectful boldness and in explicit language, the constitutional rights and liberties of Parliament. This was in the spring of 1604. At the time fixed for the next session, which was in the fall of 1605, the struggle was on the point of being resumed, when it was arrested and postponed by the all-exciting discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. As soon as this excitement had in a measure passed off, the struggle was renewed in all its bitterness; and continued thenceforward through the whole of the reign. From all which it seems clear enough that the elements of this contest, so far from being asleep till 1610, were thoroughly prepared and marshaled for practical assertion even so early as the first year of James.

But, what seems still more decisive against the argument in hand, these classical dramas have not, that we can discover, any peculiarity in this respect but what would grow naturally from the subject-matter itself, as the Poet found it in Plutarch. Had he invented the collisions and struggles between public right and individual temper, which mark these plays, then indeed his course might fairly be derived from the special rising currents of popular thought at the time: but, in the instances here represented, and in all the main characters and circumstances attending them, with the single exception of "the mightiest Julius," he follows with remarkable closeness the narratives of the historian. The persons and events he took just as they were furnished to his hand; though it is indeed true, that, in selecting and ordering them for dramatic reproduction, he penetrated far more deeply than Plutarch did or could into the principles which underlie and determine the forms and workings of social and civil organization. For

it seems to have been a necessity of his genius, in reknitting the facts and characters of history, to evolve their inmost significance, and train them forth complicated with the largest and deepest insight of those living laws which gave them shape and made them what they were.

All which seems to clear up the ground for what we believe to be the only argument that will really hold touching the date of *Julius Cæsar*. This argument has reference solely to the diction and meter of the play, the general form and structure of the sentences, the cast and texture of the imagery; in all which respects the play relishes, to our mind, of the Poet's style during the first five years of the seventeenth century, the same period which gave us *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and when it will hardly be questioned that his insight of things was deep enough and his grasp of them large enough to fill up the measures of any criticism that has yet made its appearance. Shakespeare began with what may be regarded as a preponderance of the lyrical or poetic elements over the dramatic. As we trace the growth and course of his mind upward and onward, we may, it seems to us, discover a gradual rising of the latter elements into greater strength and prominence, until at last they had the former in complete subjection. Now, where external evidence is wanting, it is mainly from the relative strength of these elements in the composition, that we argue the probable date. And we submit, that in *Julius Cæsar* the versification is more free and flowing, the diction more gliding and continuous, the course of the sentence more even and regular, the imagery more round and amplified, than we find in the dramas confessedly of his latest period. So that, touching the date of the writing, we rest in much the same conclusion as Mr. Collier, though we come to it on very different grounds.

The historical materials of this drama were taken from the *Lives of Julius Cæsar*, *Brutus*, and *Antony*, as set forth in North's translation of Plutarch. We proceed to condense, retaining, however, as far as practicable the very

words of the translator, so much of the narratives as relates to the main action of the play.

Marcius Brutus, having framed his life by the rules of virtue and study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting great things, methinks he was rightly made and framed unto virtue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt because of his conspiracy against Cæsar, if there were any thing noble done in this conspiracy, refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, but not so well given and conditioned as he.

Marcus Cato the philosopher was brother unto Servilia, Marcus Brutus' mother; whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the Romans, and afterwards married his daughter. Touching the Grecian philosophers, there was no sect of them but he heard and liked; but above all he loved Plato's sect best, and did not much give himself to the New Academy.

When the Empire was divided into factions, and Cæsar and Pompey were in arms one against the other, it was thought that Brutus would take part with Cæsar, because Pompey not long before had put his father to death. But Brutus, preferring the respect of his country before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause to enter into arms than Cæsar, took part with Pompey; though oftentimes meeting him before he thought scorn to speak to him. It is reported that Pompey, when he saw him come, rose out of his chair, and went and embraced him before them all, and used him as honorably as he could have done the noblest man that took his part. Brutus, being in Pompey's camp, did nothing but study all day long, except he were with Pompey. Furthermore, when others slept, or thought what would happen the morrow after, he fell to his book, and wrote all day long till night.

Now, when Cæsar took sea to go into Africa against Cato and Scipio, he left Brutus governor of Gaul in Italy,

which was a great good hap for that Province. For, while others were spoiled by the insolence and covetousness of governors, Brutus was a comfort and rest unto them. But he referred it wholly unto Cæsar's grace and goodness. When Cæsar returned, and progressed up and down Italy, the things that pleased him best to see were the cities under Brutus' charge, and Brutus himself, who honored Cæsar in person, and whose company also Cæsar greatly esteemed. Now, there were divers sorts of Prætorships in Rome, and it was looked for that Brutus and Cassius would make suit for the chiefest Prætorship, called the Prætorship of the city; because he that had that office was a judge to minister justice unto the citizens. Therefore they strove one against another, though they were allied together, Cassius having married Junia, Brutus' sister; and the place was so sought of either party, that one of them put another into suit of law. Cæsar, when he had heard them both, told his friends,—"Indeed, Cassius hath alleged best reason, yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Thus Brutus had the first Prætorship, and Cassius the second; who thanked not Cæsar so much for that he had, as he was angry with him for that he lost.

The chiefest cause that made Cæsar mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill-will. Notwithstanding, they that procured him this honor gave out that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise they were unconquerable. And they were so bold, besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But, the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar.

Now, when Cassius felt his friends and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. For they told him that so high an enterprise did not so much require

men of courage to draw their swords, as to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man think that by his presence the fact were holy and just. Therefore Cassius, considering this matter, did speak to Brutus for the first time since the suit they had for the Prætorship. So, when he was reconciled to him, he asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of March, because he heard that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered, he would not be there. "But what if we be sent for," said Cassius, "how then?" "For myself, then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty." Cassius replied, "Why, what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, and such like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy Prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well-assured, that of other Prætors they look for gifts, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp; but at thy hands they specially require the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for and that they hope thou art." Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him; and so, each taking leave of other, they went both to speak with their friends about it.

Amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. Therefore Brutus went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him,—"Ligarius, at what a time art thou sick!" Ligarius, rising up and taking him by the right hand, said unto him,—"Brutus, if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole." After that time they began to feel all whom they trusted, and did not only pick out their friends, but those also whom they thought

stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and not afraid to lose their lives. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, would quite turn their purpose and quench the heat of their enterprise. Furthermore, only the name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to consent; who, not taking or giving any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, all kept the matter so secret, and so cunningly handled it, that, notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.

Now, a day being appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come, the conspirators determined then to put their enterprise in execution; and the rather, that all the noblest and chiefest men of the city would be there; who, when they should see such a great matter executed, would every man set to their hands for the defense of their liberty. They thought also that the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by Divine Providence. For it was one of the porches about the theater in the which there was a place full of seats; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honor of him. In this place was the assembly of the Senate to be, just on the fifteenth day of March, which the Romans call *Idus Martius;* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain for revenge of Pompey's death.

When the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side under his long gown. The other conspirators were all assembled at Cassius' house, and from thence they came all together unto Pompey's porch, looking that Cæsar would come straight thither. Notwithstanding, there fell out many misfortunes, enough to have

marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest was Cæsar's long tarrying; for, because the sacrifices appeared unlucky, his wife kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bade him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, a senator called Popilius Lena, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius, rounded softly in their ears,—"I pray the gods you may go through with that you have in hand; but, despatch, for your enterprise is bewrayed." He presently departed, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.

When Cæsar came, Popilius Lena went unto him, and kept him a long time with talk. Wherefore, the conspirators, not hearing what he said to Cæsar, were afraid, every man of them; and it was easy to see they were all of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Lena, said nothing, but with a pleasant look encouraged Cassius. Immediately after Lena went from Cæsar and kissed his hand; which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. All the senators being entered into the place where the council should be kept, Trebonius drew Antony aside as he came into the house, and held him with a long talk. So, Cæsar coming in, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. When he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them one Metellus Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their entreaties, but afterwards, perceiving that the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger, and strake Cæsar in the neck,

but gave him no great wound. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his hand and held it hard, and cried out in Latin,—"O, traitor Casca, what doest thou?" Casca, on the other side, cried in Greek,—"Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed at the sight they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They, on the other side, that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder. Men report that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but, when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven against the base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore blood till he was slain. It is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body; and, so many swords lighting on him, one hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, and all the rest were every man of them bloodied.

Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have stayed the other senators to tell them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and intreat all the rest to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus thought it good also to kill Antony; but Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that it was not honest, secondly, because there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antony, when he should know that Cæsar was dead, would willingly help his country to re-

cover her liberty. So he saved Antony's life, who at that time disguised himself, and stole away. But Brutus and his consorts went straight to the Capitol. There, a great number of men being assembled, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favor of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon they came down to the market-place. The rest followed, but Brutus went foremost, honorably compassed about with the noblest men of the city, who brought him to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. Howbeit, immediately after, they showed that they were not all contented with the murder: for when another called Cinna would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar, and marvelously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned to the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be besieged, sent back the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they who were no partakers of the murder should be partakers of the danger.

The next morning, the Senate being assembled, it was decreed to pardon and forget all that was past, and to establish friendship and peace again; and Antony, to put them in heart, sent them his son for a pledge. Upon this assurance, they came down from the Capitol, where every man saluted and embraced each other, among whom Antony himself bade Cassius to supper, and Lepidus bade Brutus, and so one bade another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament. Then, Antony thinking good his testament should be read openly, and that his body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might take occasion to be worse

offended; Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen seventy-five drachmas, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, the people then loved him, and were marvelous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antony, making his funeral oration, and perceiving that his words moved the people to compassion, framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open in the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst them. For some cried, "Kill the murderers"; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places; and, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger, provided for themselves and fled.

The state of Rome standing thus, there fell out another change when young Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted and made his heir by his last will and testament. When Julius Cæsar was slain, he was in the city of Apollonia where he studied; but when he heard of his death he returned to Rome, where, to curry favor with the people, he took upon him his adopted father's name, and made distribution of the money which his father had bequeathed unto them. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, made an agreement, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the Empire among themselves; and did set up bills of proscription and out-

lawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one.

Whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus prayed Cassius to let him have some part of his money, whereof he had great store. Cassius' friends hindered this request, persuading him that it was no reason that Brutus should have the money, which Cassius had gotten together by sparing and levied with great ill-will of the people, to bestow liberally on his soldiers, and by this means win their good wills. Notwithstanding, Cassius gave him a third part of the total sum. Some time after, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without, hearing them loud and angry between themselves, were amazed and afraid, lest it would grow to a further matter.

The next day, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella, who had been a Prætor of the Romans, for that he was convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because, not many days before, two of his friends having been convicted of the like offense, he had openly cleared them. Therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor robbed the country, but was a favorer of them that did. And if there were any cause

why they might set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to suffer Cæsar's friends to do what wrong they would, than to bear with their own men.

When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and followed the soldiers, who gave them meat, until they came near to the city of Philippi; and there one day before the battle they flew away. Octavius Cæsar came not thither till ten days after; and Antony camped against Cassius, and Brutus on the other side against Cæsar. Brutus first of all mustered his army, and did purify it in the fields, according to the manner of the Romans. It is reported that, while occupied about this purification, there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. For one of his sergeants that carried the rods before him brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worn on his head in the time of sacrificing. Yet further, there was seen a marvelous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses; and bee-hives also were found in a certain place within the camp, which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions. Thereupon he was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to draw it out, considering that they were the stronger in money and the weaker in men. But Brutus did desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of a battle as soon as might be, to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world. Thereupon it was determined they should fight the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked cheerful, like one that had good hope, and talked wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But, touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and told him in Greek,—"Messala, I protest unto thee and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will, as

Pompey the Great was, to put the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. Yet we must be lively and of good courage, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius, having spoke these last words, bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper the next night, because it was his birth-day.

The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in their camp, which was an arming scarlet coat; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said,—"The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after live quietly one with another. But since the greatest things amongst men are most uncertain, and if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly or to die?" Brutus answered,—"I trust, I know not how, a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful act, touching the gods, nor, concerning men, valiant; not to yield to Divine Providence and patiently take whatsoever it pleaseth Him to send us, but to draw back and fly. But now, being in the midst of danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither make any new supply for war, but will rid me of this miserable world: for I gave up my life for my country on the Ides of March." Cassius fell a-laughing, to hear what he said, and, embracing him, said,—"Come on, then, and let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors."

After this talk, they fell to consultation for the ordering of the battle. Then Brutus prayed he might have the leading of the right wing. Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala should also be in that wing. Brutus sent little bills to the colonels and captains, in which he wrote the word of battle. By this means very few of them understood what the word was, and the most part never tarried

selves, they could not withstand the enemies, but turned tail and fled. And those that had put them to flight came in straight to compass Brutus behind, who in the midst of the conflict did all that was possible for a skillful captain and valiant soldier for the obtaining of victory. There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youth. For, notwithstanding he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not fly, but, manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name and also his father's name, he was beaten down among many of his enemies whom he had slain about him. So there were slain all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility, who ran into any danger to save Brutus' life; amongst whom was one of his friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of men going right against Brutus, told them he was Brutus, and prayed them to bring him to Antony. The men, being very glad of this good hap, carried him in the night, and sent some before to tell Antony of their coming. When Lucilius was brought to him, he said with a bold countenance,—"Antony, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive: God keep him from that fortune. But wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself." Antony, on the other side, looking upon them that had brought him, said,—"My friends, I think you are sorry you have failed of your purpose; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend; and if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends than mine enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

Now, Brutus, having passed a little river environed on either side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain friends that followed him; and, looking up to the

firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses. Within a little while, naming his friends that had been slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before. He thought there were not many of his men slain; and, to know the truth of it, one called Statilius promised to go through the enemies, and, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised. A good while after, Brutus, seeing that he came not, said,—"If Statilius be alive, he will come again." But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into the enemies' hands and was slain. Now, the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear. The other answered not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and said somewhat also to him. At last he came to Volumnius, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, said,—"We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then, taking every man by the hand, he said,—"It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me; and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake; for I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty." Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then went a little aside with two or three only, among the which was Strato, who, at his request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and presently died.

Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, was reconciled afterwards to Octavius Cæsar; and shortly after he

brought Strato unto him, and, weeping, said,—"Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus." Then Cæsar received him; and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him. Now, Antony, having found Brutus' body, caused it to be wrapped up in one of the richest coat-armors he had; and afterwards he sent the ashes of his body unto his mother Servilia. It was said that Antony spake it openly divers times, that the thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus that was moved to do it, as thinking the act was commendable of itself; but that all the others did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they did bear unto him.

From the foregoing abstract it will be seen that in all the leading incidents of the play the Poet followed the narrator very closely and minutely; though in a number of cases he worked out those incidents with an amazing wealth of poetry and invention. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that the time of the play is as follows: In February, the year B. C. 44, the festival called Lupercalia was held in honor of Cæsar, when the crown was offered him by Antony. On the following March 15 he was slain. In November of the next year the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. In the year B. C. 42, the civil war was finished by the defeat of Brutus and Cassius near Philippi. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years.

The title of this play is really a misnomer; for, as was remarked long ago by Gildon, and more recently by Schlegel, Brutus is the true hero of the piece, Cæsar being brought forward only just so much and in such a way as might serve to advance and set off that prince of the conspirators. And probably the design of the play required some such sacrifice of the greater to the less. For, had Cæsar been represented any thing like as he really was, the course of Brutus, however justifiable as it stood in his own

mind, could not have been made to draw in that current of sympathy which is due alike to his character as a man and to the place assigned him in the drama. Such, at all events, is the best excuse we can think of for the treatment here put upon Cæsar: for "the last infirmity of noble minds" is in truth the only point of his character that is fairly set forth in the play; all those colossal gifts and virtues, which placed him at the summit of heathen antiquity, being withheld from the scene, or at least thrown so far into the back-ground that their proper effect is all but lost. For he is represented as little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff-paste, and made to speak very much in the style of a glorious vaporer and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder; than which nothing could possibly be further from the truth of the man, whose character, even in its faults, was as compact and solid as adamant, and at the same time as ductile and limber as the finest gold. Certain critics have seized and worked upon this, as proving that Shakespeare must have been very green in classical study, or else very careless in the use of his authorities. To our mind, it proves neither the one nor the other; but only that he was somewhat deeper in nature than in Greek and Latin. We have no doubt it was all done in the full knowledge of what great Cæsar really was, "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times"; and because, upon the plan of making Brutus a dramatic hero, the laws of artistic propriety required it.

Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on any thing Cæsar has done nor on what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. He has "no personal cause to spurn at" Cæsar; nor has he "known when his affections sway'd more than his reason"; but "he would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question"; and,

"Since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities."

So then, according to this, the upshot of the whole seems to be, that Brutus enters into and heads a plot for assassinating the man who, besides being clothed with the awful sanctions of law as the highest representative of the state, has stood as his personal friend and benefactor, not on any ground of fact, but on a sort of theoretical probability, as he views it, that the wearing a crown will prove in some way a sacrament of evil, and cause him to be quite other than the whole course of his life has shown him to be.

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright, gentle, and pure, his honor as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanor cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the Senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death.

Now, the practice, too common of late, of strangling the Poet's conceptions under a fine net-work of critical theories, in order to approve his depth of wisdom, is not much to our taste: nevertheless, it appears to us that in this play the leading idea was, to give these two sides, however seemingly incompatible, a dramatic reconcilement, and by so doing to show how they might be and in fact were practically reconciled in the Brutus of history. To do this, was indeed a high task for art, even in the hands

of such an artist as Shakespeare; yet he has done it. Herein, we think, lies the chief merit of the performance; and, regarded in this light, it can hardly be overpraised. The delineation of Brutus deserves a place near, if not among, his masterpieces.

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favorite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the Senate, sit with him at the fire-side, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances and aptitudes amidst which he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitual thinkings for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and

civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

And so his whole course is that of one acting rather on his own ideas than on the facts that are before and around him. He is content to do that by which he thinks his country *ought to be* benefited; giving the go-by, apparently, to the question whether his country is actually in a state to be benefited thereby. As the killing of Cæsar stands dressed in his purpose, he and his associates are to be "sacrificers, but not butchers": they are to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods." But, in order to any such effect as he hopes for, it is necessary that his countrymen generally should regard the act in the same light as he intends it. That they will actually so regard it, is the very thing which he has, *in fact*, no reason or right to conclude: notwithstanding, because it is so *in his idea*, therefore he trusts that, the deed "so appearing in the common eye," they will "be call'd purgers, not murderers." Meanwhile the plain truth is, that if his countrymen had been capable of regarding the deed as a sacrifice, they would not have made or permitted any occasion for the doing of it. It is certain that unless so construed the act must prove fruitful of evil: all Rome is full of things proving that it cannot be so construed; but this is what Brutus has not the practical discernment to see, because his wisdom and virtue, noble and beautiful as they are, were born of the ideal, not of the hard, stern realities about him. So, again, in the deeply characteristic oration, when he undertakes to "show the *reason* of our Cæsar's death": he speaks, in calm and dispassionate manner, just those things which, according to his idea, ought to set the people

right, and himself right in their eyes; practically forgetting, all the while, that such an act cannot but stir up passion, and that passion is a thing that cannot be met by reason, because the two hold no proportion to each other. And for the same cause he will give no place to the thought of despatching Antony, or of denying him a chance of speaking to the people. To do thus, would be unjust, and so would overthrow the whole nature of the enterprise as it lives in his mind and purpose. If he had conceived the fall of Cæsar as drawing on a necessity of such further acts, he would have had no hand in it. And, because in his idea it ought so to be, he trusts that Antony will make Cæsar's death the occasion of strengthening those who killed him; not perceiving or not heeding the strong likelihood, which so soon passes into a fact, that in cutting off Cæsar they have taken away the only check on Antony's ambition; and that Antony, so far from being drawn to their side when Cæsar is out of the way, will rather seek to work himself into Cæsar's place by ruining them.

And so, because Brutus acts without any right understanding of his whereabout, therefore his action has no effect but to set on foot another civil war, which of course ends, as such wars have always ended, in aggravating the evil he sought to remove. He confides in the goodness of his cause, not seeing or not thinking, that the better the cause, the poorer its chance with bad men. Conscious of being honest himself, he therefore thinks others so; feels safe in putting trust in others, because he knows they can safely put trust in him: the singleness of his own eye makes him believe that others will see as he sees, the purity of his own heart, that others will feel as he feels. Thus he still works with instruments that bear no fitness or proportion to the matter; as if one, because a razor is the keenest of tools, should therefore go to hewing rocks with it.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great

subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes some how of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is content to understand them as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy, and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

It is a noteworthy point, also, that Cassius is too practical, too much of a politician, to see any ghosts. Though acting on far lower principles than his leader, and such as the latter would consider both wicked and base, still he does no violence to his own heart in screwing it up to the sticking-place appointed by his head: on the contrary, his heart is all along the prompter of his head. The mind of Brutus, on the other hand, from the very wrenching that his heart has suffered, still reverts to and dwells upon the moral complexion of his first step. It seems not unlikely that the Poet meant to give the impression that the killing of Cæsar planted in his upright and gentle nature a germ

of remorse, which, gathering strength from whatever adversities befall him, comes to embody itself in sounds and visions heard and seen by none but himself; the Spirit of Justice, made an ill angel to him by his own sense of wrong, hovering in the back-ground of his after life, and haunting his solitary moments in the shape of Cæsar's ghost.

The delineation of Portia, completed in a few brief but most expressive strokes, is indeed an exquisite piece of workmanship. Once seen, the portrait ever after stands as an old and honored acquaintance of the reader's heart. Like some women we have known, Portia has strength enough to do and to suffer for others, but very little for herself. As the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, she has set in her eye a pattern how she ought to think and act, being "so father'd and so husbanded"; but still her head floats merged over the ears in her heart; and it is only when affection speaks that her sensibilities are hushed into that listening which she would fain have wait upon the speech of reason. She has a clear idea of the stoical calmness and fortitude which appear so noble and so graceful in her Brutus; it all lies faithfully reproduced in her mind; she knows how to honor and admire it; yet she cannot work it into the texture of her character; she can talk it like a book, but she tries in vain to live it. Plutarch gives one most touchingly-characteristic passage respecting her, which the Poet did not use; though he transfused the sense of it into those which he did. It occurred some time after the death of Cæsar, and while the elements of civil war were gathering to a head: "Brutus, seeing the state of Rome would be utterly overthrown, determined to go out of Italy, and went unto the city of Elea, standing by the sea. There Portia, being ready to depart from her husband and return to Rome, did what she could to dissemble the grief and sorrow she felt. But a certain painted table bewrayed her in the end, although until that time she showed a constant and patient mind. The device of the table was taken out of the Greek stories, how

Andromache accompanied her husband Hector, when he went out of the city of Troy to go to the wars, and how Hector delivered her his little son, and how her eyes were never off him. Portia, seeing this picture, and likening herself to be in the same case, fell a-weeping; and, coming thither oftentimes in a day to see it, she wept still." Even so the self-inflicted wound she takes without flinching and bears without a murmur, to support and comfort her husband, and translates its pains into smiles so long as this purpose gives law to her action, because there her heart perfectly keeps touch with her head. But when this is withdrawn, the weakness (if indeed that be the right word) of her woman's nature rushes full upon her; her feelings rise into an uncontrollable flutter, and run out at every joint and motion of her body; she goes into a spasm of anxiety which nothing can arrest until affection again whispers her into the composure of reason, lest she should spill something that may hurt or endanger one whom she loves. O, noble Portia! Well may Campbell say,— "For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted."

As a whole, this play is several degrees inferior to *Coriolanus*. Admirable as is the characterization regarded individually, still in respect of dramatic combination the play does not to our mind stand among the Poet's masterpieces. But it abounds in particular scenes and passages fraught with the highest virtue of his genius. Among these may be specially mentioned the second scene in Act I, where Cassius lays the egg of the conspiracy in Brutus' mind, warmed with such a wrappage of instigation that he feels certain it will soon be hatched. Also the first scene in Act II, unfolding the birth of the conspiracy which has hitherto slept in embryo, and winding up with the interview, so charged with domestic glory, of Brutus and Portia. The oration of Antony in Cæsar's funeral is indeed a wonderful performance; being such an interfusion of artifice and passion, of fact and feeling, as

realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and to the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done we feel that Cæsar's blood is mightier than ever his genius and his fortune were. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius is deservedly celebrated. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting." Coleridge thought otherwise: "I know," says he, "no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene." We are content to err with Coleridge herein, if it be an error. But there is nothing in the play that seems to us more divinely touched than the brief dialogue of Brutus and his servant Lucius, near the close of Act IV. The gentle and loving nature of Brutus is here out in its noblest and sweetest transpiration.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CÆSAR

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his "Commentaries"; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words; and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that "did awe the world"? The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole, we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this

in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife, as a prince, the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house, even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power, and he maintains everywhere the proud strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride and haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calpurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him and which causes his ruin, just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling. Sometimes they are only incidental words intended to characterize the hero in the shortest way. Generally they appear in the cases where Cæsar has to combat with his superstition, where he uses effort to take a higher stand in his words than at the moment he actually feels. He speaks so much of having no fear, that by this very thing he betrays his fear. Even in the places where his words sound most boastful, where he compares himself with the north star, there is more arrogance and ill-concealed pride at work than real boastfulness. It is intended there with a few words to show him at that point when his behavior could most excite those free spirits against him. It was fully intended that he should take but a small part in the action; we must not, therefore, say with Scottowe that he was merely brought on the stage to be killed. The poet has handled this historical piece like his English historical plays. He had in his eye the whole context of the Roman civil wars for this single drama, not as yet

thinking of its continuation in *Antony and Cleopatra.* He casts a glance back upon the fall of Pompey, and makes it evident that Cæsar falls for the same reason as that for which he had made Pompey fall. In the triumph over him, men's minds rise up at first against Cæsar, the conspirators assemble in Pompey's porch, and Cæsar is slain in front of his statue. As his death arose out of the civil war, so civil war recommences at his death, and just as Antony predicts:—

> Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
> Cry *Havock,* and let slip the dogs of war.

In this symbolic sense Cæsar, after his death, has a share in the action of the play, which does not bear his name without a reason. That curse of Antony's, too, falls back upon himself in *Antony and Cleopatra,* because he had destroyed those who had spared him and offered him friendship, and even there the manes of Pompey interfere with continuous power, giving his history also the background of remoter histories, to which this drama is but an episode. —Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

PORTIA

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity, held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her

own fortitude, is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

BRUTUS

Brutus is the political Girondin. He is placed in contrast with his brother-in-law Cassius, the political Jacobin. Brutus is an idealist; he lives among books; he nourishes himself with philosophies; he is secluded from the impression of facts. Moral ideas and principles are more to him than concrete realities; he is studious of self-perfection, jealous of the purity of his own character, unwilling that so clear a character should receive even the apparent stain of misconception or misrepresentation. He is, therefore, as such men are, too much given to explanation of his conduct. Had he lived he would have written an Apology for his life, educing evidence, with a calm superiority, to prove that each act of his life proceeded from an honorable motive. Cassius, on the contrary, is by no means studious of moral perfection. He is frankly envious, and hates Cæsar. Yet he is not ignoble. Brutus loves him, and the love of Brutus is a patent which establishes a man's nobility:

> The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
> It is impossible that ever Rome
> Should breed thy fellow.

And Cassius has one who will die for him. Titinius crowns the dead brow of the conspirator:

> Brutus come apace,
> And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
> By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's part:
> Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Cassius has a swift and clear perception of the fact. He is not, like Brutus, a theorist, but "a great observer," who "looks quite through the deeds of men." Brutus lives in the abstraction, in the idea; Cassius lives in the concrete, in the fact.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

through the deeds of men. Cæsar's instinct is not at fault when he labels him "dangerous" on the ground that

> "Such men as he be never at heart's ease
> When they behold a greater than themselves."

His attitude towards the dictator thus springs in part from personal jealousy and mortification at being outstripped by a rival in the political race. But this is mingled with a sincere republican passion, which gives dignity to a character lacking in moral elevation. The distinction between Brutus and Cassius is thus not simply that between the idealist and the man of affairs. Cassius is an idealist in his own way. The principle of the equality of all men is as dear to him as abstract right is to his kinsman. Liberty, as he declares over and over again, is more to him than life:

> "I had as lief not be as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself.
> I was born free as Cæsar."

Or, as he cries later in words of melancholy grandeur:

> "Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
> Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
> Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
> Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
> Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
> Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
> But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
> Never lacks power to dismiss itself."

Cassius' doctrine of liberty rests upon the simple axiom that every man, by the mere fact of his existence, is equal to every other. This finds its extreme expression in his singular piece of reasoning that Brutus and Cæsar must be on all points on a par because there is nothing to choose between their names as examples of the proper noun.

> "Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
> Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
> Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
> Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

> Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
> 'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'"

Such an argument is an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of Cassius' own theory, and it is needless to say that, from a historical point of view, this decidedly primitive conception of democracy is curiously inapt on the lips of a Roman of the first century B. C. With Cassius' passionate conviction of the divine right of republicanism, he sees in Cæsar's ascendency nothing but a proof of the degeneracy of the times.

> "Age, thou art shamed!
> Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
> When went there by an age, since the great flood,
> But it was famed with more than with one man?"

Cæsar has become a wolf, because the Romans are sheep; a lion, because they are hinds. Let the brood of Romulus recover its ancient spirit, and all will yet be well.

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

He, at least, is determined not to be one of the petty men walking under the legs of the Colossus, and he starts the conspiracy for his overthrow. He is ready, if need be, to die in the cause of liberty, but he will first try what killing can do on its behalf.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

CASCA

Casca is the type of the aristocratic republican. No one could despise the mob more thoroughly than he. But his cynical contempt is not confined to the people. It is his pride to hate "humbug" of all kinds, whether it is in Cæsar or in the mob. Such a man is a mere tool in the hands of Cassius, while his genuine bravery and complete freedom from sentimentalism make him exactly the man for a conspirator.—Ransome, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE MARKS OF A MASTERHAND

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How 'scaped I killing when I crost you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavors to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

> "You are my true and honorable wife;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart"—

is justified by her whole behavior. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue with Lucius, is full of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus and that which Calpurnia takes in the fate of Cæsar are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good. The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus at midnight is rendered very impressive.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE ORATION OF BRUTUS

Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play:—"Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good." In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe,

and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspere's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

"I am no orator as Brutus is."

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory: when he addresses the conspirators—"No, not an oath"; and after the assassination —"Stoop, Romans, stoop." He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:—

"I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death."

And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus'." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—"I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion." The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote 'A fragment on Shakspere,' in a style sufficiently hyperbolical, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that "the barbarian," Shakspere, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony's speech he thus expresses his opinion:—"Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better." There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equa.

to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

> "In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,"

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

> "Our reasons are so full of good regard,
> That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
> You should be satisfied."

He is already preparing in mind for "the pulpit." He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the "reason of our Cæsar's death." He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar's murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspere knew, and he painted Antony.—Knight, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

ANTONY'S ORATION

The oration of Antony is in the first place remarkable for the calculated difference of style which it displays. Here we have no antitheses, no literary eloquence: but a vernacular eloquence of the most powerful demagogic type. Antony takes up the threat just where Brutus has dropped it, expressly assures his hearers at the outset that this is to be a speech over Cæsar's bier, but not to his glory, and emphasizes to the point of monotony the fact that Brutus and the other conspirators are all, all honorable men. Then the eloquence gradually works up, subtle and potent

in its adroit crescendo, and yet in truth exalted by something which is not subtlety: glowing enthusiasm for Cæsar, scathing indignation against his assassins. The contempt and anger are at first masked, out of consideration for the mood of the populace, which has for the moment been won over by Brutus; then the mask is raised a little, then a little more and a little more, until, with a wild gesture, it is torn off and thrown aside.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

THE UNITY OF INTEREST

What has been most censured in *Julius Cæsar* is that the piece suffers from a very undramatic form of composition inasmuch as it obviously falls into two halves, of which the one represents the death of Cæsar, the other the history of Brutus and Cassius. And certainly the external composition is defective, in so far as in the first half the action turns upon the fall of Cæsar and in the second upon the fate of Brutus and Cassius, and our interest, therefore, is divided, being at first fixed upon Cæsar, afterwards upon Brutus and Cassius. Yet both halves are nevertheless externally connected in so far as the subject of the action in the first part is not so much Cæsar's death, as, in reality, the conspiracy against his supreme power and the attempt to restore the Republic; in the second, we have the course and unhappy termination of this undertaking.

The unity of interest in a free dramatic poem, however, does not necessarily require to be a purely personal one; in this case the interest—just because it is dramatic—is first of all connected with the action, springs forth out of it, and rises and falls with it. And even though the free dramatic poem is the more perfect in form and composition, the more it manages to concentrate the interest of the action in the one person of the hero, still the historical drama is not bound by exactly the same laws as the freely invented composition. In the *historical* drama, the interest—if it is to be *historical*—must above all things

be truly historical, then it will be truly poetic as well. History, however, in a certain sense does not trouble itself about persons; its chief interest is in historical facts and their meaning. Now in *Julius Cæsar* we have absolutely only one point of interest, a true, but variously-jointed unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, and in the victory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will; every one, according to his vocation, may contribute his stone to the building of the grand whole, but let no one presume to think that he can, with impunity, experiment with it. The great Cæsar, however, merely experimented when he allowed the royal crown to be offered to him, and then rejected it thrice against his own will. He could not curb his ambition—this history might perhaps have pardoned—but he did not understand her, and attempted that which she, at the time at least, did not yet wish. The consequence of this error which was entirely his own, the consequence of this arrogant presumption which the still active republican spirit, the old Roman love and pride of freedom, stirred up against him, proved his downfall. But Brutus and Cassius erred also, by imagining that Rome could be kept in its glory and preserved from its threatening ruin simply by the restoration of the republic; as if the happiness, the power and the greatness of a state depended upon its form, and as if a single man could repair a nation's demoralization by a mere word of command. And as Cæsar had thought life unendurable without the outward dignity of the royal throne, so they imagined life not worth having without the honor of outward freedom, for they confounded outward with inward moral freedom, or, at all events, omitted to consider that the former can exist only as the result and expression of the latter. They too, experimented with history; Cassius trusted that his ambitious and selfish will, and Brutus, that his noble and self-sacrificing will, would be strong enough

to direct the course of history. For both felt that the moral spirit of the Roman nation had sunk too deep to be able in future to govern itself as a Republic; Cassius knew, Brutus suspected, that the time of the Republic was coming to an end. But in their republican pride, and feeling their republican honor hurt, they thought themselves called upon to make an attempt to save it, they trusted to their power to be able, as it were, to take it upon their shoulders and so keep its head above water. This was the arrogance which was added to the error, and which spurred them on not only to unreasonable undertakings but to commit a criminal act; and, therefore, they doubly deserved the punishment which befell them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus—the talented voluptuary, the clever actor and the good-natured simpleton—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, come off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it. Thus in all the principal parts we have the same leading thought, the same unity in the (historical) interest, except that it is reflected in various ways. But it also shines forth in the secondary parts, in Portia's death, as well as in the fall of Cato, Cicero and the other conspirators; Portia and Cato perish with the noble but erring Brutus, who desires only what is good, the others with the selfish Cassius, who thinks only of himself. All perish because they do not understand, but endeavored arbitrarily to make history, or, as arbitrarily, went round the problem which had to be solved in its own time and "spoke Greek." Thus history appears represented from one of its main aspects, in its inner autocratic, active and formative power, by which, although externally formed by individual men, it nevertheless controls and marches over the heads of the greatest of them.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

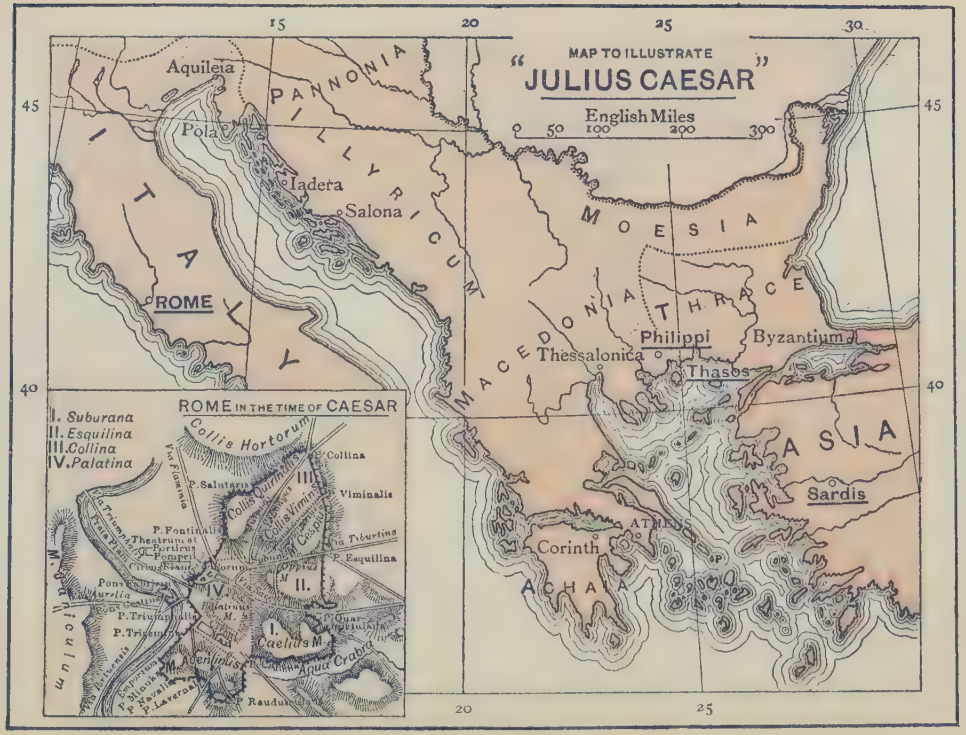
SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY

Shakespeare was an idealistic artist, but he lived in the center of the actual. The tragedy of moral struggle, or of heroic failure, or of love are rare things comparatively, but the tragedy of weakness is everywhere. The tragedy of mere weakness, however, is apt to be sordid. It is never so with Shakespearean tragedy. Shakespeare's tragic heroes, though they are none of them heroic, are all finely or even splendidly endowed. Every one of them has great qualities, and most of them are men of great intellect. Coriolanus, Antony, Hamlet, even Lear, are all men of commanding intellect; men whose intellect is beyond that of the common man of genius. If Shakespeare had died in the year 1600, we should know him as a great poet, a great humorist, a great artist, hardly to be matched in the realization of character, and the greatest of all dramatists. We should not know him as he revealed himself in the following years, as the greatest of all poets who have dealt with human life, as the poet of universal humanity, supreme, solitary, omnipotent.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

TYRANNICIDE

The justifiableness of Tyrannicide is a question which is capable of being so stated as to match any difficulty that casuistry can indulge in. The right and duty of insurrection against clear tyranny and usurpation none but slaves deny, and cases may be easily combined in which the assassination of the tyrant appears the only form of insurrection available, and also most promising of success; the tyrant, it may be urged, is self-outlawed,—he stands at open warfare with all the rights of humanity,—innocent lives are dropping daily while he walks in impunity, and what in such a case, it may be said, is covert conspiracy and sudden onset, but the laudable and prudential subtlety that is not simply excusable but incumbent in warfare.

To this, experience and history supply a rejoinder more decisive, and probably more influential than theory, or may guide to a theory afterwards. No instance can be adduced of justice in this wild irregular form having ever been effective; I do not believe that any tyrannous life has thus been forfeited that the tyrannical element did not survive: tyranny springs native from the corruption of states, and no accidental effort will eradicate the germ,—nothing less than such a summoning up of the vital spirit as reëstablishes healthy action throughout the organism, and throws off the infection by general reäction; or at least such a partial recovery as gains a preponderating force for the happier force of political energy. Little did it profit the Roman aristocracy to exchange the glorious clemency of Julius, for the precocious astuteness and cold heartedness of his adopted son, who reverted to clemency at last in policy and not from sensibility, and then not until he had taken security and more than security, by unsparing and deliberate extirpation of all but the very off-shoots of the entire order. Even war itself, the bitterest and most desperate, has some restraints imposed as much by experience as by theory or sentiment, and the poisoning of wells, poisoning of weapons, and subornation of assassins, are given up by tacit convention, not merely as barbarisms, but as blunders.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*


MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
"JULIUS CAESAR"
English Miles
0 50 100 200 300
15
20
25
30
45
40
Aquileia
Pola
Iadera
Salona
PANNONIA
ILLYRICUM
ITALY
ROME
MOESIA
MACEDONIA
THRACE
Philippi
Thessalonica
Thasos
Byzantium
ASIA
Sardis
ATHENS
Corinth
ACHAIA
ROME IN THE TIME OF CAESAR
I. Suburana
II. Esquilina
III. Collina
IV. Palatina
Collis Hortorum
Collina
Viminalis
P. Salutaris
Collis Quirinalis
Collis Viminalis
P. Fontinalis
Theatrum et Porticus Pompei
Via Tiburtina
P. Esquilina
Pons Gallicus
Pons Aurelia
P. Triumphalis
P. Triumphalis
Palatinus M.
Caelius M.
Aqua Crabra
M. Aventinus
P. Raudusculana
P. Minuta
P. Navalis
P. Laverna
Via Triumphalis
Via Flaminia
Via Sacra
Via Cassia
Via Aurelia
Via Triumphalis
Via Brutiensis
M. Vaticulum

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

CICERO,
PUBLIUS, } *senators*
POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar*
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes*
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric*
A Soothsayer
CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius*
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS,

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO, } *servants to Brutus*
LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS,
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Cæsar returns victorious from his foreign wars and is escorted in triumph to the Capitol. On his way thither he is warned by a soothsayer to "Beware the ides of March." Antony offers him a crown three times and as many times does Cæsar refuse it. But while his friends are thus honoring him, his enemies are plotting against his life. Their leader is Cassius and they succeed in persuading Brutus, a truly noble Roman, to join them on the belief that Cæsar is a menace to his country's welfare.

ACT II

Remembering the warning of the soothsayer and unnerved by the dreams of his wife on the preceding night, Cæsar is inclined to stay at home on the ides of March. The conspirators were expecting this hesitancy and had planned to go in a body to his house and to urge him to go to the senate-house. Cæsar yields to their entreaties and goes with them.

ACT III

In the senate-house, one of their members presents a petition to Cæsar and the others press near. On his refusal to grant the request, the conspirators stab him one after another, beginning with Casca and ending with Brutus. Murmuring "Et tu, Brute? Then fall Cæsar," the great general dies. Antony flees at first but afterward he returns, pretending to approve of the assassination and

asking permission to address the people at the funeral. To this Brutus consents, only reserving for himself the right to speak first and exacting from Antony a promise to make no charges against them. These conditions are satisfactory to Antony. Brutus addresses the assembled citizens and his speech explaining why the conspirators had deemed Cæsar worthy of death wins great applause. Antony follows him in a speech lauding Cæsar, and although calling Brutus, Cassius, and the others "honorable men," he uses the expression in such a way that to the people it soon becomes synonymous with "traitors." The commons turn against Brutus and his friend and they are driven to flee the city.

ACT IV

Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus form a triumvirate and gather together an army. Brutus and Cassius collect another army and the two parties encamp near the plains of Philippi. One night while Brutus was sitting in his tent trying to read and with his attendants sleeping around him he has a supernatural visitor—the ghost of Cæsar—who says to him, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

ACT V

At the battle of Philippi the triumvirs are successful. Cassius forces his slave Pindarus to redeem a promise made to him long before by slaying him. Later Brutus causes his servant Strato to hold out his sword and he runs upon it and is killed.

THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you? 9

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

3. *"you ought not walk,"* etc.; a regulation borrowed from English trade-guilds.—C. H. H.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest bring he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

26. *"with awl. I"*; Ff., *"withal I"*; the correction was made by Farmer.—I. G.

38–61. Campbell makes a brief criticism on this passage, so just and so genial, that it ought always to go with the play: "It is evi-

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! 41
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout, 50
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way

dent from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.' It can be no exaggeration to say that these lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ; and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them wear out their shoes, and get himself into more work."—H. N. H.

41. *"senseless";* inanimate.—C. H. H.

51. *"her";* the Tiber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.—H. N. H.

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

71. *"ceremonies";* Plutarch says "diadems." In Plutarch's narrative, however, the offer of the "diadem" to Cæsar, which Shakespeare places in the following scene, has already occurred. With him, the crowning of the images was a second attempt to sound the popular disposition after the collapse of the first: Shakespeare treats it as preliminary to this.—C. H. H.

75. *"trophies";* a passage in the next scene shows what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.—H. N. H.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassiús, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Cæsar!

4. *"run his course";* the course of the Luperci, or priests of Lupercus, the god of fertility, at the Lupercalia, through the streets of the city.—C. H. H.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.

19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—

"A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March."—I. G.

Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech."—Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* furnished the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month, for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate house, and speaking merily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past." —H. N. H.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:

40. "*passions of some difference*"; conflicting emotions.—C. H. H.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Aye, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

88–89. Coleridge makes the following comment on this somewhat obscure passage: "Warburton would read *death* for *both;* but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus' honor, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other, that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay,—the thought growing,—that honor had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton, is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus."—H. N. H.

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books.
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are

112. *"Æneas"*; regarded in Roman legend as the progenitor of the Roman people. He was said to have borne his father Anchises on his shoulders from the flames of Troy (Vergil, *Æn.* ii.).—C. H. H.

122. This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colors, was intended.—H. N. H.

For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say

155. *"walls"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"walkes."*—I. G.

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

159. *"a Brutus once";* Lucius Junius Brutus, who caused the expulsion of the last kings of Rome.—C. H. H.

163. *"aim";* that is, guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."—H. N. H.

174. *"As."* according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which,* or *it:* accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the *Bible.* Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apophthegmes:* "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"—H. N. H.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar?
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

192–195. So in North's *Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar:* "Cæsar had Cassius in jelousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them,—'As for those fat men, and smooth combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most'; meaning Brutus and Cassius."—H. N. H.

193. *"Sleek-headed";* an excellent variant for North's matter-of-fact "smooth-combed."—C. H. H.

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Aye, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

226. *"They shouted thrice";* in *Plutarch* the offer was made twice. —C. H. H.

Casca. Aye, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by

229–232. Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the *Life of Antonius:* "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customes of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurell crowne unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderfull thing, that they suffered al things subjects should do by commandment of their kings; and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty."—H. N. H.

again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he

260. "*'Tis very like: he hath*"; Theobald's emendation; Ff.,"*'Tis very like he hath.*"—I. G.

270.–285. The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honors for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors,

perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four 280 wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Aye.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Aye, he spoke Greek.

accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to. see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home, and, tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse."—H. N. H.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Aye, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

296–297. *"Marullus . . . silence";* this is related in *Plutarch* thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles."—H. N. H.

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,

327. *"He should not humor me"; i. e.* "he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him"; others take "he" to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humor me, so as to make me forget my principles."—I. G.

To *humor* a man, as the term is here used, is to turn and wind and work him, by playing on his passions. There is some obscurity in the passage, it being not quite clear whether the last *he* refers to Cassius or to Cæsar. Warburton explains it thus: "If I were Brutus, and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." Johnson's explanation runs thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles." It is not easy to say which of these is the better. The former is favored by what Cassius has just been saying about Brutus' being seduced from the honorable disposition of his nature. On the other hand, the latter best agrees with what the Poet read in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "Brutus in many things tasted of the benefite of Cæsars favour in any thing he requested. For, if he had listed, he might have been one of Cæsars chiefest friends, and of greatest authoritie and credite about him.—H. N. H.

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you a thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural:'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

15–28. Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* gives the following account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had beene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."—H. N. H.

30. *"These are their reasons";* Jervis conj. *"These have their seasons";* Collier MS., *"These are the seasons."*—I. G.

But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

64. That is, why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature.—H. N. H.

65. *"Why old men fool and"*; Mitford conj.; Ff., *"Why old men, Fools, and"*; Blackstone conj. *"Why old men fools, and."*—I. G.

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favor 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

114. *"My answer must be made";* I shall be called to account.—C. H. H.

121. *"moved";* proposed to.—C. H. H.

126. *"Pompey's porch";* "This porch was the actual scene of the assassination, which Shakespeare places on the Capitol; and the 'image' is that which he nevertheless makes Cæsar's body stain with blood (iii. 2. 196)." (North.)—C. H. H.

129. *"In favor's like";* Johnson reads *"In favour's, like";* Ff. 1, 2, *"Is Fauors, like";* Ff. 3, 4, *"Is Favours, like";* Rowe, *"Is feav'rous, like";* Capell, *"Is favour'd like,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theater.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

144. *"Where Brutus may but find it";* where Brutus alone may find it.—C. H. H.

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. Brutus' orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

"*Brutus' orchard*"; *orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo and Juliet* Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*.—H. N. H.

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grew mis-
chievous,
And kill him in the shell.

30–34. The subtle casuistry of Brutus in finding out reasons for his foregone conclusion of patriotism, is thus commented on by Coleridge: "This speech is singular;—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale,* or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause, none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True; and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" —H. N. H.

40. *"the ides of March";* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"the first of March."*—I. G.

It is possible that Shakespeare may casually have written "first," the first of March having been originally fixed for the Senate meeting. He read in *Plutarch* that "Cassius asked (Brutus) if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king." But it is clear from i. 2. 19, that Brutus is meant here to be struck with the fulfillment of the soothsayer's prophecy.—C. H. H.

46–58. This passage is based upon the following from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "But, for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bils also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments

of Rome, they wrote,—'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils,—'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!'"—H. N. H.

59. *"fifteen";* so Ff. Warburton (followed by many modern edd.) wrongly altered to "fourteen." It is, in fact, the dawn of the fifteenth, which Lucius may be supposed to include.—C. H. H.

Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

67. *"state of man";* the original reads, "the state of *a* man"; which is retained by Knight, Collier and Verplanck, while all other modern editions leave out the *a*. Mr. Dyce says,—"For my own part, I am convinced that *a* is the barbarous and impertinent addition of a transcriber or printer." It were indeed strange that the Poet should have thrust in an *a* here, to no end, apparently, but to spoil the meter.—H. N. H.

70. Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother*.—H. N. H.

83. *"For if thou path, thy native semblance on";* so F. 2; Ff. 1, 3, 4, *"For if thou path thy . . .";* Pope, *"For if thou march, thy*

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and everyone doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

. . .; Singer conj. "*For if thou put'st thy*....," &c.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of F. 2.—I. G.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?

114. *"the face of men";* Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without regard to the beginning: "The *face of men* is the *countenance,* the *regard,* the *esteem* of the public; in other terms, *honor* and *reputation:* or the *face* of men may mean the dejected look of the people."—H. N. H.

119. *"by lottery";* Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation,* that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment.—H. N. H.

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar? But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

188. *"And that were much he should";* and that for him were much.—C. H. H.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

218. *"go along by him";* that is, by his house; make that your way home.—H. N. H.

234. The matter of this noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus maried, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,

young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by herselfe; took a little razour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was maried unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe, I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could." —H. N. H.

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius,
who 's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

19. *"fight";* so Ff.; Dyce, *"fought";* Keightley, *"did fight."*—I. G.
24. *"squeal";* in Shakespeare's time still a dignified word.—C. H. H.

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

31. This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honor of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented.—H. N. H.

32–33. So in *Plutarch:* "When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him; he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death."—H. N. H.

41–48. Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan:*

"Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur."—H. N. H.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?

46. *"are"*; Upton conj.; Ff. 1, 2, *"heare"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"hear"*; Rowe, *"heard"*; Theobald, *"were."*—I. G.

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

76. *"statuë";* in Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua,* as in his *Advancement of Learning,* 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in Act iii. sc. 2,

"And at the base of Pompey's *statue.*"—H. N. H.

89. *"tinctures";* at the execution of several of our ancient nobility,

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

martyrs, &c., we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.—H. N. H.

104. That is, propriety of speech stands second, gives way to my love.—H. N. H.

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you; 121
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

16, 17. The Poet here follows Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said,—'Cæsar, reade this me-

Scene IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.

moriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."—H. N. H.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Aye me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

42. *"Brutus hath a suit";* these words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.—H. N. H.

43–46. *"O, I grow faint,"* etc.; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the incident of this scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with every little noyse and crie she heard; asking every man that came from the market place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what news. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weakness was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Aye, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

1. In *Plutarch* these words form a private colloquy between Cæsar and the soothsayer: Cæsar addresses him "merrily," and he "softly" answers. Shakespeare's Cæsar does not unbend so far.—C. H. H.

8. *"ourself";* Shakespeare gives Cæsar the plural of modern royalty, unknown even to the emperors of Rome.—C. H. H.

Mr. Collier's second folio offers a shrewd change in this line, thus: *"That touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd."* Nevertheless, we are not prepared to adopt it; the text making good enough sense as it stands.—H. N. H.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

36. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"couchings"* into *crouchings,* and *"low-crooked,"* some lines below, into *low-crouched.* This seems an inadmissible modernizing of the Poet's language.—H. N. H.

39. *"law of children";* Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"lane of children";* Steevens conj. *"line of c.";* Mason conj. *"play of c."* Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains *"lane"* in the sense of "narrow conceits"; he compares the following lines from Johnson's *Staple of News:*—

> *"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell*
> *All in a lane."*—I. G.

47, 48. *"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied";* there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;

of his love for Shakespeare "on this side of idolatry," expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,*' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these references it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"Metellus. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*
Cæsar. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong but with just cause,*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare or by his editors.—I. G.

But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

77. *"Et tu, Brute";* according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, *"O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?"* Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—"καὶ σὺ, τέκνον," *i. e. "and thou, too, my son."* The words *"Et tu, Brute,"* proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsaris interfecti,* 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York,* 1595; (iii) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte,* 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates,* 1587, these lines occurs:—

"O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."
—I. G.

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

101–102. This speech was originally given to Casca, but has unaccountably been taken from him by modern editors, and transferred to Cassius. The sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in Act i. sc. 3: "Every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity." Steevens justly remarks, upon the dismissal of Casca, that the Poet knew he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110
Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Aye, every man away:

individual in the crowd; and that Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.—H. N. H.

105–110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.—I. G.

115. *"on Pompey's basis";* at the base of Pompey's statue. This was the actual scene of the murder, according to Plutarch. Shakespeare appears to assume that it was by the Capitol.—C. H. H.

116–118. There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this and the two preceding speeches. It seems to us that the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck thereout self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?—H. N. H.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

143. *"to friend"*; as our friend.—C. H. H.

That fears him much, and my misgivings still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands

152. Johnson explains this: "Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." So in the speech of Oliver in *As You Like It,* Act i. sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of Orlando: "Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness.*"—H. N. H.

And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

174. *"in strength of malice";* so Ff.; Pope, *"exempt from malice";* Capell, *"no strength of malice";* Seymour, *"reproof of malice";* Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *"in strength of welcome";* Badham conj. *"unstring their malice,"* &c. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but *"in strength of malice"* may mean "in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny," and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.—I. G.

Ib.; nerved with the hatred just displayed towards Cæsar, but which is innocuous to Antony.—C. H. H.

177–178. Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavors to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.—H. N. H.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

207–208. Coleridge gives out a strong opinion that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds the following: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise

How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We willingly give the Poet the benefit of this most subtle criticism, and should rejoice to be assured that Coleridge's opinion is right; for the lines are certainly a foul blemish in the passage: but, alas! to our thinking, they have too many brothers and sisters to admit of their being criticised out of the family.—H. N. H.

Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

262. *"limbs of men";* so Ff.; Hanmer, *"kind of men";* Johnson conj. *"lives of"* or *"lymmes of men";* Jackson, *"imps of men";* Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *"loins of men";* Bulloch, *"limbs of Rome,"* etc.—I. G.

By *"men"* Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, *"the parts of Italy,"* and *"in these confines."*—H. N. H.

"limbs"; the commentators have stumbled at this word, and suggested in its place "line" (Warburton), "lives" or "lymmes," *i. e.* blood-hounds (Johnson), "minds" (Dyce), etc. But Antony contemplates the physical manglings and maimings of man which will be wrought by civil war.—C. H. H.

273. *"dogs of war";* Steele, in the *Tattler,* No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *"dogs of war," fire, sword,* and *famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act I of *King Henry V:* "At his heels, *leash'd* in like *hounds,* should *famine, sword,* and *fire,* crouch for employment."—H. N. H.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

294. *"issue";* deed (the "issue" of their minds).—C. H. H.

Scene II

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then

that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his

48–55. In this celebrated speech, which, to our taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or anything else, the

death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,
a place in the commonwealth; as which of
you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as
I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself, when it
shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countryman, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus,* ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus' style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum.* For, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum,* the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third. Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar' wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

196. *"statuë"* is here a word of three syllables.—H. N. H.

197. *"ran blood";* the image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's *Plutarch:* "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain." —H. N. H.

Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

229. *"wit"* formerly meant *understanding,* and is so used by all

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen: yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let 's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we 'll revenge his death.

the writers of Shakespeare's time. The first folio has *writ* in this place, which was changed to *wit* in the second. Modern editors are somewhat divided between the two words, some taking *writ* for a *written speech;* a most unlikely meaning for the place, as it seems to us.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away! 260
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he? 270

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

256. *"On this side Tiber"* Theobald proposed *"that"* for *"this"*; Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare followed North's *Plutarch,* and North merely translated the words in Amyot.—I. G.

262. The second folio reads "fire *all* the traitors' houses." The Poet often uses *fire* as two syllables, which dispenses with *all.*—H. N. H.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Aye, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Aye, and wisely.

2. That is, "things of ill omen oppress me." Steevens tells of having read in an old treatise on Fortune-Telling, that "to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune." The old copies read *unluckily*, which is changed to *unlikely* in Mr. Collier's second folio; a very unlikely reading. The matter of this scene is taken from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Aye, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna,

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

36. This speech has been lost out of all modern editions until Knight's.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Scene 1. *"A house in Rome";* the original stage direction indicates no place. Plutarch describes the meeting of the triumvirs as "in an island environed about with a little river." But Shakespeare evidently intended it to be in Rome.—C. H. H.

4. Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius.* Thus in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius:* "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* to Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."—H. N. H.

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,

37. *"abjects, orts"*; Staunton's reading; Theobald, *"abject orts"*; Ff., *"Obiects, Arts"*; Becket conj. *"abject arts"*; Gould conj. *"objects, orts."*—I. G.

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

44. *"our means stretch'd"*; F. 1, *"our meanes stretcht"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"and our best meanes stretcht out"*; Johnson, *"our best means stretcht"*; Malone, *"our means stretch'd to the utmost."*—I. G.

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done we wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

50, 52. Craik's suggestion that *"Lucilius"* and *"Lucius"* have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many Editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.—I. G.

Scene III

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

20. *"what villain";* this question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.—H. N. H.

28. *"bait";* so in all the old copies; but commonly changed to *bay* in modern editions, the repeating of the word being thought to add spirit to the dialogue. We think otherwise. To *bait* is to worry or harass with violent attacks. Richardson says it is formed regularly from *bay,* to bark at, thus,—*bayed, bay'd, bayt, bait.* In *The* Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3, Leontes says of Paulina,—"A callat, of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, and now *baits* me!"—H. N. H.

32. *"make conditions";* to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.—H. N. H.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! aye, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What 's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.

124. This incident of the Poet is from North's *Plutarch, Life of Brutus,* though the intruder is not there a poet.—H. N. H.

129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than suchie three.'"

(North's *Plutarch*).—I. G.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humor when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

133. *"vilely"*; so F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"vildely"*; F. 3, *"vildly."*—I. G.
"cynic"; the Cynics, or followers of Diogenes, professed, like their master, a bold manner of speech, and deliberately ignored social conventions.—C. H. H.

Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,

156. So in North's *Plutarch:* "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it,) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather than to languish in paine."—H. N. H.

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defense and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

194. *"in art"*; that is, in *theory*.—H. N. H.

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*

250–253. This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him." The passage then goes on with the story, how, "casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him."—H. N. H.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Aye, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again.
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

268. A "*mace*" is the ancient term for a *scepter*. Shakespeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene:*

"When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*
Arrested all that courtly company."—H. N. H.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

"Enter the Ghost"; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as "a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him." The point is of little moment, save as showing the Poet's care to make the most out of his materials. In the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* he had the following: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar.—H. N. H.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Aye: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:

10. Though *"fearful"* is often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear,* or *terrible,* it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous,* or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted.* Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness,* daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe."—H. N. H.

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

20. *"I will do so," i. e.* "I will do as you wish, and keep on the left"; according to some Editors, the words may mean "I will not wrangle, but will have my way."—I. G.

33. *"are";* it should be *"is* yet unknown." More correct writers

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb.—H. N. H.

53. *"three and thirty";* Theobald, *"three and twenty,"* (the number given in *Plutarch*).—I. G.

55. That is, "till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, another Cæsar, to that of Julius." There were no

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,

need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would read, "to the *word* of traitors."—H. N. H.

72. *"as this very day";* (on) this very day. "As" was used to specify determinations of time; of modern *"as* yet."—C. H. H.

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

101–108. To the understanding of this speech, it must be observed, that the *sense* of the word, *"arming myself,"* &c., follows next after the words, *"which he did give himself."*—H. N. H.

The construction is somewhat ambiguous. But it is better (with

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

Craik and Camb. edd.) to make "I know not how" depend on what precedes than (with Dyce) to suppose a long parenthesis, "I know not how . . . life," foreign to the simple style of this play; the first two lines being then a direct answer to Cassius' question, which, however, they do not neatly fit. Brutus' argument has been much discussed. Plutarch makes him say: "Being yet but a young man and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust[ed] (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself . . . but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind." Shakespeare's Brutus does not thus formally announce his retractation; he is startled into it by the sudden vision of a Roman triumph. —C. H. H.

102. *"Cato,"* of Utica, who committed suicide after the triumph of Cæsar at Pharsalia. This incident was doubtless familiar to Shakespeare's audience from the "Cæsar and Pompey" plays.—C. H. H.

111. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! 120
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration "showing the reason of our Cæsar's death?" He there says,—"I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepancies or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus' character? Or were they mere slips of memory in the Poet, like that seeming oversight in the case of Shylock? Compare his two speeches, Act i. sc. 3,—"Yes, to smell pork," &c., and Act ii. sc. 5,—"I am bid forth to supper," &c.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him,
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. 31
He 's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

20. *"get higher";* Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.—H. N. H.

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,

99. *"The last";* Rowe unnecessarily suggested, *"Thou last";* but *cp.* North's *Plutarch,* "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."—I. G.

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. *Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still:

33. *"Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen."*—I. G.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Aye, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

71. *"in a general honest thought And";* Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads *"in a generous honest thought Of."*—I. G.
Ib.; out of honest regard for the common good.—C. H. H.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.
So call the field to rest, and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abide, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 123.

Abjects, things cast away; IV. i. 37.

About, go about; I. i. 75.

——!, set to work; III. ii. 212.

Abroad, about in; III. ii. 258.

Across, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.

Address'd, ready; III. i. 29.

Advantage, profit us; III. i. 242.

After, afterwards; I. ii. 76.

Against, over against, near; I. iii. 20.

All over, one after the other; II. i. 112.

Alone, only; IV. iii. 94.

An, if; I. ii. 274.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.

Angel, darling, favorite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 189.

Annoy, injure, harm; II. i. 160.

Answer, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.

Answer'd, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 89.

Answered, faced; IV. i. 47.

Apace, quickly; V. iii. 87.

Apparent, manifest; II. i. 198.

Appoint, settle upon; IV. i. 30.

Apprehensive, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.

Apt, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.

Apt, ready, fit; III. i. 160.

——, impressionable; V. iii. 68.

Arrive, reach; I. ii. 110.

Astonish, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.

Ate, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.

At hand, in hand; IV. ii. 23.

Aught, anything; I. ii. 85.

Augurers, professional interpreters of omens, (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.

Bait, hunt, chase (Theobald, *"bay"*); IV. iii. 28.

Bang, blow; III. iii. 20.

Barren-spirited, dull; IV. i. 36.

Base, low; II. i. 26.

Bastardy, act of baseness; II. i. 138.

Battles, forces; V. i. 4.

Bay, bark at; IV. iii. 27.

Bay'd, driven to bay; (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.

Bear a hand over, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.

Bear hard, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 325; II. i. 215.

Bear me, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 20.

Bears (betrayed) with glasses; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would

gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205.

Beat, beaten; V. v. 23.

Behaviors, conduct; I. ii. 42.

Beholding, beholden; III. ii. 74.

Belike, perhaps; III. ii. 277.

Bend, look; I. ii. 123.

Bending, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.

Best; "you were b.", it were best for you; III. iii. 13.

Bestow, spend; V. v. 61.

Betimes, in good time, early; II. i. 116.

Bills, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.

Bird of night, *i. e.* the owl; I. iii. 26.

Blood; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honor of the victory; I. i. 57.

Bloods; "young b.", young people; IV. iii. 262.

Bondman, used with a play upon "bond," *i. e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.

Bones, body, corpse; V. v. 78.

Bootless, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.

Bosoms; "in their b.", in their confidence; V. i. 7.

Break with, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.

Bring, take; III. ii. 278.

Brother, *i. e.* brother-in-law, (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.

Brought, accompanied; I. iii. 1.

Brutus; "old B.", *i. e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146; (*cp.* I. ii. 159).

Brutus; "Decius B.", *i. e.* Decimus B., (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.

Budge, give way; IV. iii. 44.

Bustling rumor, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.

By, near, close to; III. i. 162.

Calculate, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.

Calpurnia, Cæsar's fourth wife, (F. 1, *"Calphurnia"*); I. ii. 1.

Carrions, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.

Cast; "c. yourself in wonder," *i. e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. *"Case," i. e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.

Cautelous, crafty; II. i. 129.

Censure, judge; III. ii. 17.

Ceremonies, festal ornaments; I. i. 71.

——, religious observances; II. i. 197.

——, omens; II. ii. 13.

Chafing with, fretting against; I. ii. 101.

Chance, happen; II. iv. 31.

Chanced, happened; I. ii. 216.

Change, exchange; V. iii. 51.

——; "in his own c.", by some change of disposition towards me; (Warburton, *"charge"*); IV. ii. 7.

——, change countenance; III. i. 24.

Characters, writing; II. i. 308.

CHARGE, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.
CHARGES, troops; IV. ii. 48.
CHARM, conjure; II. i. 271.
CHECK'D, reproved; IV. iii. 97.
CHEW UPON, ponder; I. ii. 171.
CHOLER, anger; IV. iii. 39.
CHOPPED, chapped; (Ff., *"chopt"*; Knight, *"chapped"*); I. ii. 248.
CHOSE, chosen; II. i. 314.
CLEAN, entirely; I. iii. 35.
CLIMATE, region; I. iii. 32.
CLOSE, hidden; I. iii. 131.
——, come to terms; III. i. 202.
CLOSET, room; III. ii. 138.
COBBLER, botcher, (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.
COGNIZANCE, badges of honors; II. ii. 89.
COLOSSUS, a gigantic statue said to have stood astride at the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes; I. ii. 136.
COLOR, pretext; II. i. 29.
COME BY, get possession; II. i. 259.
COMPANION, fellow; (used contemptuously); IV. iii. 138.
COMPARE, let us compare, we will compare; III. ii. 9.
COMPASS, circle, course; V. iii. 25.
COMPLEXION, appearance; I. iii. 128.
CONCEIT, think of; III. i. 192.
CONCEITED, conceived; I. iii. 162.
CONCEPTIONS, ideas; I. ii. 41.
CONCLUDED, decided; II. ii. 93.
CONDITION, disposition; II. i. 254.
CONFINES, boundaries; III. i. 272.
CONN'D BY ROTE, learned by heart; IV. iii. 98.
CONSORTED, escorted, accompanied; V. i. 83.
CONSTANCY, firmness; II. iv. 6.
CONSTANT, firm; III. i. 22.
CONSTANTLY, firmly; V. i. 92.
CONSTRUE, explain; II. i. 307.
CONTENT, easy; I. iii. 142.
——, calm; IV. ii. 41.
——, glad; V. i. 8.
CONTRIVE, conspire, plot; II. i 17.
CONTRIVER, schemer, plotter; I i. 158.
CONTROVERSY; "hearts of c spirits eager for resistance; ii. 109.
CORSE, corpse; III. i. 199.
COUCHINGS, stoopings; III. i.
COUNTERS, round pieces of met used in calculations; IV. iii.
COURSE; "run his c.", alluding the course of the Luperci rou the city wall; "that day the are diverse noble men's so young men, and some of the magistrates themselves, th govern them, which run nak through the city, striking sport them they meet in th way with leathern thong (made of the skins of goa which had been sacrificed.) *North's Plutarch;* I. ii. 4.
COURTESIES, bowings, bendings the knee; III. i. 36.
CROSS LIGHTNING, forked ligh ning; I. iii. 50.
CULL OUT, pick out; I. i. 55.
CYNIC, rude man; IV. iii. 133.

DAMN, condemn; IV. i. 6.
DEARER, more bitterly, more tensely; III. i. 196.
DEGREES, steps; II. i. 26.
DELIVER, relate to; III. i. 181.
DINT, impression; III. ii. 202
DIRECTLY, plainly; I. i. 12; I iii. 10.
DIRECTLY, straight; I. ii. 3; I i. 32.

Discomfort, discourage; V. iii. 106.

Discover, show; I. ii. 69.

Dishonor, insult; IV. iii. 109.

Disrobe, strip of their decorations; I. i. 70.

Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 155.

Doublet, the inner garment of a man; I. ii. 273.

Doubted, suspected; IV. ii. 13.

Drachma, a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius, but Plutarch's "drachmas" were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about 19 cents in value; III. ii. 250.

Drawn, assembled; I. iii. 22.

Element, sky; I. iii. 128.

Elephants betrayed with holes; "elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed"; II. i. 205.

Emulation, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 15.

Enforced, exaggerated; III. ii. 45.

——, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.

Enfranchisement, liberty, freedom; III. i. 57.

Enlarge, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.

Enrolled, recorded; III. ii. 43.

Ensign, standard; V. i. 80.

——, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.

Entertain, take into service; V. v. 60.

Envious, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 183.

Envy, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.

Epicurus; "I held E. strong," *i. e.* I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.

Erebus, the region of utter darkness between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.

Eternal, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.

Even; "e. field," *i. e.* level ground; V. i. 17.

——, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.

Ever, always; V. iii. 21.

Evils, evil things; II. i. 79.

Exhalations, meteors; II. i. 44.

Exigent, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.

Exorcist, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.

Expedition, march; IV. iii. 170.

Extenuated, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 44.

Extremities, extremes; II. i. 31.

Face, boldness; V. i. 10.

——, "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.

Faction, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.

Factious, active; I. iii. 118.

Fain, gladly; I. ii. 242.

Fall, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.

——, let fall; IV. ii. 26.

Falling sickness, epilepsy; I. ii. 260.

Falls, turns out, is; III. i. 146.

Famed with, made famous by; I. ii. 153.

Familiar instances, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.

Fantasies, imaginings; II. i. 231.

Fashion, shape, form; II. i. 30.
——, way, manner; (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
Fashion; "begin his f.", begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
——, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
Favor, appearance; I. ii. 91.
——, countenance; II. i. 76.
Favor 's, appearance is; I. iii. 129.
Fear, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
Fearful bravery, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
Fell, fierce; III. i. 269.
Fellow, equal; III. i. 62.
Ferret, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
Field, army; V. v. 80.
Figures, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
First decree, what has been decreed at first; (Craik conj. *"fix'd d."*; S. Walker conj. *"firmd"*); III. i. 38.
Fleering, grinning; I. iii. 117.
Flood, ocean; I. ii. 103.
Flourish'd, triumphed; III. ii. 200.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 39.
For, as for; II. i. 181.
Force; "of f.", of necessity; IV. iii. 203.
Form, manner of behaving; I. ii. 311.
Formal constancy, proper composure; II. i. 227.
Former, foremost; V. i. 80.
Forth, to go out; I. ii. 301.
Forth of, out of; III. iii. 3.
Freedom of repeal, free recall; III. i. 54.
Fresh, freshly; II. i. 224.
Fret, variegate (as with a kind of fretwork pattern); II. 104.
——, be vexed; IV. iii. 42.
Frighted, afraid; IV. iii. 40.
From, contrary to; I. iii. 35.
——, away from; I. iii. 64; I ii. 173; IV. ii. 49.
——, differently to; II. i. 196
Funeral, funeral ceremoni III. i. 230

Gait, manner of walking; I. 132.
Gamesome, fond of games; I. 28.
General, general public; II. 12.
——, "in a g. honest though in the general honesty of motives; V. v. 71.
General coffers, public tre ury; III. ii. 98.
General good, public good, w fare of the people; I. ii. 85
Genius, the rational spirit te porarily lodged within body, directing for good bad the bodily faculties; i. 66.
Give guess, guess; II. i. 3.
Give place, make way; III. i.
——, give way; IV. iii. 146.
Gives way, leaves open the wa II. iii. 8.
Glanced, hinted; I. ii. 332.
Glazed, glared; (Ff., *"glaz'* changed by editors to *"glare* or *"gazed,"* but the word v perhaps coined by Shakespe to express a *glazed* or *gla* stare); I. iii. 21.
Goes up, is sheathed; V. i. 52
Good cheer, be of good che III. i. 89.
Gorging, feeding, glutting; V 82.

Go to, exclamation of impatience; IV. iii. 32.

Grace, honor, respect; III. ii. 66.

Gracious, holy; III. ii. 202.

Greek; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me; I. ii. 295.

Griefs, grievances; I. iii. 118; III. ii. 221.

Growing on, encroaching on; II. i. 107.

Hand; "my h.", there is my hand upon it; I. iii. 117.

Handiwork, work; I. i. 30.

Hands, handwritings; I. ii. 328.

Have aim, make a guess at; I. ii. 163.

Have mind, regard, look to; IV. iii. 36.

Havoc; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given; III. i. 273.

Head; "make h.", raise an armed troop; IV. i. 42.

Health, safety; IV. iii. 36.

Heavy, depressed; II. i. 275.

Hedge in, put under restraint; IV. iii. 30.

Hence, go hence; II. i. 117.

Hie, hasten; I. iii. 150.

High-sighted, soaring high, (?) supercilious; II. i. 118.

Hilts, applied to a single weapon; V. iii. 43.

Him, himself; I. iii. 156.

——; "by h.", *i. e.* by his house; II. i. 218.

His, its; I. ii. 124; II. i. 251; IV. iii. 8.

Hold, consider, look upon; I. ii. 78.

——, keep, detain; I. ii. 83; II. i. 201.

Holds on his rank, stands firm, continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.

Honey-heavy; "h. dew," heavy with honey, (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.

Honorable, honorably; V. i. 60.

Hooted, shouted with wonder; (Johnson's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"howted"*; F. 4, *"houted"*; Hanmer, *"shouted"*); I. ii. 248.

Hooting, crying; I. iii. 28.

Horse, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.

However, although; I. ii. 311.

Humor, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.

——, distempered humor, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.

Humors, damp airs; II. i. 262.

Hurtled, clashed; II. ii. 22.

Hybla, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.

Ides of March, *i. e.* fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18.

Idle bed, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.

Illuminate, illumine; I. iii. 110.

Images, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 70.

In, on; IV. i. 27.

——, into; V. iii. 96.

Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 96.

Incorporate, closely united; I. iii 135.

Indifferently, impartially; I. ii. 87.

Indirection, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.

Insuppressive, not to be suppressed; II. i. 134.

Intermit, delay; I. i. 60.

Jade, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. 26.

JEALOUS ON, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
JIGGING, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
JOY, rejoice; V. v. 34.

KERCHIEF, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
KIND, nature; I. iii. 64.
——, species; II. i. 33.
KNAVE, boy; IV. iii. 241.

LABOR'D; "but l." labored but; V. v. 42.
LABORING; "a l. day," *i. e.* a working day; I. i. 4.
LAUGHTER, jester; (Ff., *"Laughter"?* = object of laughter); I. ii. 72.
LAY OFF, take away from; I. ii. 245.
LEFT, left off; IV. iii. 274.
LEGIONS, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
LEND ME YOUR HAND, help me; III. i. 297.
LET BLOOD, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
LETHE, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood; (F. 1, *"Lethee"*; *Cp.* lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letalis*, from *letum*, death); III. i. 206.
LIABLE, subject; II. ii. 104.
LIEF; "had as l.", would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon *'live'*); I. ii. 95.
LIES, halts; III. i. 286.
LIGHT, alight; V. iii. 31.
LIGHT ON, come down on; I. i. 61.
LIKE; "every l. is not the same," *i. e.* "to be like a thing is not to be that same thing"; II. ii. 127.
LIKE, same; IV. ii. 50.
——, likely; I. ii. 175.
LISTEN, listen to; IV. i. 41.
LIVE, if I live; III. i. 159.
LOOK, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
LOOK FOR, expect; IV. iii. 262.
LOVER, friend; II. iii. 11.
LOW-CROOKED, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
LUPERCAL; "the feast of L.", *i. e.* the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (*v.* COURSE); I. i. 73.
LUSTY, strong; II. ii. 78.

MAIN, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
MAKE FORTH, go on, forward; V. i. 25.
MAKES TO, presses towards; III. i. 18.
MAKE TO, advance; V. iii. 29.
MARK, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
MARR'D, disfigured; III. ii. 205.
MART, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
MAY BUT, only may; I. iii. 144.
ME; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 272.
MEAN, means; III. i. 161.
MECHANICAL, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
METAL, mettle, temper; (Ff., *"mettle"*); I. i. 67.
METTLE; "quick m.", full of spirit; I. ii. 308.
MIND, presentiment; III. i. 144.
MISGIVING, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
MISTOOK, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
MOCK, taunt; II. ii. 96.
MODESTY, moderation; III. i. 213.
MOE, more; II. i. 72.
MONSTROUS, unnatural; I. iii. 68, 71.

MORTAL INSTRUMENTS, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
MORTIFIED, deadened; II. i. 324.
MOTION, impulse; II. i. 64.

NAPKINS, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 142.
NEATS-LEATHER, ox-hide; I. i. 29.
NERVII, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of the Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 181.
NEW-ADDED, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.
NICE, trivial; IV. iii. 8.
NIGGARD, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.
NIGHT-GOWN, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).
NOTED, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.
NO WHIT, not at all; II. i. 148.

OBSERVE, take notice; IV. iii. 45.
OCCUPATION; "a man of o.", a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 274.
O'ERSHOT MYSELF, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 159.
O'ER-WATCH'D, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.
OF, in; II. i. 157.
OFFAL, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.
OFFENSE; "sick o.", malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.
OFFENSE, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.
OFFICERS, "by ill o.", the ill conduct of his officers; (Johnson conj. *"affices"*); IV. ii. 7.
OMITTED, neglected; IV. iii. 220.
ONCE, some time; IV. iii. 191.
OPE, open; I. ii. 272.
OPINION, reputation; II. i. 145.
ORCHARDS, gardens; III. ii. 256.
ORDER, course; III. i. 230.
ORTS, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.
OTHER, the other; I. ii. 230.
OUT; "be not o.", do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.
——, "be o.", out at heels; I. i. 18.

PALM, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.
PALTER, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.
PARDON; "by your p.", by your leave; III. i. 235.
PART, divide; V. v. 81.
PASS, pass through; I. i. 48.
——, pass on; I. ii. 24.
PASSION, feelings; I. ii. 48.
——, grief; III i. 283.
PASSIONS OF SOME DIFFERENCE, conflicting emotions; I. iii. 60.
PATH, walk abroad; II. i. 83.
PEEVISH, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.
PHANTASMA, vision; II. i. 65.
PHILIPPI, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.
PHYSICAL, healthy; II. i. 261.
PITCH, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 79.
PITIFUL, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.
PLEASURES, pleasuances, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 257.
PLUCK'D, pulled down; II. i. 73.
PLUTUS', of the god of riches (Pf., *"Pluto's"*); IV. iii. 102.
POMPEY'S PORCH, *Porticus Pompeii,* the portico of Pompey's Theater, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatostylon,* or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.

PORTENTOUS, ominous; I. iii. 31.
POSTURE, position, direction; (Singer conj. *"puncture"*; Bulloch conj. *"portents"*; Schmidt conj. *"nature"*; Herr conj. *"powers"*); V. i. 23.
POWERS, armed forces, troops; IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
PREFER, present; III. i. 28.
——, recommend; V. v. 62.
PREFORMED, originally intended; I. iii. 67.
PRE-ORDINANCE, what has been previously ordained; III. i. 38.
PRESAGE, foreshow future events; V. i. 79.
PRESENT, present time; I. ii. 165.
——, immediate; II. ii. 5.
PRESENTLY, immediately; III. i. 28.
PRESS, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
PREVAIL'D UPON, influenced; II. i. 254.
PREVENT, anticipate; II. i. 28; V. i. 105.
PREVENTION, detection; II. i. 85.
——, hindrance; III. i. 19.
PRICK, incite; II. i. 124.
PRICK'D, marked down, marked on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i. 1.
PROCEEDED, taken place; I. ii. 181.
——, acted; III. i. 183.
PROCEEDING, course of conduct; II. ii. 103.
PRODIGIOUS, portentous; I. iii. 77.
PRODUCE, bring out; III. i. 228.
PROFESS MYSELF, make professions of affection; I. ii. 77.
PROOF; "common p.", common experience; II. i. 21.
PROPER, handsome; I. i. 29.
——, own; V. iii. 96.
PROPER TO, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
PROPERTY, tool; IV. i. 40.
PROTESTER, one who protests or professes love or friendship to another; I. ii. 74.
PUBLIC CHAIR, the pulpit or *rostra;* III. ii. 72.
PUISSANT, powerful; III. i. 33.
PULPITS, *rostra,* platforms; III. i. 80.
PURGERS, healers; II. i. 180.
PURPOSE; "to the p.", to hit the purpose; III. i. 146.
PUT ON, betray; II. i. 225.
PUTS ON, assumes; I. ii. 311.

QUALITY, natural disposition; I. iii. 64.
QUESTION, subject; III. ii. 43.
——; "call in q.", discuss, consider; IV. iii. 165.
QUICK, lively; I. ii. 29.

RABBLEMENT, rabble; I. ii. 247.
RAISE, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
RANGE, roam; (derived from falconry; used of hawks and falcons in search of game); II. i. 118.
RANGING, roaming; III. i. 270.
RANK, too full of blood; III. i. 152.
RASCAL, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
REARS, raises; III. i. 30.
REGARD, consideration; III. i. 224.
——, notice; V. iii. 21.
REGARDED, respected; V. iii. 88.
REMORSE, pity; II. i. 19.
RENDER'D, given in reply; II. ii. 97.
REPEALING, recalling; III. i. 51.
REPLICATION, echo; I. i. 52.
RESOLVED, satisfied; III. i. 131.
RESPECT; "of the best r.", held in the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
RESPECT, take notice of; IV. iii. 69.
——; "in r. of," *i. e.* in comparison with; I. i. 10.
REST, remain; V. i. 96.

RESTING, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
RETENTIVE, restraining; I. iii. 95.
RHEUMY, moist; II. i. 266.
RIGHT ON, straight on; III. ii. 231.
RIVED, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
ROME, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
ROUND, rung, step; II. i. 24.
ROUT, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
RUDE, brutal; III. ii. 35.

SAD, serious; I. ii. 217.
SATISFIED, given satisfaction convinced; III. i. 141.
SAVE ONLY, except; V. v. 69.
SAVING, in saving; V. iii. 38.
SCANDAL, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
'SCAPED, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
SCHEDULE, paper written on; (Ff. 1, 2, *"scedule"*,); III. i. 3.
SCOPE, full play; IV. iii. 108.
SEARCH, pierce; V. iii. 42.
SECURITY, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
SENNET, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24–25.
SERVED, attended to; III. i. 8.
SET ON, proceed; I. ii. 11.
——, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
SEVERAL, different; I. ii. 328.
——, special; II. i. 138.
——, separate; III. ii. 250.
SHADOW, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
SHALLOWS, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
SHOW, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
SHREWD, mischievous; II. i. 158.
SHREWDLY, close enough; (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
SIGN'D, stamped, stained; III. i. 206.
SIRRAH, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
SLAUGHTER; "have added s.", have added another victim; V. i. 55.
SLIGHT, worthless; IV. i. 12.
SLIGHTED OFF, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
SLIP; "let s.", unleash; III. i. 273.
SMATCH, smack; V. v. 46.
So, if only; I. ii. 166.
SOBER, calm; IV. ii. 40.
SOFTLY, slowly; V. i. 16.
SOIL, blemish; I. iii. 42.
SOMETIME, sometimes; II. i. 251.
SOOTH, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
So PLEASE HIM, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
SORT, rank; I. i. 63.
——, way; I. ii. 205.
——; "in s.", in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.
SPARE, lean; I. ii. 201.
SPEAK TO ME, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
SPEED, prosper; I. ii. 88.
SPLEEN, passion; IV. iii. 47.
SPOIL; "sign'd in thy spoil", *i. e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206.
STALE, make common; I. ii. 73.
STALED, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.
STAND UPON, trouble about; III. i. 100.
STARE, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.

Stars, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the *influence* of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.
State, court; I. ii. 160.
——, state of things; I. iii. 71.
——, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.
Statue, (trisyllabic); II. ii. 76; III. ii. 196.
Stay, wait; I. iii. 125.
——, await; V. i. 107.
Stays, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.
Sterile curse, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.
Still, always; I. ii. 247.
Stir, stirring; I. iii. 127.
Stirr'd, stirring; II. ii. 110.
Stole, stolen; II. i. 238.
Stomachs, inclination; V. i. 66.
Stood on, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.
Strain, race; V. i. 59.
Strange-disposed, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.
Strength of malice, (*v.* Note); III. i. 174.
Stricken, struck; II. i. 192.
Strucken, struck; (F. 1, *"stroken"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stricken"*); III. i. 209.
Suburbs, outskirts, (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.
Success, good fortune; II. ii. 6.
——, issue; V. iii. 66.
Sudden, quick; III. i. 19.
Sufferance, patience; I. iii. 84.
——, suffering; II. i. 115.
Surest, most safely; IV. i. 47.
Surly, sullenly; I. iii. 21.
Sway, "the s. of earth", equilibrium; (? "the government and established order of the earth," Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
Swear, let swear; II. i. 129.
Swore, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
Swound, swoon; I. ii. 257.
Swounded, swooned; (Ff., *"swoonded"*); I. ii. 252.

Tag-rag people, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 264.
Take thought, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
Tardy, slow, laggard; I. ii. 311.
Taste, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
Temper, constitution; I. ii. 129.
Tenor, contents; IV. iii. 171.
Thasos, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace; (Ff., *"Tharsus"*); V. iii. 104.
That, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
Then, in that case; V. i. 100.
These and these, such and such; II. i. 31.
Thews, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
Thick, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
This; "by this", *i. e.* by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
Threat, threaten; V. i. 38.
Thunder-stone, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
Tiber banks, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 64.
Tide of Times, course of times; III. i. 257.
Time of life, full period of life; V. i. 106.
Time's abuse, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
Tinctures, memorial blood-stains; II. ii. 89.
'Tis just, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.

To FRIEND, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.
TOILS, snares, nets; II. i. 206.
TO-NIGHT, last night; II. ii. 76.
TOOK, taken; II. i. 50.
TRASH, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.
TROPHIES, tokens of victory; I. i. 75.
TRUE, honest; I. ii. 268.
TURN HIM GOING, send him off; III. iii. 38.

UNBRACED, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.
UNDERGO, undertake; I. iii. 123.
UNDERLINGS, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.
UNFIRM, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.
UNGENTLY, unkindly; II. i. 237.
UNICORNS; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsmen standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.
UNLUCKILY, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.
UNMERITABLE, undeserving; IV. i. 12.
UNPURGED; "u. air," *i. e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.
UNSHAKED OF; "u. o. motion," *i. e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.
UNTROD; "this u. state," *i. e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.
UPMOST, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.
UPON; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.
——, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.
UPON, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.
——; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 273.
——, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.
USE, custom; II. ii. 25.
——; "did u.", were accustomed; I. ii. 72.

VAUNTING, boasting; IV. iii. 52.
VENTURES, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.
VESTURE, garment; III. ii. 204.
VOICE, vote; III. i. 177.
VOID, open; II. iv. 36.
VOUCHSAFE, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.
VULGAR, common herd, common people; I. i. 76.

WAFTURE, waving; II. i. 246.
WARN, summon; V. i. 5.
WASPISH, petulant; IV. iii. 50.
WEEP, shed; I. i. 64.
WEIGHING, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.
WELL, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.
WELL GIVEN, well disposed; I. ii. 197.
WHAT; "what night," *i. e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.
——!, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.
WHEN, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.
WHERE, when; I. ii. 59.
WHET, instigate; II. i. 61.
WHETHER, (monosyllabic; Ff., *"where"*); I. i. 67.
WHO, the man who; I. iii. 120.
——, which; V. i. 83.
WHOLE, well, healthy; II. i. 327.
WIND, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.

WIT, intelligence, (so F. 2.; F. 1, *"writ"*); III. ii. 229.
WITH, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 205.
WITH A THOUGHT, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.
WIVES, women; III. i. 97.
WOE THE WHILE!, alas the time!; I. iii. 82.
WORD; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 275.
WORLD, condition of affairs; I. ii. 319.

YEARNS, grieves; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"earnes"*; F. 4, *"earns"*); II. ii. 128.
YET, still; II. i. 245.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what period of Shakespeare's work does this play belong?

2. Comment upon the style and structure.

3. What are the historic materials of this play?

4. What impression does the handling of Cæsar's character give? Is the historical impression of Cæsar's character superior? In what ways does it differ?

5. What may have been the policy of the drama with regard to the presentment of Cæsar?

6. How did Cæsar appear to the conspirators?

7. Which of them appear disinterested, if any?

8. In what ways is the character of Brutus consistent with his becoming accessory to the conspiracy? How did he differentiate his personal love for Cæsar from his loyalty to the state, as he saw its need?

9. How does the outcome of the drama act as a test of the soundness of the conspiracy?

10. What was the political situation in Rome of which Cæsar was the representative? Had this situation given the people genuine cause for discontent?

11. How are the characters of Brutus and Cassius set in contrast?

12. What is revealed of Antony's character in this play?

ACT I

13. In scene i why do the two Tribunes drive the workpeople back from the streets?

14. Why is Pompey's memory representative of a cause opposite to Cæsar's?

15. How does Flavius express his fear of Cæsar's greatness?

16. What comment does Cæsar make upon the soothsayer's warning?

17. What passes between Brutus and Cassius when they are left together?

18. What does it make evident of the internal perplexities of Brutus?

19. How does Cassius express his feeling towards Cæsar? What is its apparent tendency?

20. What does Cæsar say to Marc Antony that indicates his suspicions of Cassius?

21. What account does Casca give of the occurrences at the Capitol?

22. What does Cassius plan in order to influence Brutus to his own purposes?

23. What phenomena are reported through scene iii, and what are they supposed to portend?

24. What other conspirators against Cæsar are mentioned at the close of the Act?

ACT II

25. What is the substance of Brutus's reflections in the orchard?

26. What does it reveal of his mind, and how does it explain the conspirators' influence over him, in spite of his personal love for Cæsar?

27. Why do the conspirators decide to exclude Cicero?

28. How does the spirit of Brutus show by contrast with that of Cassius when he remonstrates against the suggestion of murdering Antony?

29. What does Decius say of the possibility of flattering Cæsar and what he can be led to through it?

30. How does the interview of Brutus with his wife show the spirit in which he has entered upon the conspiracy?

31. What fears does Calpurnia have? What do they lead her to do?

32. How does Cæsar interpret the omens reported to him?

33. What is the outcome when the conspirators arrive to fetch him to the Capitol?

34. What attempt is made by Artemidorus to save Cæsar?

35. How is foreboding conveyed in the final scene?

ACT III

36. How does Cæsar himself put away his chance of being saved?

37. How do the conspirators accomplish their design?

38. What had Cæsar done to Metellus Cimber that was judged a wrong?

39. How did it affect Cæsar to see Brutus among the conspirators?

40. Cite lines of Brutus, Decius, and Cassius following Cæsar's death, that are characteristic of fanatical reformers.

41. What message does Antony send Brutus?

42. What sentiment underlies his words to Brutus when he enters and asks that the conspirators kill him also as well as Cæsar?

43. What does Brutus say in substance when he speaks from the Forum to the people? How do the citizens receive his words?

44. How do they receive Antony at first?

45. What is the substance of Antony's address?

46. How are the people moved by it? How does the development of their sentiment demonstrate the sentiments of the masses?

47. What is the purpose of the introduction of the scene between Cinna the poet, and the citizens?

ACT IV

48. What is the outcome of the council in Antony's house?

49. To what situation does scene ii introduce us?

50. What does Brutus discover in the character of Cassius?

51. What caused Portia to kill herself?

52. What is the advice of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the action they are to take?

53. Describe the scene in the tent leading to the appearance of Cæsar's ghost.

ACT V

54. What is the substance of the passage between the generals of the two armies?

55. What are the words of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the outcome of the day?

56. Describe the progress of the battle.

57. Describe the manner of Brutus's death.

58. What is Antony's eulogium of him?

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITIONS

All's Well that Ends Well appeared for the first time in the First Folio. It is certain that no earlier edition existed; the play was mentioned in the Stationers' Register under November 8, 1623, among the plays not previously entered. The text of the first edition is corrupt in many places, and gives the impression of having been carelessly printed from an imperfectly revised copy. There is no record of the performance of *All's Well that Ends Well* during Shakespeare's lifetime; the earliest theatrical notices belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The remarkable incongruity of style characteristic of *All's Well that Ends Well*—the striking contrast of mature and early work—can only be accounted for by regarding the play as a recast of an earlier version of the comedy. Rhyming lines, the sonnet-like letters, the lyrical dialogues and speeches, remind the reader of such a play as *Love's Labor's Lost*. The following passages have not inaptly been described as "boulders from the old strata embedded in the later deposits":—Act I, i, 241–254; I, iii, 143–151; II, i, 133–214; II, iii, 77–110, 131–150; III, iv, 4–17; IV, iii, 262–270; V, iii, 60–72, 326–335; Epilogue, 1–6.

It seems very probable, almost certain, that the play is a revision of *Love's Labors Wonne*, mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). *Love's Labours Wonne*

has been variously identified by scholars with *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Tempest*. A strong case can, however, be made for the present play, and there is perhaps an allusion to the old title in Helena's words (V, iii, 315, 316):—

> "This is done;
> Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?"

The play was probably originally a companion play to *Love's Labor's Lost*, and was written about the years 1590–1592. It may well have belonged to the group of early comedies. The story, divested of its tragic intensity, may perhaps link it to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* the original Helena may have been a twin-sister to the "Helena" of the *Dream;* the diction and meter throughout may have resembled the passages to which attention has already been called.

There is no very definite evidence for the date of the revision of the play. The links which connect it with *Hamlet* are unmistakable; the Countess's advice to Bertram anticipates Polonius's advice to Laertes; Helena's strength of will and clearness of purpose make her a sort of counterpart to Hamlet, as she herself says:—

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."
> —(I. i. 241–244.)

Furthermore, the name "Corambus" (IV, iii, 192) recalls the "Corambis" of the First Quarto of *Hamlet;* similarly the name "Escalus" is the name of the Governor in *Measure for Measure*. In the latter play, indeed, we have almost the same situation as in *All's Well*,—the honest intrigue of a betrothed to win an irresponsive lover. Finally, the undoing of the braggart Parolles recalls Falstaff's exposure in *Henry IV*, and Malvolio's humiliation in *Twelfth Night*. All things considered, the play, as we have it, may safely be dated "about 1602."

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The story of Helena and Bertram was derived by Shakespeare from the *Decameron* through the medium of Paynter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The Novels of the Third Day of the *Decameron* tell of those lovers who have overcome insuperable obstacles; they are, in fact, stories of "Love's Labors Won," and if Shakespeare had turned to the Italian, the original title *Love's Labor's Won* may have been suggested by the words connecting the Novels of the Second and Third Days. The Ninth Novel of the Third Day narrates how "Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a Fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione, to husband. The Count being married against his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by policy found means to be with her husband in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two sons; which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honor and felicity."

The following are among the most noteworthy of Shakespeare's variations from his original:—(i) the whole interest of the story is centered in the heroine—according to Coleridge, Shakespeare's "loveliest creation"; to this character-study, all else in the play is subordinated; the poor Helena of *All's Well*, unlike the wealthy Giletta of the Novel, derives "no dignity or interest from place or circumstance," and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections; (ii) the moral character of Bertram, the Beltramo of the novel, is darkened; his personal beauty and valor is emphasized; while (iii) Shakespeare has embodied his evil genius in the character of the vile Parolles, of whom there is no hint in the original story; (iv) similarly, generous old Lafeu, the Countess,—"like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young"—

the Steward, and the Clown, are entirely his own creations.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play is eleven days, distributed over three months, arranged as follows by Mr. Daniel (*Trans of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79):—

Day 1. Act I, i. *Interval.* Bertram's journey to Court.

Day 2. Act I, ii and iii. *Interval.* Helena's journey

Day 3. Act II, i and ii. *Interval.* Cure of the King's malady.

Day 4. Act II, iii, iv, and v. *Interval.* Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence.

Day 5. Act III, i and ii.

Day 6. Act III, iii and iv. *Interval*—some two months

Day 7. Act III, v.

Day 8. Act III, vi and vii; Act IV, i, ii, and iii.

Day 9. Act IV, iv. *Interval.* Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles.

Day 10. Act IV, v; Act V, i.

Day 11. Act V, ii and iii.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The only probable contemporary notice that has come down to us of *All's Well that Ends Well* is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, under the title of *Love's Labor Won*. Dr. Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 1767, first gave out the conjecture, that the two titles belonged to one and the same play; and this opinion has since been concurred or acquiesced in by so many good judgments, that it might well be left pass unsifted. There is no other of the Poet's dramas extant, to which that title so well applies, while, on the other hand, it certainly fits this play better than the title it now bears. The whole play is emphatically love's labor: its main interest throughout turns on the unwearied and finally, successful struggles of affection against the most stubborn and disheartening drawbacks. It may perhaps be urged that the play entitled *Love's Labor Won* has been lost; but this, considering what esteem the Poet's works were held in, both in his time and ever since, is so very improbable as to be hardly worth the dwelling upon.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has spent a deal of learning and ingenuity in trying to show, that the play referred to by Meres in 1598 as *Love's Labor Won* was *The Tempest*. Among Shakespeare's dramas he could scarce have pitched upon a more unfit subject for such a title. There is no *love's* labor in *The Tempest*. For though a lover does indeed labor awhile in bearing logs, this is not from love, but simply because he cannot help himself. Nor does he thereby *win* the lady, for she was won before,—"at the first sight they have chang'd eyes;"—and the labor was

imposed for the testing of his love, not for the gaining of its object; and was all the while refreshed with the "sweet thoughts" that in heart and will she was already his. In short, there is no external evidence whatsoever in favor of Mr. Hunter's conjecture, while the internal evidence makes strongly against it.

Coleridge in his *Literary Remains* sets down this play as "originally intended as the counterpart of *Love's Labor's Lost*"; which would seem to imply that he thought it to be the play mentioned by Meres. And Mr. Collier tells us it was the opinion of Coleridge, first given out in 1813, and again in 1818, though not found in his *Literary Remains*, "that *All's Well that Ends Well*, as it has come down to us, was written at two different and rather distant periods of the Poet's life"; and that "he pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression." The same opinion has since been enforced by Tieck; and the grounds of it are so manifest in the play itself, that no considerate reader will be apt to question it. In none of the Author's plays do we meet with greater diversities of manner; one must be dull indeed not to observe them.

In 1598 *Love's Labor's Lost* was "newly corrected and augmented." The probable truth, then, seems to be, that *All's Well that Ends Well* underwent a similar process. There being no external proofs, the date of this revisal must needs be uncertain; but one can scarce doubt that it was some years later than in case of the former play.

Love's Labor's Lost was acted at court "between New-Year's Day and Twelfth Day," 1605. The reviving of this might naturally enough draw on a revival of its counterpart. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Collier in the conjecture—for it is nothing more—that *All's Well that Ends Well* was revived with alterations and additions about the same time, and its title changed, perhaps with a view to give an air of greater novelty to the performance. It is true, indeed, as Mr. Hunter argues, that the play twice bespeaks its present title: but both in-

stances occur precisely in those parts which taste most strongly of the Poet's later style; and in both the phrase, "All's well that ends well," is printed in the same type as the rest of the text. And the line near the close, "*All is well ended*, if this *suit be won*," may be fairly understood as intimating some connection between the two titles which we suppose the play to have borne.

As to the rest, this play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it makes the twelfth in the list of Comedies. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And there are several dark and doubtful words and passages, which cause us again to regret the want of earlier copies to correct or confirm the reading as it there stands. In one or two places both the first writing and the subsequent correction appear to have been printed together, thus making the sense very perplexed and obscure.

The only known source, from which the Poet could have borrowed any part of this play, is a story in Boccaccio's *Decameron* entitled *Giglietta di Nerbona*. In 1566 William Paynter published the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, containing an English version of this tale; an outline of which will show the nature and extent of Shakespeare's obligations.

Isnardo, count of Rousillon, being sickly, always kept in his house a physician named Gerardo of Narbona. The count had a son named Beltramo, the physician a daughter named Giglietta, who were brought up together. The count dying, his son was left in the care of the king and sent to Paris. The physician dying some while after, his daughter, who had loved the young count so long that she knew not when she began to love him, sought occasion of going to Paris, that she might see him; but being diligently looked to by her kinsfolk, because she was rich and had many suitors, she could not see her way clear. Now the king had a swelling on his breast, which through ill treatment was grown to a fistula; and, having tried all the best physicians and being only made worse by their efforts, he resolved to take no further counsel or help.

The young maiden, hearing of this, was very glad, as it suggested an apt reason for visiting Paris, and showed a chance of compassing her secret and most cherished wish. Putting at work such knowledge in the healing art as she had gathered from her father, she rode to Paris, and repaired to the king, praying him to show her his disease. He consenting, as soon as she saw it she told him that, if he pleased, she would within eight days make him whole. He asked how it were possible for her, being a young woman, to do that which the best physicians in the world could not; and, thanking her for her good will, said he was resolved to try no more remedies. She begged him not to despise her knowledge because she was a young woman, assuring him that she ministered physic by the help of God, and with the cunning of master Gerardo of Narbona, who was her father. The king, hearing this, and thinking that peradventure she was sent of God, asked what might follow, if she caused him to break his resolution, and did not heal him. She said,—"Let me be kept in what guard you list, and if I do not heal you let me be burnt; but if I do, what recompense shall I have?" He answered, that since she was a maiden, he would bestow her in marriage upon some gentleman of right good worship and estimation. To this she agreed, on condition that she might have such a husband as herself should ask, without presumption to any member of his family; which he readily granted. This done, she set about her task, and before the eight days were passed he was entirely well; whereupon he told her she had deserved such a husband as herself should choose, and she declared her choice of Beltramo, saying she had loved him from her youth. The king was very loth to grant him to her; but because he would not break his promise, he had him called forth, and told him what had been done. The count, thinking her stock unsuitable to his nobility, disdainfully said,—"Will you, then, sir, give me a physician to wife?" The king pressing him to comply, he answered,—"Sire, you may take from me all that I have, and give my person to whom

you please, because I am your subject; but I assure you I shall never be contented with that marriage." To which he replied,—"Well, you shall have her, for the maiden is fair and wise, and loveth you entirely; and verily you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater house;" whereupon the count held his peace. The marriage over, the count asked leave to go home, having settled beforehand what he would do. Knowing that the Florentines and the Senois were at war, he was no sooner on horseback than he stole off to Tuscany, meaning to side with the Florentines; by whom being honorably received and made a captain, he continued a long time in their service.

His wife, hoping by her well-doing to win his heart, returned home, where, finding all things spoiled and disordered through his absence, she like a sage lady carefully put them in order, making all his subjects very glad of her presence and loving to her person. Having done this, she sent word thereof to the count by two knights, adding that if she were the cause of his forsaking home, he had but to let her know it, and she, to do him pleasure, would depart from thence. Now he had a ring which he greatly loved, and kept very carefully, and never took off his finger, for a certain virtue he knew it had. When the knights came he said to them churlishly,—"Let her do what she list; for I do purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ring upon her finger, and a son of mine in her arms." The knights, after trying in vain to change his purpose, returned to the lady and told his answer: whereat she was very sorrowful, and bethought herself a good while how she might accomplish those two things. Then, assembling the noblest of the country, she told them what she had done to win her husband's love; that she was loth he should dwell in perpetual exile on her account; and therefore would spend the rest of her life in pilgrimages and devotion; praying them to let him understand that she had left his house with purpose never to return. Then, taking with her a maid and one of her kinsmen, she set

out in the habit of a pilgrim, well furnished with silver and jewels, telling no man whither she went, and rested not till she came to Florence. She put up at the house of a poor widow; and the next day, seeing her husband pass by on horseback with his company, she asked who he was. The widow told her this, and that he was a courteous knight, well beloved in the city, and marvelously in love with a neighbor of hers, a gentlewoman that was very poor, but of right honest life and report, and because of her poverty was yet unmarried, and dwelt with her mother, a wise and honest lady. After hearing this she was not long in determining what to do. Repairing secretly to the house, and getting a private interview with the mother, she said,—"Madam, methinks fortune doth frown upon you as well as upon me; but, if you please, you may comfort both me and yourself." The other answering, that there was nothing in the world she was more desirous of than of honest comfort, she then told her whole story, and how she hoped to thrive in her undertaking, if the mother and daughter would lend their aid. In recompense she proposed to give the daughter a handsome marriage portion, and the mother, liking the offer well, yet having a noble heart, replied,—"Madam, tell me wherein I may do you service; if it be honest, I will gladly perform it, and, that being done, do as it shall please you." The interview resulted in an arrangement, that the daughter should encourage the count, and signify her readiness to grant his wish, provided he would first send her the ring he prized so highly, as a token of his love. Proceeding with great subtlety as she was instructed, the daughter in a few days got the ring, and at the time appointed for the meeting the countess supplied her place; the result of which was, that she became the mother of two fine boys, and so was prepared to claim her dues as a wife upon the seemingly impossible terms which her husband himself had proposed. When in reward of the service thus done the mother asked only a hundred pounds, to marry her daugh-

ter, the countess gave five hundred, and added a like value in fair and costly jewels.

Meanwhile, the count, hearing how his wife was gone, had returned to his country. In due time the countess also took her journey homeward, and arrived at Montpellier, where resting a few days, and hearing that the count was about to have a great feast and assembly of ladies and knights at his house, she determined to go thither in her pilgrim's weeds. Just as they were ready to sit down at the table, she came to the place where her husband was, and fell at his feet weeping, and said,—"My lord, I am thy poor unfortunate wife, who, that thou mightest return and dwell in thine house, have been a great while begging about the world. Therefore I now beseech thee to observe the conditions which the two knights that I sent to thee did command me to do: for behold, here in my arms, not only one son of thine, but twain, and likewise the ring: it is now time, if thou keep promise, that I should be received as thy wife." The count knew the ring, and the children also, they were so like him, and desired her to rehearse in order all how these things came about. When she had told her story, he knew it to be true; and, perceiving her constant mind and good wit, and the two fair young boys, to keep his promise, and to please his subjects, and the ladies that made suit to him, he caused her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, and from that day forth loved and honored her as his wife.

From this sketch it will be seen that the Poet anglicized Beltramo to Bertram, changed Giglietta to Helena, and closely followed Boccaccio in the main features of the plot, so far as regards both these persons and the widow and her daughter. Beyond this, the story yields no hints towards the play; the characters of Lafeu, the Countess, the Clown, Parolles, and all the comic proceedings, being, so far as we know, purely his own. And it is quite remarkable what an original cast is given to his development of the former characters by the presence of the lat-

ter; and how in the light shed from each other the conduct of all becomes, not indeed right or just, but consistent and clear. Helena's native force and rectitude of mind are made out from the first in her just appreciation of Parolles, and her nobility of soul and beauty of character are reflected all along in the honest sagacity of Lafeu and the wise motherly affection of the Countess, who never see or think of her, but to turn her advocates and wax eloquent in her behalf. Thus her modest, self-sacrificing worth is brought home to our feelings by the impression she makes upon the good, while in turn our sense of their goodness is proportionably heightened by their noble sensibility to hers. Parolles, again, is puffed up into a more magnificent whiffet than ever, by being taken into the confidence of a haughty young nobleman; while on the other side the stultifying effects of Bertram's pride are seen in that it renders him the easy dupe of a most base and bungling counterfeit of manhood. It was natural and right that such a shallow, paltry word-gun should ply him with impudent flatteries, and thereby gain an ascendency over him, and finally draw him into the shames and the crimes that were to whip down his pride; and it was equally natural that his scorn of Helena should begin to relax, when he was brought to see what a pitiful rascal, by playing upon that pride, had been making a fool of him. It is plain that he must first be mortified, before he can be purified. The springs of moral health within him have been overspread by a foul disease; and the proper medicine is such an exposure of the latter as shall cause him to feel that he is himself a most fit object of the scorn which he has been so forward to bestow. Accordingly, the embossing and untrussing of his favorite is the beginning of his amendment: he begins to distrust the counsels of his cherished passion, when he can no longer hide from himself into what a vile misplacing of trust they have betrayed him. Herein, also, we have a full justification, both moral and dramatic, of the game so mercilessly practiced upon Parolles: it is avowedly undertaken with a

view to rescue Bertram, whose friends know full well that nothing can be done for his good, till the fascination of that crawling reptile is broken up. Finally, Helena's just discernment of character, as shown in case of Parolles, pleads an arrest of judgment in behalf of Bertram. And the fact that with all her love for him she is not blind to his faults, is a sort of pledge that she sees through them into a worth which they hide from others. For, indeed, she has known him in childhood, before his heart got pride-bound through conceit of rank and titles; and therefore may well have a reasonable faith, that beneath the follies and vices which have overcrusted his character there is still an undercurrent of sense and virtue, a wisdom of nature, not dead, but asleep, whereby he may yet be recovered to manhood. So that, in effect, we are not unwilling to see him through her eyes, and, in the strength of her well-approved wisdom, to take upon trust, that he has good qualities which we are unable of ourselves to discover.—Thus the several parts are drawn into each other, and in virtue thereof are made to evolve a manifold rich significance; so that the characters of Helena and Bertram, as Shakespeare conceived them, cannot be understood apart from the others with which they are dramatically associated.

Coleridge incidentally speaks of Helena as "Shakespeare's loveliest character"; and Mrs. Jameson, from whose judgment we shall take no appeal to our own, sets her down as exemplifying that union of strength and tenderness, which Foster describes in one of his *Essays* as being "the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity";—a character, she adds, "almost as hard to delineate in fiction as to find in real life." Without either questioning or subscribing these statements, we have to confess, that for depth, sweetness, energy, and solidity of character, all drawn into one, Helena is not surpassed by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Her great strength of mind is finely apparent in that, absorbed as she is in the passion that shapes her life, scarce any of the Poet's characters,

after Hamlet, deals more in propositions of general truth, as distinguished from the utterances of individual sentiment and emotion. We should suppose that all her thoughts, being struck out in such a glowing heat, would so cleave to the circumstances as to have little force apart from them; yet much that she says holds as good in a general application as in reference to her own particular. And perhaps for the same cause, her feelings, strong as they are, never so get the upper hand as to betray her into any self-delusion; as appears in the unbosoming of herself to the Countess, where we have the sweet reluctance of modesty yielding to a holy regard for truth. In her condition there is much indeed to move our pity; yet her behavior and the grounds thereof are such that she never suffers any loss of our respect; one reason of which is, because we see that her fine faculties are wide awake and her fine feelings keenly alive to the nature of what she undertakes. Thus she passes unharmed through the most terrible outward dishonors, firmly relying on her rectitude of purpose; and we dare not think any thing to her hurt, because she has taken the measure of her danger, looks it full in the face, and nobly feels secure in that appareling of strength. Here, truly, we have somewhat very like the sublimity of moral courage. And this precious, peerless jewel in a setting of the most tender, delicate, sensitive womanhood! It is a clean triumph of the inward and essential over the outward and accidental; her character being radiant of a spiritual grace which the lowest and ugliest situation cannot obscure.

There needs no scruple, that the delineation is one of extraordinary power: perhaps, indeed, it may stand as the Poet's masterpiece in the conquest of inherent difficulties; and it is observable that here for once he does not conquer them without betraying his exertions. Of course, the hardness of the task was to represent her as doing what were scarce pardonable in another, yet as acting on such grounds, from such motives, and to such issues, that the undertaking not only is but appears commendable in her.

And the Poet seems to have felt, that something like a mysterious, supernatural impulse, together with all the reverence and authority of the good old Countess, were needful to bring her off with dignity and honor. And, perhaps, after all, nothing but success could vindicate her course; for such a thing, to be proper, must be practicable; and who could so enter into her mind as to see its practicability till it be done?—While on the subject we may as well remark, that though Helena is herself all dignity and delicacy, some of her talk with Parolles in the first scene is neither delicate nor dignified: it is simply a foul blemish, and we can but regret the Poet did not throw it out in the revisal; sure we are, that he did not retain it to please himself.

Almost every body falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth: all her honors of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care: Campbell says,—"She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Mr. Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

Dr. Johnson says,—"I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom

he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." A terrible sentence indeed! and its vigor, if not its justice, is attested by the frequency with which it is quoted. In the first place, the Poet did not mean we should reconcile our hearts to Bertram, but that he should not unreconcile them to Helena; nay, that her love should appear to the greater advantage for the unworthiness of its object. Then, he does not marry her as a coward, but merely because he has no choice; and does not yield till he has shown all the courage that were compatible with discretion. Nor does he leave her as a profligate, but to escape from what is to him an unholy match, as being on his side without love; and his profligacy is not so much the cause as the consequence of his flight and exile. Finally, he is not dismissed to happiness, but rather left where he cannot be happy, unless he have dismissed his faults. And, surely, he may have some allowance, because of the tyranny laid upon him, and that, too, in a sentiment where nature pleads loudest for freedom, and which, if free, yields the strongest motives to virtue; if not, to vice. For his falsehood there is truly no excuse, save that he pays a round penalty in the shame that so quickly overtakes him; which shows how careful the Poet was to make due provision for his amendment. His original fault, as already indicated, was an overweening pride of birth; yet in due time he unfolds in himself better titles to honor than ancestry can bestow; and, this done, he naturally grows more willing to allow similar titles in another. Thus Shakespeare purposely represents him as a man of very mixed character, in whom the evil for a while gets a sad mastery; and he takes care to provide the canon whereby he would have us judge him: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues."

Several critics have managed somehow to speak of Parolles and Falstaff together. A foul sin against Sir

John! Schlegel, however, justly remarks, that the scenes where our captain figures contain matter enough for an excellent comedy. Such a compound of volubility, impudence, rascality, and poltroonery, is he not a most illustrious *pronoun* of a man? And is it not a marvel that one so inexpressibly mean, and withal so fully aware of his meanness, does not cut his own acquaintance? But the greatest wonder about him is, how the Poet could run his own intellectuality into such a windbag without marring his windbag perfection. That the goddess whom Bertram worships does not whisper in his ear the unfathomable baseness of this "lump of counterfeit ore," is a piece of dramatic retribution at once natural and just. Far as the joke is pushed upon Parolles, we never feel like crying out, Hold! enough! we make the utmost reprisals upon him without compunction; for "that he should know what he is, and be that he is" seems an offense for which infinite shames are a scarce sufficient indemnification.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HELENA

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendor of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly: she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions apparently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded, are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy; and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakespeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helena is represented in the original story. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is indeed represented to us as one

> Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes: whose words all ears took captive;
> Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
> Humbly called mistress.

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness: she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance: it appears to have taken root in her being; to have grown with her years; and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favor in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

A woman who seeks her husband, and gains him against his will; who afterwards by a fraud—a fraud however pious—defeats his intention of estranging her, and becomes the mother of his child; such a personage it would seem a sufficiently difficult task to render attractive or admirable. Yet Helena has been named by Coleridge "the loveliest of Shakspere's characters." Possibly Coleridge recognized in Helena the single quality which, if brought to bear upon himself by one to whom he yielded love and worship, would have given definiteness and energy to his somewhat vague and incoherent life. For sake of this one thing Shakspere was interested in the story, and so admirable did it seem to him, that he could not choose but endeavor to make beautiful and noble the entire character and action of Helena. This one thing is the energy, the leap-up, the direct advance of the *will* of Helena, her

prompt, unerroneous tendency towards the right and efficient *deed*. She does not display herself through her words; she does not, except on rarest occasions, allow her feelings to expand and deploy themselves; her entire force of character is concentrated in what she does. And therefore we see her quite as much indirectly, through the effect which she has produced upon other persons of the drama, as through self-confession or immediate presentation of her character.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

The character of Helena is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife: yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune, was never so exquisitely expressed as in the reflections which she utters when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the king's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. —Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

BERTRAM

But Bertram is one of the many characters in Shakespeare—and indeed in all fiction—who are more sinned against by antithesis than sinful in themselves; his mother approves him; her son was a second husband, and the husband was noble; Helena approves him; she had known him well and long—"'Twas pretty, to see him every hour"; and she had discernment; she saw through Parolles at a glance. Yet Bertram, thus presented as unimpeachable, must be degraded, in order to give color to the forward claims of Helena, and to restore to her love the virtue it had lost, by making it henceforth a work of redemption. Therefore Bertram will lean on the hollow Parolles, whom no one else would think of trusting; he must demean himself and quibble and lie, till at length we wish Helena joy of her bargain.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look with tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

> "Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
> I wish from my soul thou wer't better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities.

All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view, the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skillfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspear.*

Lofty position has its special temptations, and it is well if it be not allowed too liberally its special indulgences. It is the way of the world to extend the interpretation of morals in favor of the noble, wealthy, youthful, and handsome, and this form of adulation above all others encourages and confirms the germs of egotism which probably nothing but shame the most humiliating can ever perfectly cure. In Bertram the pride of race disowns and disregards the gifts and nobilities of nature, yet he overrates the worth of the lowest born Parolles, who has crept into favor by assentation; he places himself above all regard either to delicacy or honor in pursuit of gratification at the expense of the happiness of others, and makes hollow professions to high and low unscrupulously, when an annoyance is to be averted or an advantage gained. Those who appreciate the weakness and baseness of his conduct most clearly, stand cap in hand respectfully as he goes by, and in comment among themselves palliate too much by generalization on the weakness of human nature, and find on such an argument that even vice has its advantages—to whip our virtues into humility.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

Bertram demands a good actor, if the spectator is to perceive that this is a man capable of rewarding efforts so great on the part of a woman, a man whose painful woo-

ing promises a grateful possession. That this unsentimental youth has a heart, this corrupted libertine a good heart, that this scorner can ever love the scorned, this is indeed *read* in his scanty words, but few readers of the present day are free enough from sentimentality to believe such things on the credit of a few words. The case is entirely different when, in the *acted* Bertram, they *see* the noble nature, the ruin of his character at Florence, and the contrition which his sins and his simplicity call forth; when, from the whole bearing of the brusque man, they perceive what the one word "pardon" signified in his mouth, when they see his breast heave at the last appearance of Helena bringing ease to his conscience. Credence is then given to his last words; for the great change in his nature—of which now only a forlorn word or two is read and overlooked—would then have been witnessed. Seldom has a task so independent as the character of Bertram been left to the art of the actor.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON

The Countess, who is purely a creation of Shakspere, is the most engaging type of French character that he has drawn. She is, in the very best sense, a *grande dame* of the *ancien régime*. She has the aristocratic virtues without their defects. Her rich experience of life has taught her valuable lessons, in which she schools her son before he plunges into the temptations of the Court. To a high-bred graciousness of speech and bearing, she unites that dislike of outward emotional display, that repose of manner which stamps her caste. She has felt too many "quirks of joy and grief" to be readily demonstrative, but her sympathies are wonderfully keen and alert; she is one of the women who never break with the memory of their own past, and who thus, with the silvered hair and the faded cheek, preserve the secret of perpetual youth.—BOAS, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

PAROLLES

Parolles is the type of all the cowards that have been introduced on the stage since his time. Doctor Johnson, again, in comparing him with Falstaff, manifested that he could have had but little perception of even the broadest distinctions in human character. There is as strong and as marked a distinction between Falstaff and Parolles, as between an impudent witty cheat—a fellow who will joke and laugh the money out of your pocket—and a dull, hard, sordid, and vulgar swindler. The cowardice of Falstaff arose quite as much from his constitutional love of ease, sociality, and self-enjoyment, as from an inherent want of principle and self-respect; it was the cowardice of fat and luxuriousness. Falstaff possessed qualities which attached to him friends of each sex. We all know the speech uttered by Bardolph after the fat knight's death, "Would I were with him, wherever he is, in heaven or in hell." A more genuine apotheosis to the social qualities of a man never was uttered. Even the women hated Parolles; and, upon my life, that man has little enough to recommend him whom women dislike. The Countess Rousillon speaks of him as a "very tainted fellow, full of wickedness"; and that her son "corrupts a well-derived nature with his inducement." He held the respectable office of toad-eater, and something worse, to the weak young lord. Mariana, too, whom he had addressed in love-terms, says of him, "I know the knave!—hang him!—a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl." And lastly, Helena describes him as a "notorious liar, a great way fool, and solely a coward." She, too, although of a gentle nature, cannot forbear girding at him for being a palpable and transparent poltroon.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE GRAVITATING POINT

Love, therefore, is here also the center and gravitating point upon which turns the development—beginning, middle and end—of the action. It is, however, not conceived in so general and independent a light as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* The significance of the whole is based rather on the one main feature of love, its freedom; this is so essentially a part of its nature that, in fact, love exists only as a free, unmerited and unrequited gift, by virtue of which it has the right—it may be even to its own unhappiness—of sometimes choosing and striving to obtain what circumstances would deny it, and of rejecting what is best and most beautiful, simply because it is forced upon it. But this very freedom is its weak point, as long as it has not freed itself from caprice; for it either degenerates into arrogance and error, or into blind self-will and pride. Helena pays the penalty of this arrogance which, in spite of her otherwise modest and unpretending nature, shows itself in her wanting to deprive the man she loves of his right to make that free choice which she herself had exercised in so unlimited a manner; for, notwithstanding her acquired rights, she is compelled to have recourse to degrading artifice to obtain possession of what belongs to her. The Count, on the other hand, willfully rejects what he himself secretly and half-unconsciously wished; he falls from freedom into caprice, because he prides himself in his freedom, and this pride feels itself hurt at being *required* to take what he had hoped to be able to *give* freely. Once the victim of caprice and a slave to his desires, whims, inclinations, and wishes, he is even in danger of losing his innate nobleness of heart. He becomes a frivolous deceiver and seducer, till at last, an act of deception restores him to his better self. His unsuccessful wooing of Diana proves that love can as little be forced by promises and gifts, as by merits and good deeds. —Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon*
LAFEU, *an old lord*
PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram*
Steward
LAVACHE, *a clown* } *servants to the Countess of Rousillon*
A Page

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess*
An old Widow of Florence
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow*
VIOLENTA,
MARIANA, } *neighbors and friends to the Widow*

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The king of France, desiring to show favor to Bertram, son of the late Count of Rousillon, summons him to court. Lafeu, an old lord, whom the king has sent to fetch the young man, tells the widowed Countess of the king's serious illness—of how the physicians had pronounced his disease without cure. Living with the Countess is a young woman, Helena by name, who is the daughter of a physician who had been very famous in his lifetime. She has fallen in love with the young Count, but he is too much interested in other things to notice her particularly. The Countess discovers this state of affairs and is not displeased, for she knows Helena's worth. The latter has in her possession a prescription left her by her father for the very disease from which the king is suffering, and she obtains permission from the Countess to go to Paris and to offer it to the king.

ACT II

By Lafeu's aid, Helena obtains an audience with the king. She persuades him to try the medicine, promising to forfeit her life, if he should not be cured in two days, and if he should be cured the king was to give her the choice of any man in France, the princes excepted, for a husband. The medicine acted just as Helena expected and she chooses Bertram. The latter does not hesitate to declare his dislike of this gift of the king's, but is forced to marry Helena or to suffer his majesty's displeasure. Immediately following the ceremony, Bertram sends Helena

home to his mother and he himself departs for the Florentine wars.

ACT III

Bertram sends a message to his wife that when she can get a ring which he wears upon his finger and can show him a child of hers to which he is father, then may she call him husband, and that till he have no wife he has nothing in France. Immediately Helena dresses herself as a pilgrim and departs from Rousillon, hoping that when the Count hears that she has gone he may return to his home. In the meantime the Duke of Florence has made Bertram his general of horse and in battle the young man does "most honorable service." Helena arrives in the city in her pilgrim disguise and takes lodging with a widow and her daughter. From them she learns that her husband is attempting to seduce the daughter. Helena confides her identity and troubles to her hostesses and asks their aid.

ACT IV

Diana, the daughter, gets from Bertram the ring he had told Helena she must obtain before he would acknowledge her and arranges for a nocturnal visit from him. But it is Helena and not Diana whom he meets. In Rousillon, the Countess mourns her daughter-in-law as dead and Bertram, hearing of Helena's death, returns home.

ACT V

The king goes on a visit to Rousillon. He forgives Bertram for his conduct and has given his consent to his marriage with the daughter of the old lord, Lafeu, when his attention is called to a ring Bertram is wearing and which he had given to Helena. The king, remembering Bertram's hatred of his wife, fears that he has murdered her and orders him under arrest. Helena comes to Rousillon at this moment, accompanied by the Florentine widow and her daughter. Soon all is explained. Bertram is satisfied that his conditions have been fulfilled and he gladly acknowledges his wife.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

6. *"ward"*; under the old feudal law of England, the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. The same was also the case in Normandy, and Shakespeare but extends a law of a province over the whole nation.—H. N. H.

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, —O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis! whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed

45–54. Some of the terms in this passage are used in such senses as

to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

to render the meaning of the whole rather obscure. *Dispositions* are what belongs to her nature; the *clean mind* that was born with her: *fair gifts* are the same as *virtuous qualities;* the results of education and breeding. And such graces of art, if grafted into a vicious nature, are traitors, inasmuch as they lodge power in hands that are apt to use it for evil ends: the unclean mind yields motives to turn the fruits of good culture into a snare. But in Helena these fair gifts and virtuous qualities are the better for their *simpleness,* that is, for being unmixed with any such native ugliness. Thus she is naturally *honest;* her nature is framed to truth, as yielding no motive to seem other than she is; whereas *goodness,* as the term is here used, is a thing that cannot be, unless it be *achieved.*—H. N. H.

57. *"'Tis the best brine";* of course to keep it fresh and sweet. Some editors think this "a coarse and vulgar metaphor": alas, what a pity!—H. N. H.

64. *"I do affect";* Helena's *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief related to Bertram and his departure.—H. N. H.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

69, 70. This speech, enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore believe with Tieck and Knight that it should be Helena's. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind; absorbed, as she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal,* that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says,—"Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together." Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said.—H. N. H.

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit.*

Ber. [*to Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.
[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light

87, 88. That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.—H. N. H.

94, 95.

> *"These great tears grace his remembrance more*
> *Than those I shed for him";*

i. e. "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."—I. G.

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

109. *"heart's table";* Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which his picture was drawn.—H. N. H.

110. *"favor"* is here used, as a little before, for *countenance. "Trick,"* the commentators say, here bears the sense of *trace;* an heraldic use of the word, found in Ben Jonson: but why may it not have the ordinary meaning of a *snare,* or any taking device that captivates the beholder?—H. N. H.

118. *"cold"* for *naked,* as superfluous for overclothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.—H. N. H.

121. *"monarch";* perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic

Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Aye. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defense, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.
Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.
Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till

Monarcho mentioned in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

124–186. These lines are struck out by some editors; the Cambridge editors rightly call them "a blot on the play"; they were probably "an interpolation, 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings.'" The opening words of the speech which follows are obscure, and the enumeration of "the loves" looks like "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player." Hanmer proposed:—

"Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:
There shall your master," etc.—I. G.

125. *"stain"*; that is, some *tincture,* some little of the hue or color of a soldier.—H. N. H.

virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

167. *"make itself ten";* the old copy reads, "within ten years it will make itself *two."* The emendation is Hanmer's. *"Out with it"* is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies *put it out to interest,* it will produce you ten for one.—H. N. H.

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. . . .
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counselor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

171. Parolles plays upon the word *liking,* and says, "She must do ill to *like* him that *likes* not virginity."—H. N. H.

180. *"Your date";* a quibble on *date,* which means age, and a candied fruit then much used in pies.—H. N. H.

187. That is, my virginity is not yet a wither'd pear. *"There,"* in the next line, apparently refers to some words that have been lost. Hanmer and Johnson thought they might be,—*You're for the court,* or something to that effect. That *there* means the court, is plain enough from what she says afterwards: "The court's a learning-place."—H. N. H.

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—
Par. What one, i' faith?
Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—
Par. What 's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.

196. *"christendoms"* is here used in the sense of *christenings.* So, in Bishop Corbet's verses *To the Lord Mordaunt:*

"One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
His name in his own parish and church booke,
Could hardly prove his *christendome.*"—H. N. H.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That 's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valor and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

247. *"The mightiest space in fortune"* appears to mean those farthest asunder in fortune. *"Likes"* is used for equals. *"Native things"* are things of the same nativity. So that the meaning of the whole is,—Nature brings those that are farthest asunder in fortune

To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

to join like equals, and makes them kiss like things bred out of the same stock.—H. N. H.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—

41. *"His tongue obey'd his hand";* the figure of a clock is kept up, *his* hand being put for *its* hand. The *tongue* of the clock speaks the hour to which the *hand* points.—H. N. H.

54. *"He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them"; cp.* the Collect in the Liturgy: "Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living," etc.—I. G.

This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

56. *"this,"* so the Folio; Pope read *"Thus,"* possibly the right word here.—I. G.

Scene III

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in *Twelfth Night*.—H. N. H.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?
Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.
Count. In what case?
Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.
Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.
Count. Is this all your worship's reason?
Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.
Count. May the world know them?
Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.
Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.
Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.
Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my

26. *"service is no heritage";* the idea seems to be that "if service is no blessing, children are"; Psalm cxxvii. 3. has been appropriately cited in connection with this expression:—"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."—I. G.

29. *"barnes are blessings";* the adage referred to by the Clown probably grew from the passage in Psalm cxxvii.: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."—H. N. H.

land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

59. "*Young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist*"; "*Charbon*" possibly for "*Chair-bonne*," and "*Poysam*" for "*Poisson*," alluding to the respective lenten fares of the Puritan and Papist (*cp.* the old French proverb, "*Jeune chair et viel poisson*"= *young* flesh and *old* fish are the best).—I. G.

59–63. It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do. And something like fifty years later Dr. Jackson, a man of great candor and moderation, said "the great aim and endeavor of the Jesuits had long been to draw the Church into Calvinism."—H. N. H.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

80. This line seems incomplete, and Warburton proposed to add, *for Paris he,* on the ground that Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy.* Of course the name of Helen brings to the Clown's mind this fragment of an old ballad.—H. N. H.

95. *"one";* the original reads *ore.* Mr. Dyce says,—"Mr. Knight has, I have no doubt, given the right reading, viz., *for.*" Mr. Collier has *ere;* upon which Dyce remarks,—"*Blazing stars* are mentioned by our old writers as portending prodigies, not as coming after them."—H. N. H.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger

104. *"wear the surplice . . . heart";* the controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time: everybody was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled everyone to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown,* because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretense, while in reality they aimed at other things.—H. N. H.

sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; . . . queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

127. ". . . *queen of virgins*"; Theobald inserted *"Dian no"* before *"queen."*—I. G.

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?

167. *"many-color'd";* there is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colors which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

—H. N. H.

Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honor'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

179. *"I care no more";* there is a designed ambiguity; I care as much for.—H. N. H.
187. *"head";* the source, the cause of your grief.—H. N. H.

To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do you not love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;

194. *"kind"*; in their language.—H. N. H.

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

217. *"captious"* is plainly from the Latin *capio,* and means *apt* to *take in* or *receive: "intenible," unable* to *hold* or *retain.* A singular use, indeed, of *captious,* but every way a legitimate and appropriate one. The usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time was *deceitful.* Singer insists on giving it that meaning here, and Mr. Verplanck concurs with him, objecting to the explanation we have adopted, that it makes *intenible* contradict *captious.* Wherein he seems rather captious; for does not a sieve receive all the water one can pour in, and let it out as fast as it is poured in? On the other hand, how may a *sieve,* a thing so easily seen through, be said to *deceive,* unless it be in the sense of *taking in?* which is the sense we have supposed *captious* in this case to bear.—H. N. H.

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There 's something in 't,

241. *"whose faculties inclusive were,"* etc.; receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.—H. N. H.

More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honor
But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Aye, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—

1, 2. *"lord's" . . . "lords";* probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the "Florentines" or the "Senoys" (*cp.* Note vi. Cambridge edition).—I. G.

12–15. *"let higher Italy,—Those bated,"* etc.; the passage is prob-

Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*Exit.*

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with 'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and "tis too early.'

ably corrupt. *"Higher Italy"* has been variously interpreted to mean (1) Upper Italy; (2) the side of Italy next to the Adriatic (but both Florence and Sienna are on the other side); (3) Italy higher in rank and dignity than France; (4) the noblest of Italy, the worthiest among Italians. Johnson paraphrased as follows:—"Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valor,* see that you come to gain honor, to the *abatement,* that is, to the disgrace and depression of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame,* and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." Schmidt proposed *"high"* for *"higher";* Coleridge, *"hired";* Hanmer, *"bastards"* for *"bated."* Knight took *"bated"* to mean "excepted," Schmidt, "beaten down."—I. G.

21. *"beware of being captives";* be not captives before you are soldiers.—H. N. H.

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.

First Lord. There 's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

First Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay: the king.

Re-enter king.

32–33. *"No sword worn but one to dance with";* alluding to the light swords worn for dancing.—I. G.

36. Our parting is as it were to dissever or torture a body.—H. N. H.

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;

54–59. *"for they wear . . . farewell";* Henley, explaining this passage, says its obscurity arises from the fantastical language of Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges him from one allusion to another, without giving him time to judge of their congruity. *The cap of the time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait,* manner of *eating, speaking,* &c., are the several ornaments which they *muster,* or arrange in *time's cap.* This is done under the influence of the most approved fashion-setter; and such are to be followed in the *measure* or dance of fashion, even though the devil lead them.—H. N. H.

64. *"I'll fee";* Theobald's emendation. Folios, *"Ile see."*—I. G. The meaning appears to be, I'll see you on your feet.—H. N. H.

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And asked thee mercy for 't.
Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What 'her' is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honor,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

81–82. *"To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand";* Charlemagne late in life attempted to learn to write.—I. G.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Aye, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause, wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

143. *"When judges have been babes";* evidently an allusion to St. Matthew xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou *hast hid* these things from the *wise* and *prudent,* and *hast revealed* them unto *babes.*" See, also, 1 Cor. i. 27.—H. N. H.

"great floods," etc.; that is, when Moses smote the rock in Horeb. —H. N. H.

145. *"miracles . . . denied";* this must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.—H. N. H.

160. That is, proclaim one thing and design another.—H. N. H.

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass 169
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak: 180
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.

177.

"ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended";

so Folio 1; the other Folios read *"no"* for *"ne."* Malone's *"nay"* for *"ne"* commends itself, though his explanation of *"extended"* as "my body being extended on the rack" seems weak: it is probably used here simply in the sense of "meted out to me," or merely used for the purpose of emphasising *"worse of worst."* A mass of conjectural emendations are recorded in the Cambridge edition of the play.—I. G.

"Ne" is an old form of *nor*. *"Worse of worst extended"* means much the same as our phrase, Let worse come to worst; that is, let the loss of my good name be extended to the worst of evils, death by torture.—H. N. H.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practicer, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Aye, by my scepter and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,

185. The beauty of this line is, that eight syllables are allowed the time of ten; all which the meter-mongers have spoiled by foisting in *virtue* after *courage*.—H. N. H.

Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser

26. *"Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger";* "Tib and Tom" were used like "Jack and Jill"; Tib was a cant term for any low or vulgar woman. *"Rush rings"* were sometimes used at marriage ceremonies, especially where the marriages were somewhat doubtful (*cp.* Douce's *Illustrations,* p. 196).—I. G.

by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There 's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:

46. *"O Lord, sir!"*; a ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man in His Humour:* "You conceive me, sir?—O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk play-book oaths."—H. N. H.

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of ter-

1–45. Johnson changed the distribution of the speakers, so as to bring out "the whole merriment of the scene," which, according to him, "consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not." Johnson has been generally followed by modern editors. The Folio arrangement has been kept in the Cambridge text.—I. G.

2. "*modern*" is here used in the sense of trite, common; as in the line,—"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."—Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *"causeless"* in its strict philosophical sense;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena,* that is, things natural, not of *noumena,* or things supernatural."—Lord Bacon, in his Essay, *Of Atheism,* has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

rors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that

5. *"ensconcing"; sconce* being a term of fortification for a chief fortress, to *ensconce* literally signifies *to secure as in a fort.*—H. N. H.

26. *"a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor";* the title of some pamphlet is evidently ridiculed in these words.—I. G.

is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Aye, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make:
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I 'ld give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

64. A *"curtal"* was the common name for a horse: "I'd give my bay *horse,* &c., that my age were not greater than these boys."—H. N. H.

76. That is, but, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never visit them again. *"Be refused"* means the same as *thou being refused,* or *be thou refused.* The *"white death"* is the paleness of death.—H. N. H.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
First Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'ld have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none

80. *"Imperial Love";* Folio 1, *"imperiall loue";* Folio 2, *"imperiall Iove";* Folio 3, *"impartiall Jove."*—I. G.

84. *"ames-ace," i. e.* two aces; the lowest throw at dice: one would expect it, from the context, to mean just the contrary, but Lafeu is probably making "a comparison by contraries,"—"an ironical comparison," used with humorous effect. "One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna," aptly observed Brinsley Nicholson, "says, I'd rather hear her than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."—I. G.

have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

104–107. This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to us to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu "There's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drunk wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this: besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said: therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser.—H. N. H.

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,

133. That is, where great titles *swell us,* and there is no virtue. The original has *swell's,* but the contraction *'s* for *us* has been left out of most editions.—H. N. H.

And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor 's born,
And is not like the sire: honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I 'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honor 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honor where

155. *"which"* of course refers not to *honor,* but to the preceding *clause,* or to the *danger implied* in it. A similar construction occurs in *Othello:* "She dying gave it me, and bid me, when my fate would have me *wive,* to give it *her.*"—H. N. H.

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honor
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favor of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,

Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Aye; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

216. *"taking up"*; to *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account.* —H. N. H.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Aye, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

245–247. *"doing I am past,"* says Lafeu, *"as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave";* that is, "as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able": and he immediately goes out.—H. N. H.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Aye, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I 'ld beat thee: methinks 't thou art a general offense, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveler: you are more saucy with lords and honorable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Aye, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!

France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.
'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

314. *"the dark house"* is a house made gloomy by discontent.—H. N. H.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were

you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. 40
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The greatest prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king, 50
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

40. *"well fed";* perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in a preceding scene, where the clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."—H. N. H.

45. That is, puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, *"compell'd,"* for the active, *compelling.*—H. N. H.

48. The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *"curbed time"* means the time of restraint: *"whose want"* means *the want of which;* referring to *prerogative* and *rite.* —H. N. H.

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*] Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*
Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?
Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveler is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his

26. *"end"*; the Folios have *"And"*; the correction, from the Ellesmere copy of the First Folio, has been generally adopted.—I. G.

clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not color with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepared I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse than ask why I entreat you; For my respects are better than they seem,

50. *"Have or will to deserve";* Malone proposed *"have qualities or will,"* etc.; Singer, *"wit or will";* the later Folios omit *"to"* and read *"have, or will deserve";* the reading in the text is that of Folio I.—I. G.

And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: 80
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord: faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse. 90

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell! [*Exit Helena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Florence. The Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not

12–13.

"That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion";

probably Clarke's explanation of these difficult lines is the best: —"The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a gov-

Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing;

ernment-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord or independently." Others make *"that"* the subject of *"frames,"* explaining *"motion"* as "mental sight," or "intuition."—I. G.

17. *"the younger of our nature";* as we say at present, our young fellows.—H. N. H.

mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

9. *"sold"*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *"hold"*; Harness proposed *"holds a goodly manner for."*—I. G.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my

passport. [*reads*] When thou can'st get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Aye, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; 70
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Aye, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Aye, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. 80

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

71. *"If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine";* the omission of the relative is common in Shakespeare. Rowe unnecessarily altered the line to *"all the griefs as thine."*—I. G.

Hel. Aye, madam.
First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
First Gent. Aye, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win

97. *"holds him much to have";* so the Folios; Theobald conjectured *"soils him much to have";* others suggested, *"hoves him not much to have"; "fouls him much to have,"* etc. Rolfe's view of the passage seems by far the most satisfactory:—"He has a deal of that too-much, *i. e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities."—I. G.

An obscure passage indeed; but perhaps it can be understood well enough, if the reader bear in mind that Parolles' greatest having is in impudence, and at the same time make *him* emphatic. The fellow has a deal too much of impudence; and yet it holds, behooves *him* to have a large stock of that, inasmuch as he has nothing else.—H. N. H.

The honor that he loses; more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,

104. In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the countess answers—no otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.—H. N. H.

117. *"still-peering air";* so Folio 1; Folio 2, *"still-piercing";* probably an error for *"still-piecing," i. e.* "still-closing." A passage in *The Wisdom of Solomon* has been appropriately compared, and may be the source of the thought:—*"As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through."*—I. G.

I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

128, 129. The sense is "From that place, where all the advantage that honor usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."—H. N. H.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*reads*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:

6. *"extreme edge of hazard";* so in Shakespeare's *116th Sonnet:* "But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom." And Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. i.: "You see our danger on *the utmost edge of hazard.*"—H. N. H.

7. In *Richard III:* *"Fortune* and victory sit on thy *helm."*—H. N. H.

4. *"Saint Jaques' pilgrim";* at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross.—H. N. H.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervor sanctify:
His taken labors bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me:
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear

13. *"I, his despiteful Juno";* alluding to the story of Hercules.—H. N. H.

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger:
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own

32. *"weigh"*; value or esteem.—H. N. H.

hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labor; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will
lie at my house; thither they send one an-
other: I 'll question her. God save you,
pilgrim! whither are you bound?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid. Aye, marry, is 't. [*A march afar.*] Hark
you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

58. *"His face I know not";* touching this passage, Coleridge asks, —"Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon

Dia. Whatsom'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?
Hel. Aye, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What 's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. I write good creature, whereso'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely.—H. N. H.

73. *"I write, good creature,"* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"I right"*; Rowe, *"Ah! right good creature!"* The Globe edition, *"I warrant, good creature"*; Kinnear, *"I war'nt* (=warrant), good creature."—I. G.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defense.
Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colors.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to

speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this coun-

terfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honor of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-

43. *"John Drum's Entertainment";* "to give a person John Drum's Entertainment" probably meant to give him such an entertainment as the drum gets; hence "to give a person a drumming," to turn him forcibly out of your company. Theobald quotes the following from Holinshed's *Description of Ireland:*—"His porter, or none other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment,* which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In Marston's interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), Jack Drum is a servant who is constantly baffled in his knavish tricks.—I. G.

47. *"the honor of his design"* is the honor he thinks to gain by it. *Honor* has been usually printed *humor;* a change, says Collier, "without either warranty or fitness."—H. N. H.

cess: some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the pos-

sibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

122. So in the third scene of this act: "They are limed with the

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.
Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.
First Lord. But you say she 's honest.
Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?
First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,

twigs that threaten them." To *lime* is to catch or entangle; and *twigs* was a common term for the trap or snare, whether it were made of twigs or of thoughts; of material or mental *wickerwork*.—H. N. H.

129. *"i' the wind";* this proverbial phrase is thus explained by Cotgrave: *"Estre sur vent,* To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee."*—H. N. H.

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, [11]
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. [20]
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

3. That is, by discovering herself to the count.—H. N. H.

Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

45–47. The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful embrace, was to seem in them both an act of adultery.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 10

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a

19–21. *"therefore . . . purpose";* the sense of this passage

man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it; they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's

appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *"chough"* is a bird of the jack-daw kind.—H. N. H.

the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

47–50. *"Tongue,"* etc.; Parolles is in a quandary: slight wounds will not serve his turn; great ones he dare not give himself; and so he is casting about what scheme he shall light upon next. He then goes on to lecture his tongue for getting him into such a scrape.—H. N. H.

49. *"Bajazet's mule";* the allusion has not yet been explained; perhaps *"Bajazet's"* is a blunder on the part of Parolles for *"Balaam's."*—I. G.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment: 79
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche. 90

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.
First Sold. Acordo linta. 100
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*
Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.
Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.
Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.
Sec. Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Aye, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

14. *"vows";* his vows never to treat Helena as his wife.—H. N. H.

20–31. Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belabored than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants she should do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill*, because it is a *love* that seeks to *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, we agree entirely with Mr. Collier, that "these lines have not been understood on account of the inversion." The first *him* refers to *Jove*, and *whom*, not to this, but to the second *him;* or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor, unseal'd,* unratified *conditions.*—H. N. H.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre

25. *"Jove's,"* probably substituted for the original God's, in obedience to the statute against profanity. Johnson conjectured *"Love's."* —I. G.

36. *"Who then recover";* the Folios read, *"who then recovers,"* changed unnecessarily by Pope to *"which then recover,"* but *"who"* is often used for "an irrational antecedent personified," though in this passage the antecedent may be *"of me"* implied in *"my"; "my sick desires"*="the sick desires of me"; in this latter case "recovers" is the more common third person singular, instead of the first person after *"who."*—I. G.

38. *"I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,"* the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, *"make ropes";* Folio 4, *"make ropes . . . scar."* This is one of the standing cruxes in the text of Shakespeare; some thirty emendations have been proposed for *"ropes"* and *"scarre." e. g. "hopes . . . affairs"; "hopes . . . scenes"; "hopes . . . scare"; "slopes . . . scarre":* other suggestions are, *"may cope's . . . sorte"; "may rope's . . . snarle";*

That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honor 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honor on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

"may rope's . . . snare," &c. The apostrophe in the First and Second Folios makes it almost certain that *"'s"* stands for *"us."* Possibly *"make"* is used as an auxiliary; *"make rope's"* would then mean "do constrain, or ensnare us." Or is *"make rope"* a compound verb? *"Scarre"* may be *"scare"* (*i. e.* "fright"). The general sense seems to be, "I see that men may reduce us to such a fright, that we'll forsake ourselves."—I. G.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

73. *"braid";* Richardson derives *braid* from the Anglo-Saxon *brægan,* and explains it to mean hasty, sudden, violent. Mr. Dyce accepts his derivation, but thinks its meaning here to be "violent in desire, lustful." But the balance of authority seems to be with Steevens and Singer, who make it another word, from the Anglo-Saxon *bred,* and explain it as meaning false, deceitful, perfidious. This agrees very well with the old character which foreign writers from Tacitus to Coleridge have generally set upon the French as a nation. And it is noticeable that Diana speaks as if she had now found an individual example of what she considered a national characteristic.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And

as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to this hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

27, 28. *"reveal themselves . . . ends";* this may mean, "they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it."—H. N. H.

29, 30. *"in his proper stream,"* etc.; that is, betrays his own secrets in his talk.—H. N. H.

31. *"damnable"* for *damnably;* the adjective used adverbially.—H. N. H.

36–40. *"I would gladly,"* etc.; this is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition. *Counterfeit,* besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture:* the word *set* shows that it is used in both senses here.—H. N. H.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretense is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Aye, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times

we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valor hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where 's your master!

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels

of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't,

117. *"dialogue";* Mr. Collier thinks this probably refers to some popular stage performance of the time.—H. N. H.

as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarossa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First. Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*reads*] First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You 're deceived, my lord: this is

Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth.

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvelous poor.

First Sold. [*reads*] Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so

180. *"con . . . thanks"*; that is, I am not beholden to him for it. To *con thanks* exactly answers to the French *savoir gré*. It is found in several writers of Shakespeare's time. To *con* and to *ken* are from the Saxon *cunnan*, to know, to may or can, to be able.—H. N. H.

189, 190. *"were to live this present hour"*; perhaps we should read, "if I were *but to live this present hour*"; unless the blunder be meant to show the fright of Parolles.—H. N. H.

many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

200. *"cassocks"*; soldier's cloaks or upper garments. There was a plebeian *cassock*, or gaberdine, worn by country people, which is carefully distinguished from this by Nicot and his follower Cotgrave.—H. N. H.

208. *"Dumain"*; we thus learn at last that the French gentleman's name is Dumain. We have already seen, in Act iii. sc. 6, that the French Envoy is his brother. In the original there is a good deal of confusion, both in their entrances, and in the prefixes to their speeches.—H. N. H.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke 's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

222. *"fool";* not an "allowed fool," or a fool by art and profession, but a natural fool; probably assigned to the sheriff's care and keeping.—H. N. H.

224–226. In Whitney's *Emblems* there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence.—H. N. H.

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.
Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
First Lord. Excellently.
First Sold. [*reads*] Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,—
Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
First Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favor.
Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!
First Sold. [*reads*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,

259. *"whale";* there is probably an allusion here to the Story of Andromeda in old prints, where the monster is frequently represented as a *whale.*—H. N. H.

264. That is, a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.—H. N. H.

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offenses being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valor: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk;

276, 277. For some account of such as "are mad if they behold a cat," see *The Merchant of Venice,* Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

290. *"He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister," i. e.* "anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy."—I. G.

291. *"Nessus";* the Centaur killed by Hercules.—H. N. H.

and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honor to be the officer at a place called there Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

327. *"and a perpetual succession for it"*; some such verb as *"grant"*

First Sold. What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Aye, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

is to be supplied. Hanmer altered *"for it"* to *"in it"*; Kinnear conjectured *"free in perpetuity."*—I. G.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'ld compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,

9. *"Marseilles";* it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copy it is written *Marcellæ.*—H. N. H.

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:

23. *"saucy"* was sometimes used in the sense of *wanton*.—H. N. H.

30. *"I pray you"*; Blackstone proposed to read,—"Yet I *fray* you but with the word," referring, of course, to the word *suffer*. To *fray* is to *frighten*. There is something of plausibility in this; but, besides that it does not fadge very well with what Diana has just said, the sense runs clear enough, if with Warburton we understand *but with the word* to mean *in a very short time*.—H. N. H.

34. *"revives"*; so the Folios; *"reviles," "invites," "requires"* have been variously proposed; it is doubtful whether any change is necessary: "Time," says Helena, "gives us fresh courage."—I. G.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me

1–8. In *The Winter's Tale,* Act iv. sc. 2, the Clown says,—"I must have *saffron* to color the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used to color pastry with. The phrase *"unbak'd and doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing color in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus Sir Philip Sidney has *"saffron*-colored coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *safrond* lynnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description identifies *red* as the color of a fantastical coxcomb's hose.—H. N. H.

the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

21. *"nose-herbs";* that is, herbs to be *smelled of,* not herbs to be *eaten. "Salad"* is not in the original copy: it was supplied by Rowe, and has been universally received.—H. N. H.

33. *"bauble";* the fool's *bauble,* says Douce, was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belabored those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport."—H. N. H.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would

42. *"an English name";* Folios 1, 2, *"maine";* Folio 3, *"main";* Folio 4, *"mean";* Rowe first suggested *"name";* the allusion is obviously to the Black Prince.—I. G.

43. *"his fisnomy is more hotter";* Hanmer's proposal *"honor'd"* for *"hotter"* seems to be a most plausible emendation.—I. G.

Warburton thought we should read *honor'd;* but the Clown's allusion is double; to Edward *the Black Prince,* and to the *prince of darkness.* The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.—H. N. H.

58. *"flowery way";* so in *Macbeth,* Act ii. sc. 3: "That go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."—H. N. H.

not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son

will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

107. *"pile"*; referring to the pile of the velvet patch.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there. 11

6. *"Enter a Gentleman";* Folio 1 reads *"A gentle Astringer";* Folio 2, *"A gentle Astranger";* Folios 3, 4, *"A Gentleman a stranger."* *"Astringer"* = a keeper of goshawks; the word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. There seems, however, no very particular reason for its omission in modern editions, though it is true that in the Folio the speeches given to "the Astringer" all have the prefix *"Gent."*—I. G.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu, this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

1. *"Good Monsieur Lavache";* Folio 1, *"Lauatch";* Folio 2, *"Lavatch";* Folios, 3, 4, *"Levatch";* Tollet's conjecture *"Lavache"* has been generally adopted. Clarke suggests that it may have been intended for *Lavage,* which, in familiar French, is used to express "slop," "puddle," "washiness." Something is to be said in favor of Jervis' proposed reading, *"Lapatch," i. e.* "patch"=clown, with the prefix *"la"* in imitation of *"Lafeu."*—I. G.

5. *"fortune's mood"* is several times used by Shakespeare for the whimsical *caprice* of fortune.—H. N. H.

10. *"allow the wind";* that is, stand to the leeward of me.—H. N. H.

stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray, you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word

27. *"Similes of comfort"*; Theobald's certain emendation for the reading of the Folios, *"smiles of comfort."*—I. G.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

44. *"word";* a quibble is intended on the word *Parolles,* which in French signifies *words.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honor'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offense of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,

1, 2. That is, in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.—H. N. H.

6. *"blaze"*; the old copy reads *blade*. Theobald proposed the present reading.—H. N. H.

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offense is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole:
Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favor;
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favor from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

65, 66.

"Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon."

Johnson conjectured *"slept"* for *"sleeps," i. e.* "love cries to see what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done." Mason proposed *"old"* for *"own."* W. G. Clarke ingeniously emended *"shameful hate"* into *"shame full late,"* but the emendation destroys the antithesis between *"love"* and *"hate."* It is best to leave the lines as they stand, though the words *"our own love"* are somewhat doubtful: the general meaning is simple enough.—I. G.

84. *"bade"; I told* her.—H. N. H.

Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know

93. Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.—H. N. H.

102. *"multiplying medicine";* the philosopher's stone. Plutus, the great alchymist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone,* by which the alchymists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold.—H. N. H.

That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

121. "*my fore-past proofs,*" etc.; *i. e.* "the proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain*, and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than sought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson).—I. G.

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman 's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,

157. *"as,"* means *as soon as.*—H. N. H.
165. *"cease"*; decease, die.—H. N. H.

You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honor
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

196. *"He blushes, and 'tis it";* Folios *"'tis hit,"* which has been variously explained as an Archaic form of "it"; as an error for *"'tis his,"* or *"is hit."* It seems unnecessary to alter the Folio; *"'tis hit"* can very well mean "the blow has been well aimed, it has struck home," "it" being used impersonally.—I. G.

206. *"quoted"; quote* was often used for *note, observe,* as in *Hamlet,*—"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him."—H. N. H.

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

217. *"Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace";* Walker's certain emendation of the Folio reading *"her insuite comming";* other suggestions have been made:—*"Her instant comity"* (Bubier); *"Her Jesuit cunning"* (Bulloch); *"Her own suit, coming"* (Perring). —I. G.

217. *"modern";* Shakespeare frequently has *modern* in the sense of common, ordinary; but here it seems to have the force of *youthful, fresh.* Thus Florio: "Modernaglie, moderne things; also taken for *young* wenches." The meaning, however, may be, that though her beauty be but common, yet her solicitation was such, so artful, as to subdue me.—H. N. H.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Aye, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off.
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honorable gentleman: tricks that he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this!
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and

talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Aye, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweler that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee:
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE

King. The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

1. *"The King's a beggar";* an allusion to the old story of *"The King and the Beggar"* (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*), often referred to by Shakespeare.—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A = one; I. iii. 253.

About, "go not about," "do not beat about the bush"; I. iii. 203.

Accordingly, equally; II. v. 9.

Across, "break across," a term used in tilting; here used for a passage at arms of wit; II. i. 71.

Act, action; I. ii. 30.

Admiration, that which excites admiration; II. i. 92.

Adoptious, "a. christendoms" = "adopted christian names"; I. i. 196.

Advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 249.

Advice, discretion; III. iv. 19.

Alone, "alone must think," must only think; I. i. 207.

Ample, amply; III. v. 50.

Anatomized, laid open, shown up; IV. iii. 37.

Antiquity, old age; II. iii. 218.

Appeach'd = impeached, informed against (you); I. iii. 206.

Applications, attempts at healing; I. ii. 74.

Apprehensive, "ruled by imaginations and caprices," fantastic; I. ii. 60.

Approof, "so in a. lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech" = "his epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech"; I. ii. 51; "valiant a." = approved valor; II. v. 3.

Approved, proved; I. ii. 10.

Araise, raise from the dead; II. i. 80.

Armipotent, omnipotent; IV. iii. 274.

Artists, "relinquished of the artists," *i. e.* given up, despaired of by learned doctors; II. iii. 11.

Attempt, venture; I. iii. 269.

Attends, awaits; II. iii. 56.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 13.

Avails, advantage, promotion; III. i. 22.

Band = bond; IV. ii. 56.

Barber's chair, "like a b.c." a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *Proverbs,* etc.); II. ii. 19.

Baring, shaving; IV. i. 57.

Barnes (the reading of Folio 1; the other Folios "bearns" or "barns"), children; I. iii. 29.

Be, "to be" = to be called; I. ii. 59.

Bestow, guard, treasure up; I. iii. 240.

Better = men your superior; III. i. 22.

Big, haughty; I. iii. 105.

Blaze (Theobald's conjecture for "blade" of the Folios), heat, fire; V. iii. 6.

Blood, nature, disposition; I. iii. 146; passion; III. vii. 21.

Boarded, wooed; V. iii. 212.

Bold, assured; V. i. 5.

Bond, duty, obligation; I. iii. 203.

Both, "both our mothers," the mother of us both; I. iii. 178.

Braid, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.

Braving, defiant; I. ii. 3.

Breaking, breaking up, disbanding; IV. iv. 11.

Breathe, takes exercise; II. iii. 274.

Breathing, exercise, action; I. ii. 17.

Brief, "now-born br." *i. e.* "the contract recently made" (Warburton, "new born"); II. iii. 185.

Bring = take; III. v. 100.

Broken, "my mouth no more were broken," had not lost its teeth; II. iii. 65.

Brokes, uses as a medium; III. v. 78.

Brought, (?) "brought with him" (changed by Theobald to "bought"); II. i. 66.

Bunting, a bird resembling a lark in every particular, but with little or no song; II. v. 7.

Buttock; "pin b., quatch b., brawn b." = thin b., flat b., fleshy b.; II. ii. 20.

By, pass by; (Warburton supposes a line to be lost after *"past"*); II. iii. 246.

Canary, "a quick and lively dance"; II. i. 78.

"Can't no other," can it be no other way; I. iii. 180.

Capable of, apt to receive the impress of, susceptible; I. i. 109; I. i. 232.

"Cap of the time," "they wear themselves in the c." = "they are the very ornaments of the time"; II. i. 54.

Capriccio, caprice, whim; II. iii. 315.

Captious, "recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it" (Malone); others suggest "cap'cious" or "capacious," or = Latin "captiosus," *i. e.* deceitful or fallacious; I. iii. 219.

Carbonadoed, cut across, like meat for broiling; IV. v. 111.

Case, flay, skin; strip off his disguise; III. vi. 117.

Catch'd, caught, perceived; I. iii. 187.

Cesse (the reading of Folio I.; F. 2, *ceasse;* F. 3, *ceass*), cease; V. iii. 72.

Champion, knight who fought for a person; IV. ii. 50.

Change, interchange; III. ii. 104.

Chape, "the metallic part at the end of the scabbard"; IV. iii. 170.

Charge, cost; II. iii. 119.

Choice; "most rich c." choicest treasure; III. vii. 26.

Choughs' language, chattering; IV. i. 22.

Cites, proves; I. iii. 225.

Clew, a ball of thread; I. iii. 197.

Coil, ado, fuss; "kept a coil with," made a fuss about; II. i. 27.

Collateral, indirect; I. i. 102.

Color; "holds not c." is not in keeping; II. v. 63.

Commission, warrant; II. iii. 282.

Commoner, harlot; V. iii. 195.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); V. iii. 251.

Company, companion; IV. iii. 37.

Composition, compact; IV. iii. *22*.
Compt, account; V. iii. *57*.
Condition, character; IV. iii. *204*.
Congied with, taken my leave of; IV. iii. 104.
Consolate, console; III. ii. 135.
Convenience, propriety; III. ii. 78.
Conversation, intercourse; I. iii. *249*.
Coragio, courage; II. v. 95.
Coranto, a quick, lively dance; II. iii. 48.
Corrupt, misquote; I. iii. 88.
Count of, take c. of; IV. iii. 268.
County, Count; III. vii. *22*.
"Cox my passion," a corruption of "God's my passion!"; V. ii. 44.
Credence, trust; III. iii. *2*.
Cressid's uncle, *i. e.* Pandarus; II. i. 101.
Crown; "French c."; bald head; II. ii. *25*.
Crown, "the fine's the c."; probably a translation of the Latin proverb, *"Finis coronat opus"*; IV. iv. 35.
Curd, curdle; I. iii. 164.
Curious, careful; I. ii. *20*.
Curiously, carefully; IV. iii. 39.
Custard; "Like him that leaped into the custard," an allusion to the custom at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose; II. v. 38.
Customer, harlot; V. iii. 287.

Darkly, secretly; IV. iii. 14.
Deadly (used adverbially); V. iii. 117.
Death; "the white d." the paleness of death; II. iii. 76.
Debate it, strive for the mastery; I. ii. *75*.
Debosh'd = debauched, perverted; II. iii. 144.
Default, at need; II. iii. *240*.
Deliverance = delivery; II. i. 86.
Delivers, tells; IV. iii. 181.
Dial, clock, watch; II. v. 6.
Diet, to prescribe a regimen or scanty diet (hence "to deny me the full rights of wife"); V. iii. *222*; "he is dieted to his hour," *i. e.* "the hour of his appointment is fixed"; IV. iii. 35.
Digested, absorbed; V. iii. 74.
Dilated, prolonged, detailed; II. i. *59*.
Dilemmas, perplexing situations; III. vi. 84.
Distinction; "confound d.," make it impossible to distinguish them one from the other; II. iii. *126*.
Diurnal, "d. ring," daily circuit; II. i. 166.
Dole, portion, share; II. iii. 175.
Dolphin, possibly used with a quibbling allusion to Dolphin = Dauphin; but perhaps only "the sportive, lively fish" is alluded to; II. iii. 30.

Ears, plows, cultivates; I. iii. 49.
Embossed, inclosed (like game in a wood), a term used in hunting; III. vi. 112.
Embowel'd, exhausted; I. iii. *256*.
Encounter, meeting; III. vii. 32.
Entertainment, service, pay; III. vi. 13; IV. i. 17.
Entrenched, cut; II. i. 44.
Estate, rank, social grade; III. vii. 4.

ESTATES, ranks, social status; I. iii. 124.
ESTEEM, high estimation, worth; V. iii. 1.
ESTIMATE; "in thee hath e." is enjoyed by thee; II. i. 154.
EVEN, act up to; I. iii. 3; "make it e.," grant it; II. i. 195; full; V. iii. 326.
EXAMINED, questioned; III. v. 70.
EXORCIST, one who raises spirits; V. iii. 306.
EXPEDIENT, (?) expeditious, quick; II. iii. 185.
EXPRESSIVE, open-hearted; II. i. 53.

FACINEROUS, Parolles' blunder for "facinorous"; II. iii. 34.
FAITH, religious faith; IV. i. 86.
FALLS, befalls; V. i. 37.
FANCY, liking, love; II. iii. 174.
FATED, fateful; I. i. 242.
FAVOR, face, figure, countenance; I. i. 97; V. iii. 49.
FED; "highly fed," used quibblingly in double sense; (1) well fed, and (2) well bred; perhaps also with an allusion to the proverb "better fed than taught"; II. ii. 3.
FEE-SIMPLE, unconditional possession; IV. iii. 324.
FETCH OFF, rescue; III. vi. 21.
FINE; "in fine" = in short; III. vii. 33.
FINE, artful; V. iii. 271.
FISNOMY, the clown's corruption of "physionomy"; IV. v. 43.
FLESHES, satiates; IV. iii. 19.
FOND; "fond done, done fond," done foolishly, done fondly; I. iii. 80; foolish; V. iii. 179.
FONDNESS, love; I. iii. 185.
FOR = because; III. v. 49.
FOREGONE, gone before, past; I. iii. 149.
FOUND = found out; II. iii. 215; II. iv. 33.
FRANK, liberal, generous; I. ii. 20.

GAMESTER, harlot; V. iii. 189.
GRACE, favor; V. ii. 52.
GOSSIPS, stands gossip, *i. e.* sponsor for; I. i. 197.
GO UNDER, pass for; III. v. 24.
GROSS, palpable; I. iii. 187.

HAGGISH, ugly and wrinkled, like a hag; I. ii. 29.
HAND, "in any h." in any case; III. vi. 48.
HAPLY, perhaps; III. ii. 84.
HAPPY; "in h. time," *i. e.* "in the nick of time"; V. i. 6.
HAWKING, hawk-like; I. i. 108.
HELM = helmet; III. iii. 7.
HERALDRY; "gives you h." entitles you to; II. iii. 283.
HERB OF GRACE, *i. e.* rue; IV. v. 19.
"HIC JACET," the beginning of an epitaph meaning "here lies," die in the attempt; III. vi. 69.
HIGH BENT (a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow); V. iii. 10.
HIGHER, further up (into Italy); IV. iii. 50.
HIGH-REPENTED, deeply repented; V. iii. 36.
HILDING, a base wretch; III. vi. 4.
HIS, its; I. ii. 41.
HOLD, maintain; I. i. 91.
HOLDING, binding force; IV. ii. 27.
HOME, thoroughly; V. iii. 4.
HONESTY, chastity; III. v. 68.
HOODMAN (an allusion to the

game of "hood-man blind," or "Blindmanbuff"); IV. iii. 142.

Host, lodge; III. v. 101.

Housewife; "I play the noble h. with the time," spoken ironically; II. ii. 65.

Howsome'er (Folios 1, 2, "howsomere"; Folio 3, howsomeere; Folio 4, howsomere), howsoever; I. iii. 60.

Idle, foolish, reckless; II. v. 53; III. vii. 26.

Important, importunate; III. vii. 21.

Importing, full of import; V. iii. 136.

Impositions, things imposed, commands; IV. iv. 29.

In, into; V. ii. 51.

In; "to in," to get in; I. iii. 51.

Inaidible, cureless, incurable; II. i. 123.

Inducement, instigation; III. ii. 96.

Instance, proof; IV. i. 47.

Intenible, incapable of holding or retaining; I. iii. 217.

Intents, intentions; III. iv. 21.

Into (so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, 4, "unto"), upon; I. iii. 269.

Isbels, waiting women generally; III. ii. 13, 14.

Jack-an-apes, ape, monkey; used as a term of contempt; III. v. 92.

Joul, knock; I. iii. 62.

Justified, proved; IV. iii. 65.

Kicky-wicky, "a ludicrous term for a wife"; II. iii. 302.

Kind, nature; I. iii. 71; I. iii. 194.

Knowingly, from experience; I. iii. 265.

Lack, want, need; III. iv. 19.

Languishings, lingering malady; I. iii. 244.

Last, last time; V. iii. 79.

Late, lately; I. iii. 117.

Leaguer, camp of besieging army; III. vi. 29.

Led, carried; "Has led the drum before the English tragedians"; alluding to the strolling players who were wont to announce their advent by a drum; IV. iii. 310.

Left off, abandoned; I. iii. 256.

Leg; "make a leg," make a bow; II. ii. 11.

Lend it, give love; I. ii. 68.

Lie, lodge; III. v. 37.

Ling, a fish eaten during Lent; here used in the general sense of meager food; III. ii. 14, 15.

Linsey-woolsey, literally a fabric of wool and linen; here a medley of words; IV. i. 13.

List, limit; II. i. 52.

Live, to live; II. i. 135.

Livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 60.

'Longing (Folios correctly "longing"), belonging; IV. ii. 42.

Lordship, conjugal right and duty; V. iii. 157.

Lustic, lusty, sprightly; II. iii. 46.

Madding, maddening; V. iii. 214.

Make, look upon as; V. iii. 5.

Manifest, acknowledged, well-known; I. iii. 238.

Married . . . marr'd; pronounced much alike in Elizabethan English; hence used quibblingly; II. iii. 320.

Marseilles (trisyllabic; Folio 1 spells the name "Marcellæ,";

IV. iv. 9; "Marcellus,"; IV. v. 85).

MAUDLIN, colloquial form of Magdalen; V. iii. 68.

MEASURE, dance; II. i. 58.

MEDICINE, physician; II. i. 76.

MELL, meddle; IV. iii. 267.

MERE, merely, nothing but; III. v. 62.

MERELY, absolutely; IV. iii. 25.

METHINKS 'T, it seems to me; II. iii. 272.

MILE-END; alluding to the fact that the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled there; IV. iii. 314.

MISDOUBT, mistrust; I. iii. 139.

MISPRISING, despising; III. ii. 34.

MISPRISION, contempt; II. iii. 158.

MODERN, common; II. iii. 2.

MODERN ("modest" has been suggested as an emendation), modish, stylish (rather than "ordinary," "commonplace"); V. iii. 217.

MODEST, "a ll. one"; *i. e.* "a moderately favorable one"; II. i. 132.

MODULE, pattern, model; IV. iii. 119.

MOIETY, part, share; III. ii. 72.

MONSTROUS, monstrously; II. i. 188.

MONUMENTAL, memorial; IV. iii. 21.

MORRIS, Morris-dance; II. ii. 28.

"MORT DU VINAIGRE" (Folios "mor du vinager"), a meaningless oath used by Parolles; II. iii. 49.

MOTIVE, instrument; IV. iv. 20.

MURK, murky; II. i. 167.

MUSE, wonder, conjecture; II. v. 69.

MUTE; "all the rest is mute," I have no more to say to you; II. iii. 82.

MYSTERY, professional skill; III. vi. 71.

NATURE, temperament; III. i. 17; way; IV. iii. 181.

NAUGHTY, good for nothing; V. iii. 255.

NECESSITIED TO, in need of; V. iii. 85.

NEXT, nearest; I. iii. 67.

NICE, prudish; V. i. 15.

NOTE, mark of distinction, record; I. iii. 172.

OF, by; I. iii. 212; V. iii. 197; on; II. iii. 254; III. v. 107.

OFFICED ALL, performed all the duties or offices; III. ii. 133.

OF THEM, some of that kind; II. v. 48.

"O LORD, SIR!" An exclamation much used in fashionable society in Shakespeare's time; II. ii. 46.

ON, of; I. iii. 151.

ORDER, precautions, measures; IV. ii. 55.

ORDINARIES, meals, repasts; II. iii. 209.

OUT, over; I. ii. 58.

OUTWARD, not in the secret, uninitiated; III. i. 11.

OVERLOOKING, supervision; I. i. 46.

OWE, own; II. v. 83; OWES, owns; II. i. 9; OWED, owned; V. iii. 199.

PACE, "a certain and prescribed walk"; IV. v. 72.

PALMERS, pilgrims; III. v. 37.

PARTICULAR, part; II. v. 65.

PARTING; "present p." immediate departure; II. v. 60.

Passage, anything that passes, or occurs; an event; I. i. 21.

Passport, sentence of death; III. ii. 61.

Patience, "ours be your p." let your patient hearing be ours; Epil. 5.

Perspective, "a glass so cut as to produce an optical deception"; V. iii. 48.

Picking; "p. a kernel out of a pomegranate"; stealing the most trifling article; II. iii. 279.

"Pilot's glass," hour glass; II. i. 169.

Place, precedence; I. i. 117.

Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. ii. 53.

Please it, if it please; III. v. 104.

Plutus (Rowe's correction of "Platus," the reading of the Folios), the god of wealth; V. iii. 101.

Poising us, adding the weight of patronage; II. iii. 160.

Port, gate; III. v. 43.

Practicer, practitioner; II. i. 189.

Predominant, in the ascendant; I. i. 219

Prejudicates, prejudices; I. ii. 8.

Present, immediate; II. ii. 70.

Presently, immediately, at once; II. iii. 165.

Prime, flower of life; II. i. 186.

Probable need, apparently necessary; II. iv. 53.

Proceeds, results; IV. ii. 62.

Profession, that which she professes to be able to do; II. i. 87.

Proper, used to emphasize *own;* IV. ii. 49.

Proper, virtuous; IV. iii. 249.

Property, "that which is proper to," "particular quality"; II. i. 191.

Quart d'écu (the Folios "cardecue"; V. ii. 36; Folio 1, "cardceu," Folios 2, 3, 4, "cardecue"; IV. iii. 324; the Folio spellings represent the colloquial pronunciation of the word in English); the quarter of a "French crown"=fifteen pence.

Questant, he who is on the quest, seeker; II. i. 16.

Quick, living; V. iii. 305.

Quit, acquit; V. iii. 301.

Rate, price; V. iii. 218.

Ravin, ravenous; III. ii. 124.

Reave, bereave, deprive; V. iii. 86.

Rebellion; "natural r." rebellion of nature; V. iii. 6; "God delay our r.," *i. e.* "put off the day when our flesh shall rebel"; IV. iii. 23.

Religious, a holy obligation; II. iii. 189.

Remainder (a legal term)= something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; IV. iii. 326.

Removes, post-stages; V. iii. 131.

Repairs, restores, does me good; I. ii. 30.

Repeal'd, called back; II. iii. 54.

Repetition, remembrance; V. iii. 22.

Replete, full; II. iii. 182.

Resolvedly, satisfactorily; V. iii. 333.

Respects, reasons; II. v. 70.

Rest, "set up your r." are resolved; II. i. 139.

RICHEST; "r. eyes," *i. e.* eyes having seen the most; V. iii. 17.

RING-CARRIER, go-between, pandar; III. v. 99.

ROUSILLON, an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees; I. ii. 18.

RUFF, (?) the ruffle of the boot (that is, the part turned over the top). II. ii. 7.

RUTTISH, lustful; IV. iii. 252.

SACRAMENT; "take the s. on it," take my oath on it; IV. iii. 162.

SADNESS; "in good s." in all seriousness; IV. iii. 239.

SAFFRON; "villainous s.," alluding to the fashion of wearing yellow; IV. v. 3.

SANCTIMONY, sanctity; IV. iii. 60.

SATISFACTION; "heavy s." sorrowful acquiescence; V. iii. 100.

"SCARFS AND BANNERETS," silken ornaments hung upon various parts of the attire; II. iii. 212.

SCHOOLS, medical schools; I. iii. 255.

SEASON; "a day of s." a seasonable day; V. iii. 32.

SENOYS, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena; I. ii. 1.

SENSE, thought; I. i. 250.

SHALL = will assuredly; III. ii. 25.

SHALLOW; "you're shallow in great friends," "you are a superficial judge of the character of great friends"; I. iii. 47.

SHREWD, evil, bad; III. v. 75.

SHREWDLY, highly, badly; III. v. 96.

SICK FOR, pining for; I. ii. 16.

SINISTER, left; II. i. 43.

SITH (Folio 1 reads "sir"; emended by Dyce), since; V. iii. 156.

SITHENCE, since; I. iii. 133.

SMOCK; "the forehorse to a smock," as a squire of ladies; used contemptuously; II. i. 30.

SMOKED, scented; III. vi. 118.

"SNIPT-TAFFETA FELLOW," a fellow dressed in silks and ribbons; IV. v. 2.

SOLELY, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 115.

SOLEMN, ceremonious; IV. iii. 92.

SOVEREIGNTY; "general s." "sovereign remedies in various cases"; I. iii. 239.

SPARK, fashionable young man; II. i. 25.

SPEND, use, employ; V. i. 8.

SPIRIT (monosyllabic = sprite); II. i. 179.

SPOKE, spoken; II. v. 59.

SPORTIVE, pleasure-giving; III. ii. 113.

SPRAT, a worthless fellow, used contemptuously; III. vi. 119.

STAGGERS, "perplexity, bewilderment"; II. iii. 169.

ST. JAQUES LE GRAND, probably St. James of Compostella, in Spain, though probably Shakespeare had no particular shrine of St. James in mind; III. v. 41.

STALL, keep close, conceal; I. iii. 140.

STAR; "the most received s." leader of fashion; II. i. 57.

STEAD, help, aid; V. iii. 87.

STEELY; "virtue's steely bones,"—"steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue"; I. i. 117.

STOMACH, inclination; III. vi. 70.

STRAIGHT, directly, straightway; IV. i. 22.

Strangers, foreign troops; IV. i. 17.
Stronger, most important; IV. iii. 66.
Subscribed to, "acknowledged the state of"; V. iii. 96.
Success, issue; III. vi. 90.
Success; "abstract of s." successful summary proceeding; IV. iii. 104.
Succession, others from doing the same; III. v. 25.
Suggest, tempt; IV. v. 48.
Superfluous, having more than enough; I. i. 119.
Supposition, "beguile the s." deceive the opinion; set at rest the doubt; IV. iii. 347.
Surprised, to be surprised; I. iii. 128.
Sword; "Spanish s." (swords of Toledo were famous); IV. i. 55.
Sworn counsel, pledge of secrecy; III. vii. 9.

Table, tablet; I. i. 109.
Tax, reproach; II. i. 174.
Theoric, theory; IV. iii. 169.
Thitherward, on his way thither; III. ii. 57.
Those of mine, those kinsmen of mine; I. iii. 268.
Tinct, tincture; V. iii. 102.
Title, want of rank; II. iii. 123.
To, for; II. iii. 312.
Toll (Folio 1 "toule"), probably = "pay a tax for the liberty of selling"; V. iii. 150.
Too much, excess; III. ii. 96.
Took = taken; II. i. 151.
Top, head; I. ii. 43.
Travails in, works for; II. iii. 164.
Triple, third; II. i. 112.
Tucket, a flourish on the trumpet; III. v. 7.

Undone, used quibblingly; IV. iii. 373.
Unhappy, mischievous; IV. v. 67.
Unseason'd, inexperienced; I. i. 84.
Use, custom; V. i. 24.
Used, treated; I. ii. 42.

Validity, value; V. iii. 192.

Wanted, was lacking; I. i. 12.
Ward, guardianship; I. i. 6.
Was = had; III. ii. 48.
Wear, wear out; V. i. 4.
Well-enter'd, being well-initiated; II. i. 6.
Well found, of known skill; II. i. 106.
Whence, from that place where; III. ii. 128.
Whereof, with which; I. iii. 244.
Whom, which (*i. e.* death); III. iv. 17.
Wing; "of a good w.," a term derived from falconry = strong in flight; I. i. 228.
Woman, make me weak as a woman; III. ii. 55.
Woodcock, a popular name for a brainless fellow, a fool; IV. i. 103.
Word, promise; *i. e.* thy word, or promise; II. i. 214.
World; "to go to the world," = to get married; I. iii. 20–21.
Worthy, well-deserved; IV. iii. 7.
Write, call myself, claim to be; II. iii. 206.

Yield, supply, tell; III. i. 10.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. Give a reason for the assumption that this play was not produced during Shakespeare's life-time.

2. To what one of Shakespeare's plays did he probably write *All's Well that Ends Well* as a companion play?

3. What is the dominant characteristic of Helena?

4. Give a brief synopsis of the source and compare it with Shakespeare's plot. To what other Shakespearean plays is this play similar?

ACT I

5. In what country does the action first take place? What is the next change of scene?

6. Explain (scene i) the expressions "in ward," and "that 'had'!"

7. Define the sorrow which Helena says she *affects* and that which she says she *has*.

8. In the opening scene of the play, what idea is given us of Helena's birth, and of her social aspirations?

9. Which kind of clown was the one of this play—an "idiot," one "silly by nature," or an "artificial" clown?

10. In scene iii, what Biblical phrase is suggested by "barnes are blessings"?

11. What religious controversy of the period is alluded to in "*wear the surplice* of humility over the *black gowne* of a big heart"?

12. How does the Countess prevail upon Helena to dis-

close her love for Bertram? Is she sincere in her pose of a mother?

13. Does the Countess suspect Helena's true motive for rendering aid to the king (scene i)?

ACT II

14. What might the king's admonitions to the young Lords, upon their conduct in time of war, indicate regarding national characteristics?

15. Give one explanation of "higher Italy" (scene i).

16. Why is the king not in favor of Bertram's going to the war?

17. In Helena's speech to the king (scene i) what Biblical knowledge does Shakespeare reveal?

18. What spirit does Helena evince, in her choice of Bertram for a husband, when she says, "I dare not say I *take* you; but *give* . . . . ." (scene iii)?

19. Briefly narrate Bertram's rejection, and subsequent acceptance of, Helena's proposal. What sentiment does his conduct arouse—favorable, or unfavorable to himself?

20. Explain the allusion to "leaping into the custard" (scene v).

21. How does Helena show her great faith in eventually winning Bertram's love, upon his farewell to her?

ACT III

22. What word does Helena receive from Bertram in regard to their marriage? What effect does this letter have upon his mother's attitude towards him and towards Helena?

23. In scenes iii and iv what are the changed situations of Bertram and Helena?

24. Why is scene v an important one, dramatically?

25. Explain Helena's final speech in scene vii.

ACT IV

26. What is the similarity of the characters Parolles and Falstaff?

27. What addition to the plot is made in scene ii?

28. Does Bertram know of his wife's (reported) death when he makes love to Diana (scene iii)?

29. What dramatic use is served by the examination of Parolles (scene iii)?

30. What is the meaning of "the fine's the crown" (scene iv)?

31. In scene v, what proposition does Lafeu make to the Countess?

32. Explain the phrase "patch of velvet . . . . . two pile and a half . . . . ." (scene v).

ACT V

33. What odd metaphor is used by the Clown in scene ii?

34. Explain Lafeu's allusions to Parolles' drum.

35. In scene iii, what does Lafeu mean to convey by "richest eyes"?

36. What character and scene in *Much Ado About Nothing* are we reminded of, when Bertram expresses his willingness to wed Lafeu's daughter?

37. Whose ring does Bertram use in plighting his troth with Lafeu's daughter?

38. What falsehood is Bertram guilty of and why does he, therefore, seem to be vastly unworthy of the love of Helena?

39. How does the episode of the two rings finally work out?

40. How is Parolles made use of in humiliating Bertram?

41. What is the significance of the name "Parolles" and why is it an appropriate one?

42. Is the flippancy of Diana's replies to the king merely to lengthen out the examination? If so, why?

43. Is the quick action of the last scene a strong, or, a weak, point?

44. Are we led to suppose that, through the deception practised by Helena on Bertram, the latter had actually become enamored of his wife? Does this account for his pledge to "love her dearly"?

45. In the Epilogue, explain the use of "the king's a beggar."

46. How many times is the title of the play quoted in the text?

47. Compare the Countess with other Shakespearean mothers.

48. Name some other plays in which Shakespeare has for his plot the testing of marital fidelity.

49. Is the character of Helena used by Shakespeare to demonstrate the possible superiority of a noble character over a noble birth?

50. Does the fact that Helena "stoops to conquer" make her character any the less attractive?

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Antony and Cleopatra was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607–1608, *i. e.* during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.[1] The rhyme-test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; *Coriolanus* 44, *Cymbeline* 52, *Winter's Tale* 43, *Tempest* 25, while *Macbeth* contains but 2 instances, *Hamlet* none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

late period.[1] So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and Cleopatra* links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar*, with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet*. The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.[2]

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Antony and Cleopatra was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*. In the present play the dramatist follows the historian closely, but not to the same extent as in the former productions;[3] the glamor of the play is all the poet's; the prose Life does not dazzle the reader; the facts of Cleopatra's history are those Shakespeare found in his original; the superb portraiture of the "enchanting queen" is among the great triumphs of the poet's matured genius; "he paints her," wrote Campbell, "as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil."

PLAYS ON THE SUBJECT OF "ANTONY" AND "CLEOPATRA"

Cleopatra has been among the most popular of subjects for the modern drama, and some thirty plays are extant, in Latin, French, Italian, and English, dealing with her fascinating story; the French dramatists contribute no less

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.

[2] "The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the center of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony.

[3] A detailed analysis of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to Plutarch's *Life of Antony* is to be found in Vol. XXI. of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, contributed by Dr. Fritz Adler.

than sixteen items to the catalogue, starting with the *Cleopatra* of Jodelle, the first regular French tragedy. Two English productions preceded Shakespeare's play, Lady Pembroke's *Antonie*, translated from Garnier, and Daniel's companion drama, *Cleopatra* (1594) called forth by the former:—

> "thy well-graced Anthony
> (Who all alone remained long)
> Required his Cleopatra's company."

DRYDEN'S "ALL FOR LOVE"

Dryden's *All for Love; or, The World Well Lost* "written in imitation of Shakespeare's style" (pub. 1678, 1692, 1703, 1709) was its author's favorite production,—"the only play he wrote for himself"; its popularity was great; and the older critics were fond of praising its regularity and poetic harmony, though they generously recognized that it fell short of its first model in fire and originality (*cf.* Baker's *Bibliographia Dramatica*). It held the stage for a century, and has in all probability been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Campbell evidenced this fact as a proof of England's neglect of Shakespeare, as a disgrace to British taste. "Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. . . . A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Shakespeare's Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

DURATION OF ACTION

The Time of the Play, as represented on the stage, covers twelve days with intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i–iv. *Interval of twenty days.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. v; Act II, sc. i–iii.
Day 3. Act II, sc. iv. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act II, sc. v–vii. [Act III, sc. iii.] Interval (?).

Day 5. Act III, sc. i and ii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act III, sc. iv, and v. *Interval*
Day 7. Act III, sc. vi.
Day 8. Act III, sc. vii.
Day 9. Act III, sc. viii–x. *Interval.*
Day 10. Act III, sc. xi–xiii; Act IV, sc. i–iii.
Day 11. Act IV, sc. iv–ix.
Day 12. Act IV, sc. x–xv; Act V, sc. i and ii (*cp. Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1877–79).

The historic period embraces as many years as there are days in the play, stretching from about B. C. 42 to 30; that is, from the events immediately following the deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

> "The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra makes the eleventh in the division of Tragedies as published in the folio of 1623. In that edition there is no marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the beginning we have "*Actus Primus, Scæna Secunda*:" in other respects the stage-directions are for the most part remarkably full and accurate. And the text is in the main very well printed, most of the errors being slight and such as almost to suggest their own correction.

As to the time when this tragedy was written, the most that we have to ground a probable conclusion upon, aside from the qualities of the work itself, is an entry at the Stationers' by Edward Blount, May 20, 1608, of "a book" called "Antony and Cleopatra." Whether Shakespeare's drama was the "book" referred to in this entry, is something questionable, as the subject of Antony and Cleopatra was at that time often written upon, both dramatically and otherwise. The entry was of course made with the design of publication; so that, if it refer to the play in hand, either such design must have miscarried, or else the edition must have been utterly lost, there being no earlier copy known in modern times than the folio of 1623. Blount was one of the publishers of the first folio; and Antony and Cleopatra is among the plays set down as "not formerly entered to other men," in the entry made by him and Jaggard at the Stationers', November 8, 1623. Perhaps we ought to mention here, as some evidence that Blount's entry of May, 1608, did refer to Shakespeare's play, that "the book of Pericles, Prince of Tyre" was also entered at the same time and by the same man.

Granting this point, the natural inference would be that the composition of the play was in 1607, or very early in 1608, which is the date assigned by Malone; unless we may suppose, what is indeed possible, that Blount's entry was made in anticipation of the writing, and upon the strength of the Poet's having announced a design to write on that subject. Mr. Collier and others tell us there is perhaps no point in the early history of the English stage more clear, than that the theatrical companies took every precaution in order to keep the plays belonging to them out of print. And we have strong ground for believing that, after the edition of *Hamlet* in 1604, there was no authorized issue of any of the Poet's dramas during his life-time. This may be, and probably is, the cause of there being no edition of the play in pursuance of the entry in question.

Knight and Verplanck argue somewhat strenuously, that Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was not written till some years after the date of Blount's entry, and that this entry had reference to some other performance. Their main reasons for doing so are, the alleged want of something to fill up the latter years of the Poet's life after his retirement from the stage, and the admitted fact that the style of this play bespeaks the Poet's highest maturity of mind. We agree, however, with Mr. Collier in assigning the composition to 1607 or the winter of 1607–1608, when the author was in his forty-fourth year. This brings it within the same five years of his life, from 1605 to 1610, which probably witnessed the production of *Macbeth* and *King Lear*. It will hardly be questioned, we should presume, that at the time of writing these stupendous dramas the Poet's mind was equal to any achievement lying within the compass of human thought. Nor can we taste in this play any peculiarities of style, as distinguished from the proper tokens of dramatic power, that should needs infer more ripeness of the author's mind, than in case of the other dramas reckoned to the same period.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, the drawings from history, though perhaps not larger in the whole than we find in

some other plays, are, however, more minute and circumstantial. Here the Poet seems to have sifted and picked out from old Plutarch, with the most scrupulous particularity, every fact, every embellishment, and every line and hint of character, that could be wrought coherently into the structure and process of the work; the whole thus evincing the closest study and the exactest use of the matter before him. Notwithstanding, his genius is as far as ever from seeming at all encumbered with help, or anywise cramped or shackled by the restraints of history: on the contrary, his creative faculties move so freely and play so spontaneously under and through the Plutarchian matter, his takings and givings run together in such perfect interfusion of substance and such mutual continuity of life, that the borrowings seem no less original than what he created, and the creatings no less historical than what he borrowed.

We subjoin a careful abstract of North's *Plutarch*, gathering in everything used by the Poet, and keeping, as far as may be, to the very words of the translator. First, however, it seems needful to state, that not long after the overthrow of Brutus and Cassius the Triumvirs partitioned the Empire among themselves, Antony taking the Asiatic provinces as his share. After relating various particulars of his government, his habits, and dispositions, the historian goes on as follows:

Antony being thus inclined, the extremest mischief of all lighted upon him, namely, the love of Cleopatra, who did waken and stir up many vices in him yet hidden; and, if any spark of goodness were left, she quenched it straight. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antony, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to Cleopatra to appear before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer the charge of having aided Brutus and Cassius in their war against him. The messenger, having considered her beauty, and the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, nothing mistrusted that Antony would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within few

days she should be in great favor with him. Thereupon he persuaded her to come into Cilicia as honorably furnished as possible, and bade her not to be afraid of Antony, for he was a more courteous lord than any she had ever seen. Cleopatra, guessing by the former credit she had with Julius Cæsar and Cneius Pompey only for her beauty, began to have good hope that she might win Antony: for Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing and knew not what the world meant; but now she was at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver and sumptuous ornaments; but yet she carried nothing wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters from Antony and his friends, she made so light of it, that she took her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now, for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold, of tissue, appareled like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand, pretty, fair boys, appareled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands with which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also were appareled like the Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river's side; others ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people to see her, that Antony was left alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumor in the people's mouths, that the

goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia.

When Cleopatra landed, Antony sent to invite her to supper with him; but she sent him word he should do better to come and sup with her: he therefore, to show himself courteous, went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. The next night, Antony, feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness; but she overcame him in both; so that he began to scorn the gross service of his house in respect of hers. And when she found his jests to be but gross and soldier-like, she gave it him finely, and taunted him without fear. Her beauty was not so passing, nor such as upon present view did enamor men with her; but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick; for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned into any language that pleased her.

Now, Antony was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that, though his wife Fulvia had great wars with Cæsar for his affairs, and the army of the Parthians was now assembled to invade Syria, yet he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he lost in childish sports and idle pastimes the most precious thing a man can spend, and that is, time. For they made an order between them, feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather report, that one Philotas a physician told him, that he was at that time in Alexandria and studied physic, and one of Antony's cooks took him to Antony's house to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said,—"Sure, you have a great number of guests to

supper." The cook fell a-laughing and answered him,—"Not many guests, nor above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, else it would be marred straight: for Antony peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or like enough he will defer it longer; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in."

Cleopatra still devised new delights to have Antony at commandment, never leaving him night or day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, hunt with him, and be with him when he went to any exercise: sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave, in the night, and peer into poor men's windows and shops, and scold and brawl with them, she would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him. But, to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, were too fond a part, and therefore I will only tell one. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was angry, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line they should dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook; and so he snatched up his angling rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone among her own people she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came and got into the boats, to see it. Antony threw in his line, and Cleopatra commanded one of her men to dive under before Antony's men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antony snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra, also laughing, said unto him,—"Leave us Egyptians your angling-rod: this is not thy profession; thou must hunt after conquering realms and countries."

Antony delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places: the first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and were driven to fly out of Italy; the second, that Labienus conquered all Asia, with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then he began, with much ado, a little to rouse himself as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep. So, first, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as Phœnicia; but there received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia; whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, and, as he went, was informed that his wife was the only cause of the war; who had raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But, by good fortune, his wife, going to meet with him, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon.

When he landed in Italy, and men saw that Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antony laid all the fault on his wife, the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters; but made them friends together, and divided the Empire of Rome between them. This was yet to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune offered thus: There was Octavia the eldest sister of Cæsar, whom Cæsar loved dearly, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of Caius Marcellus, who died not long before. It seemed also that Antony had been a widower since the death of Fulvia; for he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping that Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty joined to so rare a beauty, when she were with Antony would be a good mean to keep love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So, when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about the marriage.

Sextus Pompey at that time kept in Sicily, and so made

many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pirate ships, of which two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, were captains, who so scoured the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Pompey had dealt very friendly with Antony, having courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misenum, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Cæsar and Antony their armies on the shore-side, directly over against him. When they had agreed that Pompey should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers; and withal should send a certain measure of wheat to Rome; one of them did feast another, and drew cuts which should begin. It was Pompey's chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antony asked him,—"And where shall we sup?" "There," said Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars. So he cast anchors enough into the sea to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them on board from the head of Mount Misenum; and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. In the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antony's love unto Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear said unto him,—"Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole Empire of Rome besides?" Pompey, having paused awhile, at length answered,—"Thou shouldest have done it, and never have told me; but now we must content us with what we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." The other two did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned to Sicily.

After this agreement, Antony sent Ventidius into Asia to stay the Parthians, and in the meantime he and Cæsar jointly despatched all great matters concerning the Em-

pire. With Antony there was a Soothsayer of Egypt, that could judge of men's nativities, to tell what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or because he found it so by his art, told Antony that his fortune, which of itself was good and great, was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's; and therefore he counseled him utterly to leave his company, and to get as far from him as he could. "For thy demon," said he, "that is, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee, is afraid of his; and, being courageous and high when alone, becometh fearful and timorous when near unto the other." Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true; for it is said that as often as they drew cuts for pastime, or whether they played at dice, Antony always lost. Oftentimes, when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome. The which spited Antony in his mind, although he made no outward show of it; and therefore he believed the Egyptian the better. In fine, he recommended the affairs of his house unto Cæsar, and went out of Italy with Octavia his wife, whom he carried into Greece after he had a daughter by her.

Antony, lying all the winter at Athens, feasted the Athenians, and kept open house for all Grecians. Meantime, Ventidius overcame Pacorus in a battle fought in Syria, at which was slain a great number of Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the son of King Orodes. This noble exploit was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received by the death of Marcus Crassus. And he made the Parthians fly and glad to keep within the territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not follow them any further, lest he should have gotten Antony's displeasure by it. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this time; and he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antony and Cæsar, namely, that they were always more fortunate when they

made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sosius, one of Antony's lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service; and Canidius, who was also his lieutenant in Armenia, did conquer it all.

But Antony grew to be marvelously offended with Cæsar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him; so he took sea to go towards Italy, and landed at Tarentum. There his wife Octavia that came with him besought him to send her unto her brother, which he did. At that time she was great with child; yet she put herself in journey, and met her brother by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and intreated they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate. "For now," said she, "every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the Emperors, and wife of the other. And if they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but, for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable." These words so softened Cæsar's heart, that he went quickly unto Tarentum. First, Antony feasted Cæsar, which he granted unto for his sister's sake. Afterwards they agreed together, that Cæsar should give Antony two legions to go against the Parthians, and that Antony should let Cæsar have an hundred galleys armed with brazen spars at the prows. Besides all this, Octavia obtained of her husband twenty brigantines for her brother, and of her brother for her husband a thousand armed men. After they had taken leave of each other, Cæsar went to make war with Sextus Pompey, to get Sicily into his hands. Antony, also, leaving his wife and children with Cæsar, went directly into Asia.

Then began the pestilent mischief of Cleopatra's love to kindle again, as soon as Antony came near unto Syria, and in the end did put out of his head all honest and commendable thoughts. Whilst he was busy preparing to make more cruel war with the Parthians than he had done before,

his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needs take sea to come unto him. Her brother was willing to it, not so much for any respect at all to Antony, as that he might have an honest color to make war with him, if he did misuse her. But when she was come to Athens, she received letters from Antony, willing her to stay there until his coming. Though this grieved her much, and she knew it was but an excuse, yet by her letters to him she asked whether he would have those things sent unto him which she had brought, being great store of apparel for soldiers, a great number of horse, sums of money and gifts, to bestow on his friends and captains, and two thousand men all well-armed. When one of Antony's friends, whom he had sent to Athens, brought these news from Octavia, and withal did greatly praise her, Cleopatra, fearing she would be too strong for her, and win him away, subtilly seemed to languish for the love of Antony, pining her body for lack of meat. Furthermore, she every way so framed her countenance, that when Antony came to see her, she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished with joy. Straight again, when he went from her, she fell a-weeping, looking ruefully on the matter, and still found means that he should often find her weeping; and when he came suddenly upon her, she made as though she dried her eyes, and turned her face away as if unwilling he should see her weep. Then the flatterers that furthered her mind blamed Antony, and told him he was a hard-natured man and had small love in him, that would see a poor lady in such torment for his sake. "For Octavia," they said, "that was married to him because her brother's affairs required it, hath the honor to be called Antony's lawful wife; and Cleopatra, being born a queen, is only named Antony's leman; and yet she disdained not so to be called, if she might enjoy his company and live with him; but, if he once leave her, then it is impossible she should live." By these flatteries and inducements, they so wrought Antony's effeminate mind, that, fearing lest she would make herself away, he returned to Alexandria.

When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antony's house, and dwell by herself, because he had abused her. She answered him that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that, if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him to take no thought for her. Now, as she spake, so she did perform: for she kept still in Antony's house as if he had been there. And when he sent any of his men to Rome to sue for any office, she received them very courteously, and so used herself to her brother that she obtained the things requested. Howbeit, thereby she did Antony great hurt; for her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady. But the greatest cause of their malice unto him, was the division of lands he made among his children in Alexandria. For he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before them, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Lydia, and lower Syria, and also Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. For Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis; and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis.

Cæsar, reporting these things unto the Senate, and after accusing him to the people, thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antony, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, first, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompey in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that, having put Lepi-

dus out of his part of the Empire, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof. Cæsar answered, that, for Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him and taken his part of the Empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and secondly, for the conquests he had made, he was contented Antony should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia.

Antony, hearing these news, being yet in Armenia, went with Cleopatra unto the city of Ephesus, and there gathered together his galleys and ships out of all parts; and thus, all their forces being joined together, they hoisted sail towards the isle of Samos, and there gave themselves to feasts and solace. When all things were ready, and they drew near to fight, it was found that Antony had no less than five hundred good ships of war, among which were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars. He had also an hundred thousand footmen, and twelve thousand horsemen, and these kings with him to aid him; Bocchus, king of Lybia, Tarcondemus, king of Cilicia, Archelaus, king of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates, king of Comagena, and Adallas, king of Thracia. All these were there in person. The residue that were absent sent their armies; as Polemon, king of Pont, Malchus, king of Arabia, Herod, king of Jewry, Amyntas, king of Lycaonia; and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Mede sent unto him. For Cæsar, he had two hundred and fifty ships of war, eighty thousand footmen, and well-near as many horsemen as his enemy.

Now, Antony was so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea; though he saw that for lack of watermen his captains did press all sorts of men that they could take up, as travelers, muleteers, reapers, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys; so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row. On the other side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high

and great, but were light of yarage, armed and furnished with watermen as many as they needed. So Cæsar sent unto Antony, willing him to come with his army into Italy; and said he would withdraw from the sea until he had put his army ashore and lodged his men. On the other side, Antony sent and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before.

Whilst Antony rode at anchor, lying idly in harbor at the head of Actium, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea Ionium, and taken a place called Troyne, before Antony understood that he had taken ship. Then began his men to be afraid, because his army by land was left behind. And Canidius told him it should be no dishonor to him to let Cæsar have the sea, because his men had been well exercised in battles by sea, in the war against Pompey; but that he, having so great skill and experience of battles by land, should do against all reason, if he should not employ the force and valiantness of so many lusty armed footmen as he had ready, but would weaken his army by dividing them into ships. But Cleopatra forced him to put all to the hazard of battle by sea, considering with herself how she might fly and provide for her safety, not to help to win the victory. So, when Antony had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire, but three-score ships of Egypt, and the best and greatest galleys. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, that had served Antony in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut; who, as Antony passed by him, cried out unto him and said,—"O, noble Emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What! do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the mainland, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet." Antony only beckoned to him with his

hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself: for, when the masters of the galleys and pilots would have let their sails alone, he made them clap them on, saying, to color the matter withal, that not one of his enemies should scape. All that day and the three days following the sea was so boisterous that the battle was put off. The fifth day the storm ceased, and then they rowed with force of oars in battle one against the other; Antony leading the right wing, with Publicola and Cælius the left, and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Justeius the midst. Cæsar, on the other side, had placed Agrippa in the left wing, and kept the right for himself. For the armies by land, Canidius was the general of Antony's side, and Taurus of Cæsar's side; who kept their men in battle array, the one before the other, upon the sea-side, without stirring one against the other.

For some time the battle was of even hand and the victory doubtful, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busy about their yardmasts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, and did marvelously disorder the other ships. There Antony showed plainly that he had not only lost the heart of an Emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man, he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her. For, when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley to follow her. When she knew his galley afar off, she lift up a sign in the poop of her ship; and so Antony coming to it was plucked up where Cleopatra was. Howbeit, he saw her not at his first coming, nor she him; but went and sat down alone in the prow, and never said a word, clapping his head between his hands. And so he lived three days alone, without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of Tænarus, there Cleopatra's women first brought them to speak together, and afterwards to sup together. Then began there again a

great number of merchant ships to gather about them, and some of their friends that had escaped, who brought news that his army by sea was overthrown, but that the army by land was yet whole. Now, Antony determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his caracks or hulks loaden with gold and silver and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, and commanded them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him, weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then he lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them until they had made their way and peace with Cæsar. Yet his army by land still wished for him, and hoped he would by some means come unto them; and showed themselves so faithful, that after they knew he was fled they kept together seven days. In the end, Canidius flying by night, and forsaking his camp, when they saw themselves thus destitute of their leaders, they yielded themselves unto the stronger.

Antony, being arrived in Lybia, sent Cleopatra into Egypt; and himself remained very solitary, having only two of his friends, with whom he wandered up and down. After that, he built him a house in the sea by the isle of Pharos, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company, saying that he would lead Timon's life. Here Canidius came to bring him news that he had lost all his army by land at Actium, and that Herod king of Jewry, who had also certain legions with him, was revolted unto Cæsar, and all the other kings in like manner; so that he had none left. But all this did nothing trouble him; and it seemed he was content to forego all his hope, so to be rid of his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house, and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banqueting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. And they set up an order with a name signifying the agreement of those that

will die together; and their friends enrolled themselves of this order, and so made great feasts one to another; for every man, when it came to his turn, feasted their whole fraternity.

This notwithstanding, they sent unto Cæsar, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antony praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. Cæsar would not grant unto Antony's request; but, for Cleopatra, he made answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so she would put Antony to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent Thyreus unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else, and the queen herself did him great honor; insomuch as he made Antony jealous. Whereupon, Antony caused him to be taken and well whipped, and so sent him back; and bade him tell Cæsar that he made him angry, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now especially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. "If this mislike thee," said he, "thou hast Hipparchus one of my enfranchised bondmen with thee: hang him, if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance." From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever. First of all, whereas she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, she now did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence; so that the guests that came poor went away rich.

So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city. Antony made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissing Cleopatra, armed as he

was, recommending one of his men unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armor and headpiece of clear gold; howbeit the man, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antony sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, that he had many other ways to die than so. Then Antony, seeing there was no way more honorable for him to die than fighting valiantly, determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper, he commanded his officers and servants to fill his cups full and make as much of him as they could: "for," said he, "you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow, or whether you shall serve another master; and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body." Then, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping, to salve that he had spoken he added this more, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honor.

The self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvelous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung, as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the interpretation of this wonder thought that it was the god unto whom Antony bare singular devotion, that did forsake him.

The next morning he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city; and there he stood to behold his galleys, which departed from the haven and rowed against the galleys of the enemies; and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in

them would do. But when they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them, and of two armies made but one, and then did all together row toward the city. When Antony saw that his men did forsake him and yield unto Cæsar, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there she locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and sent unto Antony to tell him that she was dead. Antony, believing it, said unto himself,—"What dost thou look for further, Antony, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?" When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked said thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman."

Now, he had a man called Eros whom he had long before caused to swear that he should kill him when he did command him; and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head one side, he thrust it into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antony,—"O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldest not do for me." Therewithal, he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him tormenting himself; until at the last there came a secretary called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the

monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard she was alive, he prayed his men to carry his body thither; and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antony was trussed; and Cleopatra herself, with two women which had come with her, trised him up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antony all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death; who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra, putting to all her strength, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath, that bade her be of good courage.

So, when she had gotten him in and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast and scratching her face. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery for the compassion she took of him. Antony made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he prayed her that she would seek to save her life, if she could, without dishonor; and that she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar: and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honors he had received; considering the while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.

As Antony gave the last gasp, Proculeius came from Cæsar. For as they carried Antony into the monument, one of his guard called Dercetas took his sword and hid it; then he stole away, and brought Cæsar the first news

of his death, and showed him the sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing this, straight withdrew into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard fortune that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for his friends, and showed them the letters Antony had written to him, and his answers also, during their quarrel and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other answered to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him.

After this, he sent Proculeius to do what he could to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and he thought that if he could bring her alive to Rome, she would marvelously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For he came to the gates that were thick and strong; yet there were some cranneys through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that she demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons. Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar; who immediately sent Gallus to speak again with her, and bade him hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius set up a ladder against the window by which Antony was trised up, and come down into the monument with two of his men. One of her women saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out,—"O, poor Cleopatra! thou art taken." When she saw him behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger; but he came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her,—"Cleopatra, thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and Cæsar also, to deprive him of the opportunity to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, as though he were a cruel man. So he took the dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear

of any poison hidden about her. Afterwards Cæsar sent one of his men, whom he straightly charged to look well unto her, and to beware that she made not herself away; and, for the rest, to use her with all the courtesy possible.

Now, she was altogether overcome with sorrow and passion of mind, so that she fell into a fever; whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to have a good color to abstain from meat, that so she might die. But Cæsar mistrusted her, and therefore did threaten to put her children to a shameful death. With these threats, Cleopatra suffered herself to be cured and dieted as they listed. Shortly after, Cæsar came in person to see her. Cleopatra, being laid on a little low bed, when she saw him suddenly rose up, and fell down at his feet marvelously disfigured: for she had plucked her hair from her head, and martyred all her face with her nails; and her voice was small and trembling, and her eyes sunk into her head with continued blubbering; yet her good grace and the force of her beauty were not altogether defaced. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, she began to excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antony, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die. At length, she gave him a brief of all the money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to disprove her, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back. Cleopatra was in such a rage that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair and boxed him well. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. "Alas!" said she, "O Cæsar, is not this a great shame, that, thou having vouchsafed to come unto me, and done me this honor, poor wretch and caitiff creature, mine own servants should come to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles fit for women, not for me to set out myself withal, but to give some pretty presents to Octavia and Livia; that, they making intercession for me, thou mightest yet extend thy favor and mercy upon me." Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself that

she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure, which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more bountifully than she would think for; and so he took his leave, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself.

There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and, besides, did bear no ill-will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. Now, whilst she was at dinner there came a countryman, and brought a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him what he had in his basket. He opened it, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all marveled to see so goodly figs. He laughed to hear them, and bade them take some, if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded all to go out of the tomb but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her petition, requesting him to let her be buried with Antony, found straight what she meant, and sent one in all haste to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent ran thither and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her women, called Iris, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her,—"Is that well done, Charmian?" "Very well," said she, "and meet for a princess descended of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.

Some report that the aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded to hide it under the leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see it: howbeit, when she would have taken away the leaves she perceived it, and said,—"Art thou there, then?" and so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Some say, also, that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned; the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto; because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspic biting of her arm. Now, Cæsar, though he was marvelous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried and laid by Antony; and willed also that her two women should have honorable burial.

In one or two particulars the Poet is traceable to other sources than Plutarch; especially in the account which Antony gives to Cæsar, Act II, sc. vii, how "they take the flow o'the Nile." For this matter he probably resorted either to Holland's translation of Pliny, or to Leo's *History of Africa* translated by John Pory, in which is a description of the Nileometer. Both these works were published early in the seventeenth century. In the case of Lepidus, again, Plutarch could but have yielded a few very slight hints, at the most, towards his character as drawn by Shakespeare. The Lepidus of the play, the "barren-spirited fellow," the "slight unmeritable man meet to be sent on errands," bears a strong likeness to the veritable pack-horse of the Triumvirate, trying to strut and swell himself up to the dimensions of his place, while his strutting and swelling only serve to betray his emptiness. Such appears to have been about the real pitch and quality of the man, according to the notices given of him by other writers; as Paterculus, for example, who calls him "*vir omnium vanissimus*": but whether the Poet used any of those authorities, or merely drew from his own intuitive knowledge of human nature,—thus in effect writing his-

tory without having studied it,—is a question not easily answered.—Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to remark that the events of the play cover a period of about ten years: as the death of Fulvia took place in the early part of the year, B. C., 40; the sea-fight at Actium, in September, 31, and the death of Cleopatra, the year after. As for the other dates, Antony's marriage with Octavia and the agreement of peace with Pompey occurred in 39; the return of Antony to the East, in 37; and his conquest of Armenia, in 34; soon after which, he set up his rest in Alexandria, laying off the style of a Roman citizen, and assuming that of an Eastern despot.

Judging by our own experience, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the last of Shakespeare's plays that one grows to appreciate. This seems owing partly to the excellence of the drama, and partly not. For it is marked beyond any other by a superabundance of external animation and diversion, as well as by a surpassing fineness of workmanship such as needs oft-repeated and most careful perusal to bring out full upon the mind's eye. The great number and variety of events crowded together in it, the rapidity with which they pass before us, and, consequently, the frequent changes of scene, hold curiosity on the stretch, and overfill the mind with sensuous effect, and thus for a long time distract and divert the thoughts from those subtleties of characterization and delicacies of poetry which everywhere accompany them. In such a redundancy of incidental interest and excitement, one cannot without long familiarity so possess his faculties as to wait and take time for such recondite and protean efficacies to work their proper effect. We are by no means sure but that the two things necessarily go together; yet we have to confess it has long seemed to us, that by selecting fewer incidents for working out the sense and design of the play, or by extracting and condensing the import and spirit of the incidents into larger masses, what is now a serious fault in the drama might have been avoided. Bating this defect, if indeed it be a defect, there is none of Shakespeare's plays that, after many years of study,

leaves a profounder impression of his greatness. In quantity and variety of characterization, it is equaled by few, and scarce surpassed by any, of his dramas. Antony, Cleopatra, Octavius, Octavia, Lepidus, Pompey, Enobarbus, not to mention divers others of still less presence on the scene, are perfectly discriminated and sustained to the last; all being wrought out in such distinct, self-centered, and self-rounded individuality that we contract and keep up a sort of personal acquaintance with each and every one of them. In respect of style and diction, too, the best qualities of the Poet's best period are here concentrated in special force: the compressed and flashing energy, striking in new light from the very hardness of that which resists; the rugged and sometimes harsh severity of style, jolting the mind, as it were, into quicker and deeper pulsations of life by its abruptness of movement; the stern and solid ground-work of thought, with fresh images, or rather suggestions of images shooting up from it ever and anon, kindling the imagination with all the force of surprise, and setting their path on fire by the suddenness and swiftness of their coming; while their "piercing sweetness" prints a relish on the taste that adds zest and spirit to the whole preparation:—such, not indeed exclusively, but in a peculiar degree, are the characteristics of this astonishing drama.

One of the best specimens of particular criticism which we have from that prince of critics, Coleridge, is on this play. "Of all Shakespeare's historical plays," says he, "*Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much; perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me,

whether this play is not, in all the exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigor of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed."

Cleopatra herself is, in our view, Shakespeare's masterpiece in female characterization. There is literally no measuring nor describing the art involved in the delineation. The character is made up of indescribable subtlety and intricacy, and presents such a varied involution and entanglement of conflicting elements, all, however, running within the lines of nature, as we cannot but fancy the Poet must have delighted to stretch his powers upon, and perhaps delighted all the more, forasmuch as it put him to his best exercise and proof of skill. She seems an inexhaustible magazine of coquetry; yet all along in her practice of this, and even in part as the motive and inspirer of it, there mingles a true and strong attachment, and a warm and just admiration of those qualities which ennoble the manly character. Her love is at once romantic and sensual, blending the two extremes of imagination and appetite: she is proud, passionate, ambitious, false, revengeful; abounding in wit, talent, tact, and practical sense; inscrutable in cunning and in the strategy of inventive passion for coming at its ends; vain; capricious, willful, generous, and selfish. Yet all these traits are carried on with a quickness and vital energy that never flags nor falters; and all are fused into perfect consistency by the very heat, as it were, of their mutual friction. And this strange combination is all woven about with such a versality and potency of enchantment, the whole is so redundant of essential witchcraft, that there is no resisting her nor escaping from her; none, that is, where there is any susceptibility answering to what flows from her. All

these qualities, moreover, seem perfectly innate and spontaneous; nevertheless, she is fully conscious of them, and has them entirely under control, trained and disciplined to move at the bidding of her art. In short, there is a secret magic about her, that turns the very spots and blemishes of her character into enchantment. And what is perhaps most wonderful of all, while one knows that her power over him is but as the spell and fascination of a serpent, this knowledge still further disables him from shaking it off; nay, the very wonder how she can so fascinate becomes itself a new fascination.

In the real greatness of Antony, united as it is with just the right kind and degree of weakness, Cleopatra's pride, passion, vanity, and ambition have an object that they can all meet and draw together upon. To her enthusiastic fancy he seems "the demi-Atlas of this earth"; she honors him as "the greatest soldier of the world"; admires him as "the garland of the war," "the arm and burgonet of men"; his heroism in his better hours, his eloquence of speech and person at all times, and his generous and magnificent dispositions, kindle whatsoever of womanhood there is in her nature: and for all these reasons she glories the more in knowing that "her beck might from the bidding of the gods command him"; and the greatest triumph of her life is, that while her "man of men" is in Rome and she in Egypt, she can still overtake him with her sorcery and pull him to her, outwrestling at once his duty, his honor, his interest, and even, what is stronger in him than any or all of these, his ambition.

All this, to be sure, was virtually contained in the history as Shakespeare found it; but he has seldom shown more fertility and felicity of art and invention than in so ordering the situations and accompaniments as to bring out the full sense of the character in dramatic exhibition. It scarce need be said, that the inexpressible bewitchments with which he has clothed the heroine almost gain for her the same "full supremacy" over the reader's spirit which she wields over the hero's; insomuch that at the close, so

far from wondering at what she has done, we are ready to exclaim with Cæsar,—"She looks as she would catch another Antony in her strong toil of grace."

The leading traits of the hero have been partly anticipated in what we have said of the heroine. Antony is the same character here as in *Julius Cæsar*, only in a further stage of development: brave and magnanimous to a fault; transported with ambition, and somewhat bloated with success; bold, strong, and reckless alike in the good and the bad parts of his composition; undergoing a long and hard struggle between the heroism and voluptuousness of his nature, the latter of which, with the unfathomable seductions of Cleopatra to stimulate it, at last acquires the full sway and mastery of him. His powers are indeed great, but all unbalanced. Even when the spells of Egypt are woven thick and fast about him, the lingerings of his better spirit, together with the stinging sense of his present state, arouse him from time to time to high resolutions and to deeds of noble daring; yet these appear rather as the spasms of a dying manhood than as the natural and healthy beatings of its heart; the poison of a fevered ambition overmastering for a while the subtler poison of a gorged and pampered sensuality. Yet the ignoble thraldom to which his heart is reduced stands half excused to us from our own sense of the too potent enchantment that subdues him. And he is himself sensible that under her bewitchments his manhood is thawing away, and thence takes a most pathetic forecast, which is only bound the closer upon his thoughts by his inability to escape them, of the perdition that is coming upon him. The cluster and succession of images at the opening of the twelfth scene in Act IV, where the hero dimly anticipates his own fall, is perhaps unequaled for the union of poetry and pathos. It seems as if the great Triumvir's irregular grandeur of soul were here melting out its innermost sweets in the eloquence of sorrow.

Antony and Cleopatra seem made for each other: their fascination, howsoever begotten, is mutual; and if in the

passion that draws and holds them together there be nothing to engage our respect there is much that compels our sympathy. When Cleopatra, with the "case of that huge spirit" lying cold before her, says,—"It were for me to throw my scepter at the injurious gods; to tell them that this world did equal theirs, till they had stolen our jewel," —we feel that the poetry of passion can go no further. Our reprobation, too, of their life is softened with a just and wholesome flow of pity at their death.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behavior is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgment in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

Schlegel and others have justly observed that the great fame and fortune of Augustus did not prevent Shakespeare from seeing quite through him and understanding his character perfectly; yet he managed the representation so adroitly as not to offend the prevalent opinion of his time, which, dazzled by the man's astonishing success, rated him greatly above his true measure. The Poet sets him forth as a piece of cold, dry contractedness, yet he weaves into the portrait something of the guile of the subject: there is not a generous sentiment comes from him, save in refer-

ence to his sister, and even then there is somewhat ambiguous about it; it seems more than half born of the occasion he has for using her in order to his self-ends. He is just the man for the full-souled Antony to think of with scorn, even while the dread and awe of his better stars put him to a constrained and studied respect. Ever playing at hide-and-seek with his conscience, his artful but mean-spirited tackings and shiftings, to keep the ship of state, freighted as he has it with the only-beloved treasure of his own ascendency, before the gale of fortune, make a fine contrast to the frank and forthright lustihood of Antony, bold and free alike in his sinnings and his self-accusings. Octavius is indeed plentifully endowed with prudence, foresight, and moderation; and these, if not virtues themselves, naturally infer, as their root and basis, the cardinal virtue of self-control; and the cunning of the delineation lies partly in that the reader is left to derive them from this source, if he be so disposed; yet it is easy to see that the Poet regarded them as springing not so much from self-control as from the want of any hearty impulses to be controlled.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enobarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humor, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouth-piece of the author's judgment respecting the other persons; so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary.—The play has several other characters informed with significance; such as Charmian and Iras, es-

pecially the former, whose spirited, frolicsome levity and wantonness of thought and speech, together with their death-braving constancy to their mistress, reflect the moral and social qualities of the atmosphere which Cleopatra creates about her.

We cannot make up our mind to leave this bewitching theme without quoting a part of Campbell's delightful criticism, as it starts an apt and skillful contrast between this play and Dryden's *All for Love*. "In the portraiture," says he, "of Antony there is perhaps a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her, than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth:—he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil. At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted a d dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton Queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding match. Dryden's Mark Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him, that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, 'There's a great spirit gone!' and his reflections on his own enthralment by Cleopatra,

mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, whilst an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CLEOPATRA

The beauty of Cleopatra was not very astonishing; she did not, in feature, surpass many of her sex: but the power of her wit greatly elevated her charms; her manner, too, was enchanting and irresistible. No female could boast of such a voice; for, so great was its variety of modulation, that it resembled an instrument of many strings. She is said to have spoken about thirty languages; there were few foreign ambassadors to whom she could not give audience in their own tongue.—Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

Cleopatra is among Shakespeare's women what Falstaff is amongst his men. Both have the same infinite complexity of nature in which seemingly contradictory qualities are reconciled, and both the same paradoxical grandeur compounded out of all that is most morally worthless. Fascination radiates equally from either personality, and as Falstaff, when completely bankrupt in honor and fortune, is still the knight and the gentleman, so Cleopatra, guilty of the most detestable and squalid forms of misconduct, remains every inch a queen. In the Boar's Head tavern and in the palace at Alexandria a similar struggle is being waged: the venue is changed, and the weapons, but an identical principle is at stake. Falstaff had sought to defeat moral facts by the dazzling play of an inexhaustible humor; Cleopatra substitutes the no less dazzling play of an inexhaustible personal charm, wherein beauty, as Plutarch expressly states, was only a minor ele-

nent. Perfect beauty could indeed scarcely be the portion of this "gipsy," with "Phoebus' amorous pinches black," but she has the more talismanic gifts of perennial youth and endless versatility of attraction. Antony cries to her that she is one

> "Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh
> To weep; whose every passion fully strives
> To make itself, in thee, fair and admired."

And the dispassionate judgment of Enobarbus pronounces the same verdict.

> "Age cannot wither her,
> Nor custom stale her infinite variety: . . .
> For vilest things become themselves in her,
> That the holy priests bless her when she is riggish."

—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

The surroundings of Cleopatra are as intensely witty as her character. This capricious, pleasure-seeking, ever-veering, feverishly coquettish woman, this antique Parisienne, this goddess of life, scintillated and ruled over Egypt, the stark, silent land of the dead. You know it well, that Egypt, that Mizraim full of mystery, that Nile with its narrow valley, looking like a coffin. In the high reeds grins the crocodile, or the exposed babe of Revelation whimpers. Rock temples with colossal pillars, whereon appear caricatures of sacred animals of horribly varied hues. At the portal nods a monk of Isis, with hieroglyphic head-gear. In luxurious villas, mummies take their siestas, and the gilded masks protect them from the swarms of carrion flies. There stand slender obelisks and squat pyramids, like dumb thoughts. In the background we are greeted by the Ethiopian mountains of the Moon, hiding the sources of the Nile. Everywhere, Death, Stone, and Mystery. And over this land, there ruled as queen the beautiful Cleopatra. How witty God is!—Heine, *Lectures*

Antony indeed was given him by history, and he has but embodied in his own vivid colors the irregular mind of the Triumvir, ambitious and daring against all enemies but himself. In Cleopatra he has less to guide him; she is another incarnation of the same passions, more lawless and insensible to reason and honor, as they are found in women. This character being not one that can please, its strong and spirited delineation has not been sufficiently observed. It has indeed only a poetical originality; the type was in the courtesan of common life, but the resemblance is that of Michael Angelo's Sybils to a muscular woman.—HALLAM, *Literature of Europe.*

Shakespeare has not been successful in conveying an idea of the eleganc of Cleopatra's mind. Neither her manners, thoughts, nor language, impress us with a conviction of her possessing those accomplishments which [Plutarch] ascribes to her.—SKOTTOWE, *Life of Shakespeare.*

What a contrast between Juliet and Cleopatra; one, a young girl, hardly more than a child, whom the might of a pure and unselfish passion transforms into a woman, whose whole being is absorbed by this love which consummates her character and her life; the other, a courtesan of genius, if I may say so, with experience of life and the world, devoted to pleasure, practiced in all he arts of seduction, endowed by nature with an alluring witchery, to whom the fire of her love for Antony alone lends a glimmer of womanly dignity. Artistically considered, Cleopatra is, perhaps, the masterpiece among Shakespeare's female characters; given the problem, Shakespeare has solved it as no one else could have done. But what conflicts must his soul have endured, what bitter experiences must he have passed through, to have set himself such a problem, to have created a woman so widely different from all those he had pictured before—a woman so devoid of the ideal womanly

graces, yet so irresistible, for whose sake Antony sacrifices the dominion of the world.—Ten Brink.

ANTONY

Shakespeare represents Antony as, what he certainly was not, a man of the most noble and high spirit, capable at times, notwithstanding the luxury he afterwards fell into, of a thoroughly soldier-like life, and full of kind and generous feelings. He seems to delight in supposing the melancholy meditations of a great and active character, when losing his power, and drawing to his end.—Bathurst.

ANTONY'S INTELLECTUAL ABILITY

The opinions and actions of Shakespeare's Antony, therefore, are diametrically opposed to each other; but there is no inconsistency in his conduct. The licentiousness of Cleopatra is the link which binds her to the heart of Antony; dissolute and voluptuous himself, her depravity is congenial to his nature; that which others would have revolted from, is to him a spell. . . . But, what was grateful to his appetite did not command the approbation of his judgment. History has alike recorded Antony's intellectual ability and his corporeal frailty: a victim to the latter, enough of the former doubtless survived to impress on his memory the deepest sense of his folly, the weakness and the unworthiness of his infatuation. Shakespeare read the inmost thoughts of Antony; he has given them an everlasting record.—Skottowe, *Life of Shakespeare.*

A GORGEOUS GALLERY

The student of ancient history can find in the play occasional disregard of precise dates. He can discover, in some cases, a sequence of events which is not in absolutely strict accord with the account of them that has been handed down. But from no investigation of records, from no in-

terpretation of texts, will he ever arrive at so clear and vivid a conception of the characters of the actors who then took part in the struggle for the supremacy of the world. Nowhere in ancient story or song will he find, as here, the light which enables him to see the men as they are. It is a gorgeous gallery in which each personage stands out so distinct that there is no danger of misapprehension or confusion as to the parts they fill. Antony appears the soldier and voluptuary he was, swayed alternately by love, by regret, by ambition, at one moment the great ruler of the divided world, at the next recklessly flinging his future away at the dictation of a passionate caprice; Cleopatra, true to no interest, fascinating, treacherous, charming with her grace those whom she revolts by her conduct, luring the man she half loves to a ruin which involves herself in his fate; Octavius, cool, calculating, never allowing his heart to gain, either for good or evil, the better of his head, showing in early youth the self-restraint, the caution, the knowledge of the world which belong to advancing years; the feeble Lepidus, striving to act the part of a reconciler to the two mighty opposites, with whom the irony of fate has thrown him in conjunction; these and half-a-dozen minor characters appear painted in clear and sharp outline on the crowded canvas of Shakespeare; while in attendance, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, stands Enobarbus, commenting on every incident of the great world-drama which is acted before his eyes, ominously foreboding the declining fortunes of his chief in the moral ruin which carries with it prostration of the intellect, and pointing to the inevitable catastrophe of shame and dishonor to which events are hurrying.—Lounsbury.

OCTAVIA

I do not understand the observation of a late critic, that in this play, "Octavia is only a dull foil to Cleopatra." Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen, her accomplished rival gives

her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and colored up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendor of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for awhile the silver moon and ever burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather, Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau idéal* of a noble Roman lady—

The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with "downcast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure,"—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to

> The swan's down feather
> That stands upon the swell at flood of tide,
> And neither way inclines.

—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR

The next to him [Antony] in importance, though not in interest, is Octavius Cæsar. The ruling passion in the character of Octavius was the paramount lust of dominion; but even that never seems to have excited him to enthusiasm. His command over others, and his command over himself, were asserted with the calculated precision and determination of a machine. He was the only one whom Cleopatra could not ensnare. His passionless nature enabled him to withstand even her, who had fascinated and nearly destroyed the great Julius. Octavius is a perfect exemplar

of a politician and commander. In various features of his character and career, and, which is curious, even in his aspect, he reminds one of the first Napoleon Buonaparte. He was the man, of all others, fitted to sway and direct the Roman people at the critical juncture of their running into faction upon the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Like Napoleon, too, he skillfully released himself from the coalition of the Triumvirate, and made himself perpetual dictator, and then emperor. Again, like Napoleon, under the ostentation of liberty, he was a selfish, imperious, and unrelenting tyrant, because (like a pattern politician) he had not one spark of feeling unconnected with his own individual and personal ambition and advantage; no sympathy but for vulgar glory, as centering in, and emanating from himself. And lastly, like Napoleon, he knew the value of being beforehand with an enemy. —CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

OCTAVIUS'S CONQUEST

But Cleopatra—"the serpent of old Nile," the representative of the fallen greatness of the degenerate, corrupt culture of the East, which has been stifled in sensual pleasures and voluptuousness—is adorned to excess with beauty and grace, mind and wit, is full of caprices and contradictions, and possessed of passions as glowing as they are sudden in their change; as wanton and voluptuous as old Asia, as fantastic, strange and unfathomable as mysterious Egypt itself; the very essence of oriental splendor and naturalness, but, at the same time, initiated in all the arts of an over-refined civilization; a woman with all the vices and virtues of a woman, half Grace, half Mæade, full of coquetry, fickleness and egotism, and yet equally full of love and devotion, wholly absorbed in feminine frivolity, and yet at the same time of a lofty mind and a genial instinct for true greatness. She, in whom everything is becoming, because she does it with the charm of demoniacal gracefulness, can, it is true, deceive an Antony and rule

half the world through him, but cannot herself govern, cannot act independently. She lives to repent the arrogance and capricious inquisitiveness which drove her from her state-apartments, from her couch, into the council chambers of men, and into war and battles; but, like Antony, she perishes owing to her want of inward firmness of character. For, notwithstanding her cunning and artifice, she is as far removed from prudence as she is from moderation and self-control; all her machinations are of no avail upon the cold-blooded, self-possessed Octavius. Accordingly she falls with Antony, whose death is her own work. In her downfall she once more collects all the broken rays of the fullness of her energy and of her lofty mind; in death and suicide the East has ever proved itself great. Octavius loses the principal figure for his triumphal entry; but the victory is doubly his. He has conquered, not only the already broken, heroic greatness, the military skill and the mental superiority of an Antony, but also the amorous arts of a Cleopatra, and this last conquest must be acknowledged greater than the first. The tribunal of history, therefore, looks upon him as in the right, because he has the greater amount of inward, moral right on his side. He is, indeed, ambitious and greedy of power, but his adversaries are no less so. The moderation, however, which he alone possesses is the chief of political virtues, for, if it be true to itself, it involves self-control.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE CHARM OF THE PLAY

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passion always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first Act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is

very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia. The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.—JOHNSON.

Whatever else may be said as to the drift of the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra* this certainly may with truth be said, that to strong natures that sicken under the weight of convention and are weary with looking upon the littleness of human nature in its ordinary forms, it affords a great and splendid, howsoever temporary, relief and refreshment. The winds of power blow through it; the strong meridian sunshine blazes over it; the colors of morning burn around it; the trumpet blares in its music: and its fragrance is the scent of a wilderness of roses. Shakespeare's vast imagination was here loosed upon colossal images and imperial splendors. The passions that clash or mingle in this piece are like the ocean surges—fierce, glittering, terrible, glorious. The theme is the ruin of a demigod. The adjuncts are empires. Wealth of every sort is poured forth with regal and limitless profusion. The language glows with a prodigal emotion and towers to a superb height of eloquence. It does not signify, as modifying the effect of all this tumult and glory, that the stern truth of mortal evanescence is suggested all the way and simply disclosed at last in a tragical wreck of honor, love and life. While the pageant endures it endures in diamond light, and when it fades and crumbles the change is instantaneous to darkness and death.—WINTER, *Old Shrines and Ivy*.

FAULTS OF THE PLAY

The play suffers from lack of concentration on the two principal figures; it is ill-constructed and contains much that is superfluous. Act III opens with a scene which has absolutely no relation to the action of the play and no interest of its own. If Shakespeare inserted this scene merely because the triumphant return of Ventidius is mentioned by Plutarch, he must have supposed that he was writing a chronicle play. In this not improbable case, *Antony and Cleopatra* became a great, though diffusely-constructed tragedy, only because Shakespeare's imagination was too intensely interested by the principal figures to allow him simply to dramatize the historical narrative. There is too much of Pompey and his friends: far more than is necessary to illustrate the confusions arising from Antony's abandonment of duty. But Shakespeare's power of characterization and his poetic force are at their height in this play. Octavius as an extremely fine foil to Antony; and Enobarbus, who is almost a chorus, is one of Shakespeare's best characterizations. There is nothing in Shakespeare finer than the last two acts, and the rise of this drama to a culmination of splendor is unique so far as Shakespeare is concerned.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE MORAL

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is proclaimed with a thousand tongues that self-indulgence and achievement are incompatible.—Goethe, *Shakespeare und kein Ende.*

10
20
30
40
50
40
30
DACIA
ILLYRICUM
MOESIA
Modena
ITALY
Rome
Sardinia
Misenum Mt.
Tarentum
Brundusium
Macedonia
Thrace
Philippi
Paphlagonia
Pontus
Toryne
Pharsalia
Actium
Ionian
Sea
Messina
Sicily
Carthage
Sicyon
Athens
Peloponesus
Crete
Lydia
Lycaonia
Cappadocia
Cilicia
ARMENIA
MEDIA
Mesopotamia
PARTHIA
Cyprus
Phoenicia
SYRIA
Euphrates
Alexandria
Jewry
Libya
EGYPT
Nile
ARABIA
PART OF THE
ROMAN EMPIRE
B.C.31.
to illustrate
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
English Miles
0 50 100 200 300 400 500

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs*
LEPIDUS,

SEXTUS POMPEIUS

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS, } *friends to Antony*
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,

MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS, } *friends to Cæsar*
THYREUS,
GALLUS,

MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *friends to Sextus Pompei*
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar*

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony*

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army*

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*

ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, *a eunuch,*
SELEUCUS, } *attendants on Cleopatra*
DIOMEDES,

A Soothsayer

A Clown

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony*

CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra*
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Antony has fallen before the charms of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt and neglects wife and country for her, yielding himself to the voluptuous life of her court. News comes from Italy of the death of his deserted wife, Fulvia, and of an attack on that country by Sextus Pompeius. Antony rouses himself and hastens back to Rome.

ACT II

Antony makes his peace with the other triumvirs by explaining that Pompeius's attack on Italy was caused by Fulvia's desire to have him return from Egypt and by marrying Octavia, sister to Octavius. Pompeius concludes a treaty with the triumvirs.

ACT III

Not long after Octavius wages new wars with Pompeius and imprisons Lepidus. Octavia is sent by Antony from their home in Athens to her brother to make peace but no sooner is she gone than Antony again yields to Cleopatra's charms and journeys to Egypt. Octavius uses this wrong done his sister as an excuse for turning his forces against Antony. Their two fleets battle near Actium and the defection of the Egyptian admiral gives Octavius the victory. Antony offers to give up everything to Octavius if only allowed to live. This the victor refuses and Antony sends a message of defiance to him.

ACT IV

Antony and Octavius now engage in a land battle. The first day's fight is won by Antony but on the second day the Egyptian admiral yields to the Romans and other forces deserting him, Antony is defeated and loses his courage. He accuses Cleopatra of treachery and slays himself, dying in her presence.

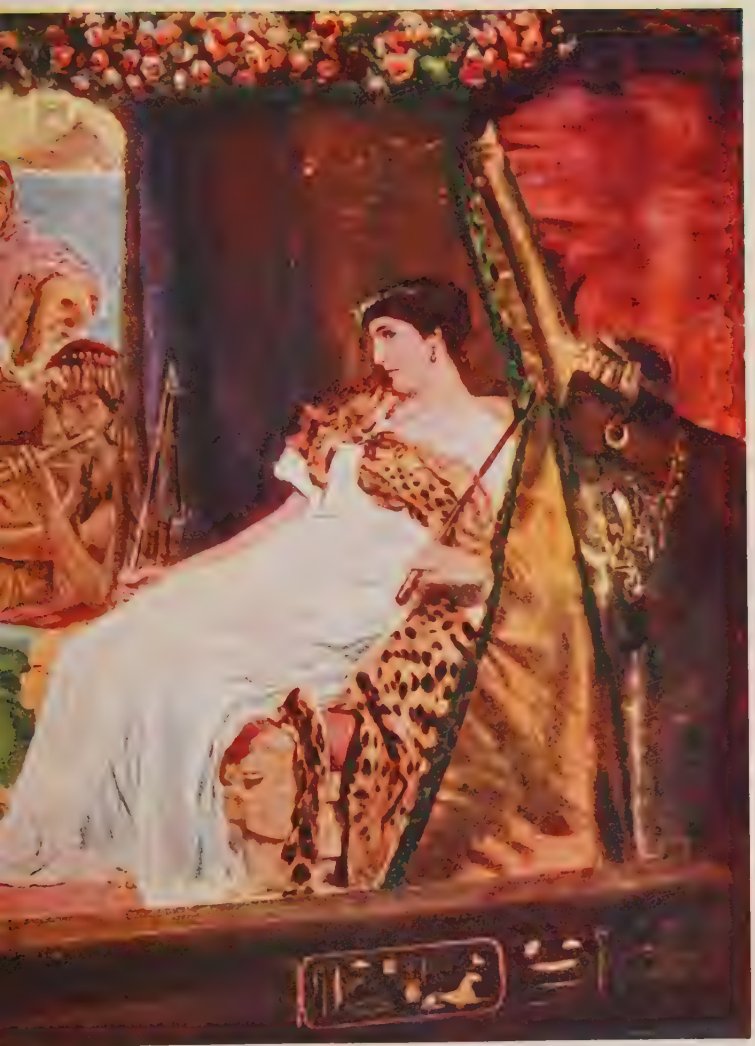
ACT V

After Antony's defeat and death the Egyptian queen determines to kill herself, especially since Octavius purposes that she be taken a prisoner to Rome to follow in his triumphal procession. She succeeds in her intention by causing an asp to bite her which had been brought to her in a basket of figs.

From the painting by L. Alma-Tadema.

Cleopatra (" A

Enobarbus. " The barge
Burn'd on the water:



ıd Cleopatra").

ı, like a burnish'd throne,
was beaten gold."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

8. *"Reneges"* is an old word for *renounce* or *refuse;* here to be pronounced in two syllables, as if it were spelled *renegues* or *reneys.* The word is met with in an old poem called "Skelton Laureat upon the dolourous dethe of the moost honourable Erle of Northumberlande":

"The commouns *reneyed* ther taxes for to pay
Of them demanded and asked by the kinge."—H. N. H.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar hath not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:

12. *"The triple pillar"*; one of the three pillars, *i. e.* the triumvirs. Antony ruled the eastern provinces of the empire; Octavius the western; Lepidus Italy.—C. H. H.

16. *"bourn"*; boundary.—C. H. H.

18. *"Grates me: the sum."*; F. 1, *"Grates me, the summe."*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Rate me, the summe."*; Rowe, *"Rate me the sum."*; Pope, *"It grates me. Tell the sum."*; Capell, *"'T grates me:—The sum."*; Steevens (1793), *"'Grates me:—The sum."*—I. G.

19. *"them"*; *"news"* was sometimes used as plural in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,

43. *"but stirr'd";* that is, *not unless* stirred or inspired by Cleopatra. Mason explains the passage thus: "Cleopatra means to say that Antony will act like himself, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, *'But* stirr'd by Cleopatra,' that is, *Add* if *moved to it* by Cleopatra."—H. N. H.

44. *"for the love of Love";* that is, for the sake of the Queen of Love.—H. N. H.

Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

50. *"fully strives";* Mr. Collier's second folio reads *"fitly* strives." *Fitly* may be the better word; but the change is not needed, the sense being clear enough as it stands.—H. N. H.

58. *"that great property";* that peculiar greatness.—C. H. H.

60–61. *"liar, who Thus speaks of him";* Pope reads *"liar Fame, Who speaks him thus."*—I. G.

Of course the common liar is Fame or Rumor.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

5. *"charge";* Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Tbeobald; Ff., *"change";* Jackson conj. *"chain";* Williams conj. *"'hang."*—I. G.

The original reads *"change* his horns," which Knight retains and explains it,—"Vary, give a different appearance to." *"Charge"* is the reading generally agreed upon.—H. N. H.

Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,

24. The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.—H. N. H.

28–29. "*have a child at fifty*"; "This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life."—H. N. H.

36. That is, prove bastards. Thus Launce, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*"—H. N. H.

And fertile every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be—drunk to bed.
Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!

40. *"fertile";* Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"foretell"* and *"foretel";* Pope, *"foretold";* Collier MS., *"fruitful."*—I. G.

41. That is, I *acquit* thee *of being* a witch. This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, "You'll never be burnt for a witch," spoken to a silly person, who is indeed no conjurer.—H. N. H.

66. *"Alexas,—come";* Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where

O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Alexas is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.—I. G.

68. "*Isis*" divided with the other Egyptian deity Osiris all the qualities and attributes which belonged to the whole Roman pantheon. To pose as a second Isis was one of Cleopatra's affectations.—C. H. H.

86. "*Saw you my lord?*"; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads "*Saue you, my lord.*"—I. G.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
Eno. Madam?
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.
Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Aye:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus—

94. *"Fulvia thy wife";* Antony was Fulvia's third husband; he divorced her in order to marry Cleopatra. Failing to incite Augustus Cæsar against Antony, she joined with Antony's brother Lucius against Augustus. She failed in all her intrigues, and finally died of a broken heart.—C. H. H.

105–110. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens. —I. G.

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

115–117. *"O, then . . . earing";* the proper meaning of *"quick,"* it scarce need be said, is *living* or *alive.* Here it seems to mean *pregnant, prolific,* in which sense it forms an apt and natural epithet for *soil.* Of course the *mind* is here compared to a fat and generous *soil,* which, if suffered to *"lie still,"* if not stirred with the plow, shoots forth weeds; and the telling us plainly our faults is as the *"earing,"* that is, the *plowing,* to make the soil productive of better things. Surely, nothing could well be more apposite and expressive than such a simile. But the old copies have *winds* here instead of *"minds."* Every one much acquainted with proof-reading must know how apt *w* and *m* are to be misprinted for each other; and in these plays we have frequent instances of such misprinting. In this place Warburton changed *winds* to *"minds,"* and has been followed by divers later editors. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *winds,* explaining it thus: "When do we 'bring forth weeds?' In a heavy and moist season, when there are no 'quick winds' to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The Poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but the 'winds of March,' rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The 'quick winds,' then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds 'lie still,' we 'bring forth weeds.' But the metaphor is carried further: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is the

When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!
First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?
Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?
Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
[*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.
[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

ploughing itself—the *earing.*" This is certainly ingenious, perhaps plausible; but it seems to us very strained and far-fetched, and savoring more of a commentator's sense than of common sense. We therefore stick to the usual reading.—For this use of *"earing,"* see *King Richard II,* Act iii. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

116. *"minds";* Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff. 1, 2, *"windes";* Collier conj. *"wints."*—I. G.

By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of

131. *"by revolution lowering";* the pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"revolution lowering"* to *reputation souring.* Of course the image is of a wheel, which *revolving,* what is at the top to-day is at the bottom to-morrow.—H. N. H.

133. *"the hand";* Antony is referring to his own hand: *"My* hand *would now* pluck her back."—H. N. H.

134. *"enchanting";* so F. 1; omitted in Ff. 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads *"Ægyptian."*—I. G.

144. *"a compelling occasion";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"a compelling an occasion";* Nicholson conj. *"so compelling an occasion,"* &c.—I. G.

this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment; I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this

151. *"mettle"*; vigor.—C. H. H.

grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,

193. *"leave";* the original has *"love"* instead of *"leave."* What should be the meaning of *"love,"* is hard to tell. The change was proposed long ago by Monck Mason, and is made in Mr. Collier's second folio.—H. N. H.

203. Of Pompey the Great's sons Oneus was killed at the battle of Munda, while Sextus, after fruitless attempts at supreme power, was defeated in a naval engagement by Octavius and Lepidus, and was finally executed by Antony's orders about 35 B. C.—C. H. H.

The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

207–208. *"like the courser's hair,"* &c., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm. —I. G.

3. *"I did not send you";* that is, go as of your own motion; as *if* I did not send you.—H. N. H.

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,

36. *"our brows' bent"* is the bending or inclination of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions.—H. N. H.

"parts"; qualities essential to our whole being.—C. H. H.

Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,

57. Cleopatra means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it." —H. N. H.

72–73. *"I am quickly ill and well, So Antony loves";* that is, *such*

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

is Antony's love; as fickle as my health; as quickly hot and cold, as I am sick and well. Some editions point the passage thus: "I am quickly ill, and well, so Antony loves." Which gives the meaning, *"provided,* or *if so he* Antony loves." This would imply a compliment to Antony. But he takes it as a reproach, as is clear from his meeting it with a remonstrance.—H. N. H.

74. *"evidence";* Mr. Collier's second folio changes *evidence* to *credence;* and he is so confident the change is right as to affirm that "so it must be given in future." Why, the whole idea of Antony's speech is of a court of justice where his love is arraigned or put on trial; and he implies a charge upon Cleopatra of having borne false-witness against it. Of course, *evidence* is *testimony.* It will hardly do to talk about the *authority* of such corrections.—H. N. H.

78. *"to Egypt";* to me, the queen of Egypt.—H. N. H.

84. *"Herculean"; "oblivion"* is used for *forgetfulness.* She means, apparently, that her memory is as treacherous or deceitful as Antony's, and he is so treacherous that she is all forgotten by him.—H. N. H.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there 's not it:
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

91–92. An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject:* "But that I know you can be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."—H. N. H.

96–97. "That which becomes me is hateful to me, when not precious in your sight."—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit

3. *"Our"*; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Ff., *"One"*; Hanmer, *"A."*—I. G.

12. "As the stars of heaven appear larger from the darkness of the night, so the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his goodness."—H. N. H.

And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those

22. *"as"*; Johnson conj. *"and."*—I. G.
25. "His *levity* throws so much weight on us."—H. N. H.
28. *"call on him"*; that is, demand payment of him for it; or, it may be, *visit* him for it. Collier's second folio changes *"call* to *fall"*; which is plausible, but not necessary.—H. N. H.

That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It had been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind; many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more

38. *"that only have fear'd";* those whom *fear,* not *love,* made Cæsar's friends."—H. N. H.

Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"ports"* to *fleets;* the only advantage of which is, that it avoids the cacophony of *"ports"* and *"reports."*—H. N. H.

44. *"comes dear'd";* the old copy reads, "Comes *fear'd* by being lack'd." Warburton made the correction, which is necessary to the sense.—H. N. H.

45. *"flag";* the common yellow Iris.—C. H. H.

46. *"lackeying"; "lacquying";* Theobald's correction, from Anon. MS.; Ff., *"lacking";* Pope, *"lashing";* Southern MS., *"backing."*—I. G.

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink

56. *"wassails";* Knight and Verplanck read *vassals* in this place, and explain it thus: "'Leave thy lascivious *vassals'* expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the Queen being one of his tributaries." This is plausible, and pleads strongly for admission. Still we cannot quite yield to it, as it strikes quite from the drift and line of all that Cæsar has been saying of Antony. Besides, it spoils the contrast which Cæsar seems to be aiming at here, between Antony as he is now, with his manhood melting away in the lap of voluptuous indulgence, and as he was at the former time referred to.—H. N. H.

This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius,* where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant he shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."—H. N. H.

59. *"whom"; i. e.* famine.—C. H. H.

The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

75. *"Assemble we";* the original has *"assemble me."* The misprint of *me* for *we* was easy; and in fact *m* and *w* were, as they still are, often put the one for the other. It seems to us nowise likely that Cæsar would use *me* in such a connection. Nevertheless, *me* is retained by Knight and Verplanck, the former remarking upon it thus: "The modern reading is *'assemble we';* and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself." But who told him, or how does he know, that they "forget" so many things which he has the wit to remember? We believe the change was made for some better reason, and that some better reason should be alleged for unmaking it.—H. N. H.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,

4. "*mandragora*"; a plant, of which the infusion was supposed to induce sleep. Thus in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead."—H. N. H.

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar, 29
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

33. *"aspect"*; glance.—C. H. H.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,

36–37. *"medicine"; "gilded";* alluding to the philosopher's stone, which by its touch converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation a *medicine.*—H. N. H.

48. *"an arm-gaunt";* Ff., *"an Arme-gaunt";* Hanmer, *"an arm-girt";* Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, *"a termagant";* Jackson conj. *"a war-gaunt";* Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, *"an arrogant";* Lettsom conj. *"a rampaunt";* the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless *"arm-gaunt"*="having lean fore-limbs."—I. G.

The original has, "an *arme-gaunt* steed," which presents an inextricable puzzle, and has proved a wit-graveller to the critics. The only explanation given of it, that can look probability in the face, is Warburton's: "Worn lean and thin by much service in war." But, if the horse were worn so horribly, it does not well appear how he should go it so high in the neighing line, unless he were bawling for food. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed *arm-girt,* which is also found in Mr. Collier's second folio, and is approved by Mr. Dyce. Of course its meaning is, girt with arms, or with armor.

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Aye, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.

Monck Mason proposed "a *termagant* steed," which was adopted with high commendation by Steevens. *Arrogant* was proposed by Mr. Boaden. As formerly written, *arrogaunt,* it might easily be misprinted *arme-gaunt.* And it has this advantage over *termagant,* that it requires the original article *an* before it, instead of *a.* Besides, *termagant* means *furious;* while *arrogant,* answering to the Latin *ferox,* is *fierce, proud.* The epithet, besides having good authority, is certainly a noble and fitting one for the place, and is accordingly preferred by Singer and Verplanck.—H. N. H.

50. *"beastly";* Hanmer, *"beast-like";* Collier MS., *"boastfully";* Becket conj. *"basely."*—I. G.

That is, was *in a* beastly *manner made* dumb by him; *dumb* being here used as a verb.—H. N. H.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine; 9
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where

10. *"powers are crescent";* Theobald reads *"pow'r's a crescent";* Becket conj. *"power is crescent";* Anon. conj. *"power's a-crescent."* —I. G.

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
Even till a Lethe'd dullness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis

21. *"waned lip"* is *pale* or *faint colored* lip; a lip that shows age or sickness; *waned* being a participle of the verb *wane.* Cleopatra has spoken of the waning of her beauty: "Think on me, that am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black, and wrinkled deep in time!" Mr. Dyce quotes an apt though comic passage from Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth:* "Oh, ruby *lips,* love hath to you been like wine-vinegar; now you look *wan* and pale, lips' ghosts ye are." There were no occasion for so much note, but that Mr. Collier would read *wand-lip,* as if Cleopatra's lip were a *wand,* and had magic in it. The context plainly requires the sense of *waned.*—H. N. H.

27. *"till"* was formerly used for *to.*—H. N. H.

A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

35. *"rear the higher our opinion";* deem our reputation the greater.—C. H. H.

Scene II

Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

8. *"would not shave";* that is, I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect.—H. N. H.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,

44. *"Was theme for you," i. e.* "had you for its theme"; Johnson conj. *"Had theme from you";* Collier (ed. 2), *"For theme was you";* Staunton conj. *"Had you for theme";* Orson conj. *"Was known for yours,"* &c.—I. G.

45–46. *"never did urge me";* that is, never urged my name as a pretense for the war.—H. N. H.

52–54. *"If you'll patch . . . this";* that is, "If you'll patch a quarrel, it must not be with this, as here the matter you are making

As matter whole you have not to make it with
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

it with is whole; there is no flaw, no ground of quarrel, in it." *Whole* is opposed to *patch*. The passage not being understood, all modern editions from Rowe's till Knight's have interpolated a negative, thus: "As matter whole you have *not* to make it with"; to the great harming of both meter and sense.—H. N. H.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar!
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honor is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected rather,
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty

78. *"I told him of myself";* "I told him the condition I was in at his coming."—H. N. H.

85. Mason explains, and rightly, we think, that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks,* but with *is sacred;* "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now,* however negligent, or untrue to my oath I may have been *then.*" He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.—H. N. H.

87. *"article";* particulars.—C. H. H.

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew

93–94. *"nor my power work without it";* "nor my greatness work without mine honesty."—H. N. H.

112. *"your considerate stone," i. e.* "I am silent as a stone"; Heath conj. *"your confederates love";* Johnson, *"your considerate ones";* Blackstone conj. *"your consideratest one,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both

124. A rather obscure and awkward expression; but the meaning seems to be,—"Your proposal, if Cleopatra had been by to hear it, had well deserved the reproof of rashness." Collier's second folio has "*for* rashness," which gives the same sense. The original has *proof* instead of *reproof*. The emendation is Warburton's, and is universally received.—H. N. H.

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway out great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What 's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*
Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!
My honorable friend, Agrippa!
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.
Eno. Aye, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
And made the night light with drinking.
Mæc. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,

196. The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare:

"Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd
The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another seaborn Venus, lay.—
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."—H. N. H.

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,

211. *"Nereides";* the nymphs of the sea who attended upon Neptune.—C. H. H.

213. *"And made their bends adornings"; i. e.* "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.—I. G.

214. *"tackle";* treated as a plural noun in the First Folio.—C. H. H.

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plow'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

230. *"ordinary";* the public dinner at Elizabethan eating-houses.—C. H. H.

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Cæsar's house.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

3. *"my prayers";* Rowe reads *"in prayers";* Collier MS., *"with prayers."*—I. G.

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,

22. *"a fear";* Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj., *"afeard";* S. Walker conj. *"afear."*—I. G.

Alluding, no doubt, to a personage called *Fear* in some of the old Moralities. We meet with a similar allusion in *Troilus and Cressida,* Act iii. sc. 2: "O! let my lady apprehend no *fear:* in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no such monster."—H. N. H.

24. *"when";* elliptical for the phrase "at the time when I speak." —C. H. H.

27. *"luster thickens";* so in *Macbeth,* "light *thickens.*"—H. N. H.

But he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

30. *"he away, 'tis";* Pope's emendation of F. 1, *"he alway 'tis";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"he alway is."*—I. G.

37. *"quails";* the ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practice these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *inhooped.*—H. N. H.

38. *"inhoop'd," i. e.* enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, *"in-coop'd";* Seward conj., adopted by Capell, *"in whoop'd-at."*—I. G.

Scene IV

The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mæc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we 'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling: when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

3. *"let's to billiards";* "An anachronism," say the critics; *"billiards* were not known to the ancients." But how do they know this? Late researches have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt, which, afterwards lost, have been re-invented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless, not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he should lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?—H. N. H.

12. *"tawny-finn'd";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Tawny-fine";* Rowe reads *"Tawny-fin."*—I. G.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

23. *"Philippan";* the battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it.—H. N. H.

24. *"ram";* so in all the old copies. Many modern editions substitute *rain* for *ram,* as being more congruous with *fruitful* and *barren,* and, in confirmation, quote from Timon,—*"Rain* sacrificial whisperings in his ear." But *ram* may have a meaning equally congruous with *fruitful* and *barren.* Besides, the word is spelled *ramme* in the original, so that it could hardly be a misprint for *rain.*—H. N. H.

36–39. We here stick to the wording and pointing of the original.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar,

Divers modern editions give the passage thus, to the great marring of the sense:

"Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthful,—*why* so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings?"—H. N. H.

In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
[*Draws a knife.*

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser, than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made

A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offense that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;

96. *"Narcissus"* was a beautiful youth of Bœotia, who killed himself from vexation at his inability to approach his own reflection in a fountain. His blood was changed into the flower which is still called after him.—C. H. H.

103. *"That art not what thou'rt sure of!";* Hanmer, *"That say'st but what thou'rt sure of";* Johnson conj. *"That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,"* &c.; perhaps the words of the text mean "that art not the evil thing of which thou art so certain"; other interpretations have been advanced.—I. G.

(with irony) that art innocent, forsooth, of offense, yet sure to offend!—C. H. H.

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 110
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The color of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go: let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet

115. Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.—H. N. H.

116. *"Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,"* alluding to the old "perspective" pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.—I. G.

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honor'd honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;

12–14. *"since Julius Cæsar . . . him";* there is some obscurity here, which may be removed thus: "Julius Cæsar, after his death, saw you his son and friends labouring for his revenge at Philippi: therefore I know no reason why my father should want revengers, as he has also a son and friends surviving him."—H. N. H.

We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. } That 's our offer.

28. The naughty custom, here referred to, of the cuckoo is explained in 1 *Henry IV*, Act v. sc. 1. In this speech, "*o'ercount*" is used equivocally, implying that Antony has overreached as well as outnumbered him. Antony had in fact worked himself into the possession of the house of Pompey's father. Thus in North's *Plutarch:* "Antonius asked him, And where shall we suppe? 'There,' said Pompey; and shewed him his admirall gallie, which had sixe bankes of oares: 'That, said he, is my fathers house they have left me.' He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his fathers house, that was Pompey the Great."—H. N. H.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That 's the next to do.
Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

55. A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.—H. N. H.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that: he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you? 70
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.

71. The incident here alluded to is related in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*. After telling how, upon Cæsar's coming to Alexandria, Pothinus the eunuch drove Cleopatra from the court into the country, and how Cæsar sent secretly for her to come to him, he goes on thus: "She, only taking Apollodorus of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herselfe downe upon a mattresse or flockbed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her." The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher's *False One*.—H. N. H.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs } Show us the way, sir
Ant. }
Lep. }
Pom. Come.
[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*
Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their

amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-colored.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

5. "It satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy" (Warburton).—H. N. H.

17–20. That is, *a sight as unseemly* as the holes where the eyes should be, *without the kindling presence of the eye to fill them.*—H. N. H.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.
Ant. Aye, Lepidus.
Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.
Ant. They are so.
Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!
Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.
Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.
Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus?
Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.
Lep. What color is it of?
Ant. Of it own color too.
Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.
Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?
Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him,
else he is a very epicure.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.
Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't. In me 'tis villainy;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. [*Aside*] For this
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus!
Ant. Bear him ashore. I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas!
Men. Enobarbus, welcome!
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* ***Lepidus.***
Men. Why?
Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

81. *"there"*; Pope, *"then"*; Steevens conj. *"theirs."*—I. G.

Men. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here 's to Cæsar!
Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing;

102. *"increase the reels";* Steevens conj. *"and grease the wheels";* Douce conj. *"increase the revels."*—I. G.

105. *"Strike";* that is, *tap* them, *broach* them. So in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas,* Act v. sc. 10: "Home, Launce, and *strike* a fresh piece of wine."—H. N. H.

The holding every man shall bear as loud 120
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb 131
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

120. *"bear"*; Theobald's emendation; Ff., *"beat."*—I. G.

123. *"pink eyne"* are *small eyes.* "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied.* Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." *Horman's Vulgaria,* 1519. The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet,* or *little eye.* To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the God of wine.—H. N. H.

134. *"Antick'd us"*; made us buffoons.—C. H. H.

Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.
Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I 'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! 140
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo! says a'. There 's my cap.
Men. Hoo! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony

1. *"struck"* alludes to *darting.* Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.—H. N. H.

4. *"Orodes";* the king of Parthia, Pacorus' father.—C. H. H.

5. *"Marcus Crassus";* Crassus, with Pompey and Cæsar, had formed the First Triumvirate. He ruled the province of Syria. He had been routed, taken prisoner, and put to death by the forces of Orodes, the Parthian king.—C. H. H.

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offense
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Mena says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

6. *"'Tis a noble Lepidus"*; alluding, perhaps, ironically, to the signification of the word *lepidus*."—H. N. H.

12. Of course it must be understood that in this dialogue the speakers are but travestying the flights of Lepidus in praise of his colleagues.—H. N. H.

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar': go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet within.*] So; 20
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
The fortress of it; for better might we

16, 17. *"hearts, tongues,"* etc.; a parody of the so-called "reporting sonnet."—C. H. H.

20. That is, they are the *wings* that raise this *lumpish insect* from the ground. So in *Macbeth*, "The *shard-borne* beetle."—H. N. H.

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

35. *"Though you be therein curious";* however closely you may scrutinize my conduct.—C. H. H.

51–52. A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face,* when he has a

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

dark-colored spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and is thought to indicate an ugly temper. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe — thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face,* be crooked," &c.— H. N. H.

59. *"Believe 't till I wept too";* Steevens explains the passage thus: "Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which in reality will be tears of joy."— H. N. H.

Scene III

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I 'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Aye, dread queen.
Cleo. Where? 10
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That 's not so good. He cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish.
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there 's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she 's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

34. Thus in Hill's *Pleasant History*, 1613: "The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "The *head* long, to be prudent and wary."—H. N. H.

Her hair, what color?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honor,

9. *"hint"*; occasion.—C. H. H.

10. *"from his teeth"*; that is, *to appearance only, not seriously.* Thus Dryden in his *Wild Gallant:* "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." So Chapman, in his version of the fifteenth *Iliad:* "She laught, but *meerly from her lips.*" And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre:* "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."—H. N. H.

I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

15. *"Then, world, thou hast";* Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *"Then would thou hadst";* Warburton MS., *"Then would thou hast": "chaps, no,"* Theobald's reading of Ff., *"chaps no."*—I. G.

"chaps"; jaws.—C. H. H.

"no more" does not signify *no longer;* but has the same meaning as *and* no more.—H. N. H.

The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy 's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

6. *"my father's son"; i. e.* the son of his adoptive father, Julius Cæsar, and Cleopatra.—C. H. H.

Mæc. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.
Agr. Who does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

23. *"Who"* for whom is idiomatic in Elizabethan English.—C. H. H.

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

"*Enter Octavia, with her train*"; such is the stage-direction in all the old copies. Modern editions generally omit the words, *with her Train*, thinking them, probably, inconsistent with what Cæsar says, that she "should have an army for an usher." Not being able to perceive any such inconsistency, we retain the words in question.—H. N. H.

Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king

53. *"left unloved";* Collier MS., *"held unloved";* Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, *"felt unloved";* Seymour conj. *"left unvalued";* Staunton conj. *"left unpriz'd."*—I. G.

61. *"obstruct";* the old copy reads *abstract.* The alteration was made by Warburton.—H. N. H.

67. *"who";* that is, which two persons are now levying.—H. N. H.

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Octa. Aye me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

80. *"wrong led";* Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *wronged* for *wrong led;* but Cæsar probably means that his sister had been *misled* in what she had written to him.—H. N. H.

Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,

5. *"If not denounced against us"*; Hanmer reads, *"Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?"*; Jackson conj. *"Is't not? Denounce against us!"*; &c.—I. G.

In the passage of *Plutarch* which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: "Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he *proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra*, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire."—H. N. H.

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

20. Plutarch gives the following account of this matter: "Antonius, through the perswasion of Domitius, commanded Cleopatra to returne into Ægypt, and there to understand the successe of this warre. But Cleopatra, fearing lest Antonius should againe be made friends with Cæsar by the meanes of his wife Octavia, so plied Canidius with money, that he became her spokesman unto Antonius, and told him there was no reason to send her from this warre, who defrayed so great a charge; neither was it for his profit, because thereby the Ægyptians would be utterly discouraged, which were the chiefest strength of the army by sea: that he could see no king of all their confederates, that Cleopatra was inferiour unto either for wisdome or judgment; seeing that, long before, she had wisely gouverned so great a realme as Ægypt; and besides that, she had bene so long acquainted with him, by whom she had learned to manage great affaires. These faire perswasions won him; for it was predestinated that the government of all the world should fall into Octavius Cæsars hands."—H. N. H.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea: what else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.
Can. Aye, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

25. *"admired"*; wondered at.—C. H. H.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I 'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

61. *"Thetis";* Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids. —H. N. H.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't; so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

69. *"his whole action grows Not in the power on't"; i. e.* "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," &c. (Malone).—I. G.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time 's with labor, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

A plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, and Taurus, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

81. *"throes";* in Shakespeare *throe* and *throw* are always spelled alike; so that it is not quite certain which word was intended here. Collier prints *throw;* but, surely, *throe* is much the more expressive word, and equally fitting, at least, to the context.—H. N. H.

We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X

Another part of the plain.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt— 10

10. *"Yon ribaudred nag";* the original reads,—"Yon *ribaudred Nagge of Egypt.*" Steevens and Malone changed *ribaudred* into

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June!—
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:

ribald-rid; and Singer, following the opinion of Tyrwhitt, changed *nag* into *hag*. *Ribald* and *ribaldry* were anciently spelled *ribaud* and *ribaudrie*. Here the verse obviously requires a word of two syllables; and we have almost no doubt that the Poet wrote *ribaud*, which somehow got misprinted *ribaudred*. Of course the epithet is applied to Cleopatra to express her notorious profligacy. It seems to us, also, that the Poet meant to use the term *nag*, in reference to her speedy flight from the battle, carrying Antony off, as it were, on her back.—H. N. H.

14. The two parts of the line were transposed for the sake of the meter.—H. N. H.

O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!

Eno. Aye, are you thereabouts? Why then good night
Indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure 's in the harbor, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims: let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!
Eros. Sir, sir!
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah! stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,

35–36. *"he at Philippi kept his sword e'en like a dancer";* the meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends well:*

> "I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
> Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
> Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn,*
> But one to *dance* with."—H. N. H.

37, 38. *Cf. Julius Cæsar,* Act V.—C. H. H.

47. In this line *"but"* is used in its exceptive sense; for *but that,* or *unless.*—H. N. H.

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene XII

Egypt. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,

9. *"his grand sea"* appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. *His* was constantly used for *its*.—H. N. H.

Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

28–29. *"And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers";* Grant White conj. *"What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention";* Walker, *"and more. . . . From thine invention offer."*—I. G.

Scene XIII

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphronius the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Aye, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

25–28. *"I dare . . . alone"*; I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to answer me man to man in this *decline* of my age and power (Johnson).—H. N. H.

30. *"Happiness"*; good fortune.—C. H. H.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attend.*

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honor therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,

39. "*blown*"; overblown, and no longer fragrant.—C. H. H.

Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god and knows
What is most right: mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What 's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

81. *"give me grace"*; grant me the favor.—H. N. H.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; makes us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

109. *"feeders";* that is, on *menials.* Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose, in the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, says: "Where are all my *eaters,* my mouths, now? Bar up my doors, you varlets." Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour,* Act iii. sc. 1: *"Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders."* "Have I," says Antony, "abandoned Octavia, a gem of women, to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!" We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully establishing this explanation.—H. N. H.

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

First Att. He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems

Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone!

[*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,

162. *"dissolve my life"*; that is, the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away.—H. N. H.

"Cæsarion" was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.—H. N. H.

"Cæsarion smite"; Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *"Cæsarian smile."* —I. G.

Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,

165. *"discandying";* the original has *discandering. Discandying* was proposed by Thirlby, and has been generally received. Of course it signifies melting out of a *candied,* that is, a solid state; which agrees well with the context, "a *pelleted* storm" being a storm of *bullets.* Moreover, *discandy* occurs, in a similar sense, in Act iv. sc. 10 of this play. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *discandering,* and explain it to mean *dis-squandering,* that is, *scattering.* It is true, as they remark, that *squander* was sometimes used for *scatter;* as in *The Merchant of Venice,* Act i. sc. 3. It is also true, that the prepositive *dis, di,* was often used augmentatively or intensively. And it is also true, that the sense of *scattering* is congruent to the rest of the expression. All which might be good reason for adopting *disquandering;* but not, it seems to us, for retaining *discandering.*—H. N. H.

Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

183. *"gaudy night";* feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. "From *gaudium,*" says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army: Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die, meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,

5. *"I have many other ways to die";* Upton would read: *"He* hath many other ways to die: mean time *I* laugh at his challenge." This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."—H. N. H.

Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
Exeunt.

Scene II

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I 'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'
Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,

8. "*Take all*"; let the survivor *take all;* no composition; victory or death.—H. N. H.

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third. Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

All. [*Speaking together*] How now! How now!
Do you hear this?

First Sold. Aye; is 't not strange? 20
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armor Eros!

Enter Eros with armor.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.
Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.
What 's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;

3. *"mine"*; Ff., *thine."*—I. G.
"iron"; weapon.—C. H. H.
5–8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).—I. G.

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defenses.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

10. "*Briefly*" is here used for *quickly*.—The original prints this part of the dialogue somewhat confusedly; the whole passage beginning with, "Nay, I'll help too," and ending with, "Thus it must be," being assigned to Cleopatra. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Malone gave the arrangement of the dialogue as it here stands. In the next speech of Antony, the same volume substitutes "shall *bear* a storm" for "shall *hear* a storm." The change is plausible, but not necessary.—H. N. H.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well, on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Alexandria. Antony's camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure 10
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*

17. *"Dispatch. Enobarbus!";* Steevens (1773) reading; F. 1, *"Dispatch Enobarbus";* F. 2, *"Dispatch Eros";* Ff. 3, 4, *"Dispatch, Eros";* Pope, *"dispatch my Eros";* Johnson conj. *"Dispatch! To Enobarbus!";* Capell, *"Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!";* Rann, *"Eros! Dispatch";* Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, *"Eros, despatch";* Anon. conj. *"Domitius Enorbarbus!"*—I. G.

For this scene and a subsequent one where Enobarbus dies, Plutarch furnished only the following basis: "Antonius dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatras

Scene VI

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,

mind. For he being sicke of an ague when he went and tooke a little boate to go unto Cæsars camp, Antonius was very sorie for it, but yet he sent after him all his cariage, traine, and men; and the same Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, died immediately after. There were certaine kings also that forsooke him, and turned on Cæsars side, as Amyntas and Deiotarus."—H. N. H.

6–7. *"the three-nook'd world"* is "the *three corner'd* world." So in *King John:* "Come *the three corners of the world* in arms, and we shall shock them." How the world came to be thus spoken of as having *three corners* only, has not been satisfactorily explained. Such, however, was, the usage of the time.—The Poet elsewhere refers to the *"olive"* as the symbol of *peace.* Thus in *2 Henry VI:* "But peace puts forth her olive every where."—H. N. H.

That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill:
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer

13. *"persuade";* Rowe's correction of Ff., *"disswade."*—I. G.

The original has *dissuade,* which Mr. Collier retains, against all propriety. The correction, evident in itself, is confirmed by Plutarch: "Alexas Laodician, who was brought unto Antonius house and favour by meanes of Timagenes, afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian. Him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keepe him his friend. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *perswaded* him to turne to Cæsar; and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cæsars presence. Howbeit, Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his owne countrey, and there by Cæsars commandment put to death."—H. N. H.

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Scene VII

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home

With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.
Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood

That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man 's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The bonor'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can

15. "*proof of harness*"; that is, armor of proof.—H. N. H.

Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling taborines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

22. *"get goal"*; at all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal* is to be a superior in a contest of activity.—H. N. H.

23. *"favoring"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"savouring."*—I. G.

Scene IX

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

Sec. Sold. Let 's speak to him.

First Sold. Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X

Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven.....
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI

Another part of the same.

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

4–9. "*But this it is,*" etc.; the original here presents a singularly impracticable reading, which we subjoin, pointing and all:

"But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looke on their endevour."

Modern editions, until Knight's, supposing some words to have dropped out after *haven,* have supplied either *Further on,* proposed by Rowe, or *Let's seek a spot,* proposed by Malone.—H. N. H.

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XII

Hills adjoining to Alexandria.
Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter Antony.

3–4. *"Swallows have built . . . nests";* Plutarch speaks of this and divers other ominous events as occurring before the battle of Actium: "Before this warre, it is reported, many signes and wonders fell out. One of the images of stone, which was set up in honour of Antonius in the city of Alba, did sweate many daies together; and though some wiped it away, yet it left not sweating still. And in the city of Athens also, in a place where the warre of the Giants against the gods is set out in imagerie, the statue of Bacchus with a terrible wind was throwne downe in the theatre. It was said, that Antonius came of the race of Hercules, and in the manner of his life he followed Bacchus, and therefore was called the new Bacchus. The admirall galley of Cleopatra was called Antoniade, in the which there chanced a marvellous ill signe: swallowes had bred under the poope of her ship, and there came others after them, and drave the first away, and plucked downe their neasts."—H. N. H.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,

13. *"Triple-turn'd";* as having given her favors successively to Cæsar, Antony, and Octavius.—C. H. H.

21. *"spaniel'd";* the old editions read *pannelled. "Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Helena says to Demetrius: "I am your *spaniel,*—only give me leave, unworthy as I am, to *follow you.*"—H. N. H.

25. *"soul";* Capell, *"soil";* Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *"spell";* S. Walker conj. *"snake"; "grave";* Pope reads *"gay";* Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *"great";* Singer (ed. 2), *"grand."*—I. G.

"this grave charm" probably means this deadly or destructive piece of witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman in his translation of *Homer.* Thus in the nineteenth book: "But not far hence the fatal minutes are of thy *grave* ruin." It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis.* Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *spell* for *soul,* and *great* for *grave;* and Mr. Singer tells us the latter change is also

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plow thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere

made in one of his own copies. Both changes seem plausible.—H. N. H.

27. "That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavors." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus.*—H. N. H.

37. *"doits";* the old copies have *"dolts"* instead of *"doits."* The emendation is Warburton's. Shakespeare often uses *doits,* meaning, of course, small pieces of money. Tyrwhitt proposed, and Steevens adopted *"to* dolts" as the right reading. Knight and Verplanck, however, retain *dolts,* and explain the passage thus: *"Poor'st diminutives* are the children of the humblest condition, and classed with *dolts*—the silly and ignorant of a larger growth; the whole forming what Cleopatra, in the last scene of the play, calls the 'shouting varletry' of Rome. We must therefore understand *'for'* to mean *for the gratification of,* or adopt a suggestion by Malone, 'be shown' *fore!*"—H. N. H.

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho!
[*Exit.*

Scene XIII

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!

1–2. "*he is more mad than Telamon*"; that is, than *Ajax Telamon* for the armor of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield.—H. N. H.

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIV

The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Aye, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Aye, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

8. *"vesper's pageants";* the beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorne; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."—H. N. H.

The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

10. *"the rack dislimns";* that is, "the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture."—H. N. H.

19. *"pack'd cards";* to *pack the cards* was often used metaphorically, for contriving together to deceive another. The meaning is, that Cleopatra, by collusion, falsely played the great game they were engaged in, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.*—H. N. H.

And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther: now all labor
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.

38–39. That is, "the battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; would it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me."—H. N. H.

Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:

60. *"less noble mind"* is to be taken in the sense of "less *noble-minded.*" Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sory that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman."—H. N. H.

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

87. *"Lo thee"*; Grant White conj. *"Lo there."*—I. G.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What 's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where 's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She has a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage

123. Mr. Collier's second folio alters *"dispos'd"* to *compos'd;* an argument that those corrections are much more modern than the text. *Dispose* was sometimes used for *arrange.* Thus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Book ii. can. 8: "Words, well *dispost,* have secret powre t'appease inflamed rage."—H. N. H.

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

Scene XV

The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.
Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.
Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,

10. *"Burn the great sphere";* Hanmer, *"Turn from the sphere";* Warburton, *"Turn from th' great sphere."*—I. G.

11. *"shore";* Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, *"star."*—I. G.

According to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.—H. N. H.

Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

21. *"I dare not";* Malone conj. *"I dare not descend";* Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, *"I dare not come down";* Anon. conj., from Plutarch, *"I dare not ope the gates,"* &c.—I. G.

Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.—H. N. H.

25. *"brooch'd"; brooch* was used for an *ornament* of any kind. So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster:* "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." And in *Hamlet,* Act iv. sc. 7: "He is the *brooch,* indeed, and gem of all the nation."—H. N. H.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here 's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honor, with your safety. O!
Cleo. They do not go together.

32. *"sport";* divers editors have made a strange stumbling-block out of this use of *sport;* just as if anything were more common or more natural, than for people to express the intensest feeling by words of a contrary meaning! Mr. Collier's second folio changes *sport* into *port,* which is supposed to be from a French word meaning weight; and Mr. Singer proposes to read *support.* We believe that *sport* is not only the word used by Shakespeare, but the *fittest* word he could use in the place.—H. N. H.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She 's dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!

65. *"soldier's pole";* that is, their *standard* or rallying point is thrown down.—H. N. H.

Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,

73. *"No more, but e'en a woman";* Capell's version; Ff. read *"No more but in a Woman";* Rowe, *"No more but a meer woman";* Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, *"No more—but e'en a woman."*—I. G.

75. *"chares"* is an old word for diverse little items and patches of work, such as commonly fall to boys and servant-girls. In New England *chores* is still used in the same way for such matters as feeding the pigs, watering the horses, milking the cows, &c.—H. N. H.

And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end. 91
[*Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dollabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,

2. *"frustrate";* in such verbs as frustrate, contaminate, and consummate, the participle was often so formed. In the Psalter we have a similar usage: "Be ye *lift* up, ye everlasting doors."—H. N. H.

5. *"appear thus";* that is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.—H. N. H.

I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings

15. *"crack: the round world";* Steevens conj. *"crack than this: the riun'd world";* Singer conj. *"crack: the round world convulsive";* Nicholson conj. *"crack: the round world in rending";* Daniel conj. *"crack in the round world,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

16–17. *"Should have shook,"* etc.; commentators have puzzled a good deal over this passage, and most of them have concluded that some words had been lost in the printing. From the defectiveness of the measure it seems not unlikely that such may be the case. Still the sense is complete enough. Of course the idea is of a shaking, such as to confound cities and deserts together, throwing lions into the streets of men, and men into the dens of lions. We follow the arrangement of the original.—H. N. H.

24. *"Splitted the heart";* Collier MS., *"Split that self noble heart";* Elze conj. *"Splitted that very heart."*—I. G.

To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this. But do we lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars
Unreconcilable should divide

28. *"wash the eyes of kings"*; "May the gods rebuke me *if it be not* tidings to make kings weep." *But* again in its exceptive sense.—H. N. H.

46. *"his"* for *its*.—H. N. H.

47–48. *"should divide,"* etc.; that is, *should have made us,* in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die.—H. N. H.

Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We 'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome

52. *"A poor Egyptian yet";* that is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.—H. N. H.

59–60. *"live To be ungentle";* Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Ff. read *"leaue to be ungentle";* Capell, *"Leave to be gentle";* Tyrwhitt conj. *"learn To be ungentle";* Gould conj. *"bear to be ungentle."*—I. G.

Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]
Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Alexandria. The monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

"Enter Cleopatra," etc.; the Poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be difficult to represent this scene on the stage in any other way than making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument.—H. N. H.

Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What 's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

6. *"bolts up change";* voluntary death is an act *which bolts up change;* it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. It has been already said in this play: "Our *dungy* earth feeds man as beast." "The Æthiopian king," says Herodotus, "upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but *dung,* did not attain á longer life."—H. N. H.

7. *"dug";* Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, *"dugg";* Ff. *"dung";* Nicholson conj. *"tongue";* Cartwright conj. *"wrong";* Bailey conj. *"doom."*—I. G.

20. *"as";* in Shakespeare's time, *as* was often used where we should use *that.*—H. N. H.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You 're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

27. "*pray in aid*"; *praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.—H. N. H.

29–30. "*send him the greatness*"; "In yielding to him I only give him that honor which he himself has achieved."—H. N. H.

35. There is no stage-direction here in the old copy: that now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch. In the original the speech here assigned to Gallus is given to Proculeius, as is also the preceding speech.—H. N. H.

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

50. *"necesary";* Hanmer, *"accessary";* Malone conj. *"necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word";* Ritson conj. *"necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary."*—I. G.

That is, if for once it be necessary to use idle talk; implying that her purposes are for action, not for speech. Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without reference to the future.—H. N. H.

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please ye,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

83. *"propertied as all the tuned spheres";* harmonious as the spheres. For the Platonic doctrine of the harmony of the spheres *cf.* the *Timæus,* §§ 37 *et seq.:* "The body of heaven is visible, but the soul is invisible, and partakes of reason and harmony" (Jowett's translation).—C. H. H.

85. *"quail";* make tremble.—C. H. H.

87. *"an autumn 'twas";* Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Ff. read *"an Anthony it was,"* &c.—I. G.

Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honorable,—
Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.
[*Flourish and shout within:* 'Make way there: Cæsar!'

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, Seleucus, and others of his Train.

97–98. *"nature . . . fancy"; to vie* here has its metaphorical sense of to *contend in rivalry.* Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece,* and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming;* he was more by nature than fancy could present in sleep.—H. N. H.

104. *"smite";* Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, *"suites";* Ff. 3, 4, *"suits";* Pope, *"shoots."*—I. G.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought

164. "*Addition of his envy*"; that this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely his own *malice*. —H. N. H.

174. "*my chance*," *i. e.* my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads "*mischance*"; S. Walker conj. "*my change*"; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, "*my glance*."—I. G.

Of course the meaning is, that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. The image, though oddly expressed, is not uncommon. Chaucer has a similar one: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken."—H. N. H.

For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

178–179. *"We answer others' merits in our name, Are"*; Malone's reading; Ff., *"We answer others merits, in our name Are"*; &c.—I. G.

That is, we answer for that which others have *merited* by their transgressions.—H. N. H.

185. *"make not your thoughts your prisons"*; be not a prisoner in imagination.—H. N. H.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
And forced to drink their vapor.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors

216. *"greasy aprons,"* etc.; *cf. Julius Cæsar,* i. 1. 4, 5.—C. H. H.

Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see 219
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I 'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch

216. *"Ballad";* the dread of being "executed in a ballad" is a theme of frequent allusion with the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. One of Falstaff's threats, in *1 Henry IV,* Act ii. sc. 2, turns upon it: "An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." And in Massinger's *Bondman,* Act v. sc. 3, one of the insurgent slaves, humbly begging he "may not twice be executed," when asked what he means, answers thus:

> "At the gallows first, and after in a ballad
> Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
> About the town, grown fat on these occasions.
> Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fir'd,
> A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
> Or any such like accident, and, before
> They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's made,
> Which makes their ghosts walk."—H. N. H.

My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Wherefore 's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,

229. "*sirrah*" was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women.—H. N. H.

240. "*fleeting*," or flitting, is *changeable, inconstant*.—H. N. H.

243. "*worm*" is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent*. The

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Aye, aye; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted

word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm*. Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.—H. N. H.

256–258. *"but he . . . they do";* Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire": but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humor of the clown's speech.—H. N. H.

but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements

292. *"my other elements"*; according to the old philosophy, there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *King Henry V*, Act iii. sc. 7, the Dauphin de-

I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!

scribes his horse thus: "He is pure *air* and *fire;* and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."—H. N. H.

295. *"Iras falls and dies";* Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.—H. N. H.

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

322. Charmian remembers the words: "When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday."—H. N. H.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
Sec. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She level'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which

356. *"caves"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"caues"*; Barry conj. *"canes"*; Anon. conj. *"caves"*; Perring conj. *"course."*—I. G.

358. To *pursue conclusions* is to *try experiments.* Plutarch gives the following account of these experiments: "Cleopatra was very carefull in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proofe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applyed unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry proofes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swouning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feele any paine. For they are so sorie when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleepe."—H. N. H.

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abhorring, abomination; V. ii. 60.

Abode, staying; I. ii. 189.

Abstract; "the a. of all faults," "a microcosm of sinfulness"; I. iv. 9.

Abused, ill-used; III. vi. 86.

Abysm, abyss; III. xiii. 147.

Admitted, acknowledged; registered; (Theobald, *"omitted"*); V. ii. 140.

Afeard, afraid; II. v. 81.

Affect'st, pleases; (F. 1, *"affects"*); I. iii. 71.

Aid; "pray in a.", seek assistance, call in help from another; V. ii. 27.

Alcides, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.

Alike; "having a. your cause," "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 51.

All-obeying, obeyed by all; III. xiii. 77.

Alms-drink, "leavings"; (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him); II. vii. 5.

Angle, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10.

Answer, render account; III. xiii. 27.

Antoniad, the name of the flagship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.

Apace, fast; IV. vii. 6.

Appeal, impeachment; III. v. 12.

Approof; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a.", *i. e.* "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.

Approves, proves; I. i. 60.

Arabian bird, *i. e.* the Phœnix; III. ii. 12.

Argument, proof; III. xii. 3.

Arm-gaunt, (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.

Armorer, one who has care of the armor of his master; IV. iv. 7.

As, as if; I. ii. 105.

As low as, lower than; III. iii. 37.

Aspic, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 296.

——'s, (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Aspects"*); V. ii. 354.

As 't, as if it; IV. viii. 6.

At heel of, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 160.

Atone, reconcile; II. ii. 102.

Attend, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 60.

——, await; III. x. 32.

Augurer, diviner, foreteller; V. ii. 337.

Auguring, prophesying; II. i. 10.

Avoid, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 242.

Awry, not straight; (Pope's emendation of Ff., *"away"*); V. ii. 321.

Band, bond; II. vi. 132; III. ii. 26.
Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 12.
Bark'd, peeled; IV. xii. 23.
Battery; "b. from my heart," *i. e.* the battery proceeding from the beating of, my heart; IV. xiv. 39.
Battle, army; III. ix. 2.
Beck'd, beckoned; IV. xii. 26.
Beguiled, cheated; V. ii. 326.
Belike, I suppose; I. ii. 36.
Bench-holes, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.
Bereave, deprive; V. ii. 130.
Best, it were best; IV. vi. 26.
Bestrid, did stride over; V. ii. 82.
Betime, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.
Blown, swollen; V. ii. 352.
Blows, swells; IV. vi. 34.
Boar; "the b. of Thessaly," *i. e.* "the boar killed by Meleager"; IV. xiii. 2.
Boggler, inconstant woman; III. xiii. 110.
Bolts up, fetters; V. ii. 6.
Bond, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.
Boot; "make b.", take advantage; IV. i. 9.
Boot thee with, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.
Boy my greatness, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.
Branded, stigmatized; IV. xiv. 77.
Brave, defy; IV. iv. 5.
Break, communicate; I. ii. 191.
Breather, one who lives; III. iii. 24.
Breathing, utterance; I. iii. 14.
Breeze, gadfly; III. x. 14.
Brief, summary; V. ii. 138.
Bring, take; III. v. 25.
Bring me, *i. e.* bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.
Brooch'd, adorned as with a brooch; (Wray conj. *"brook'd"*); IV. xv. 25.
Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
But, if not; V. ii. 103.
But being, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.
But it is, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.
By, according to; III. iii. 43.

Call on him, call him to account; (?) "visit," (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.
Cantle, piece; III. x. 6.
Carbuncled, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
Carriage; "the c. of his chafe", the bearing of his passion, *i. e.* his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
Carries beyond, surpasses; III. vii. 76.
Cast, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
Chance; "wounded ch.", broken fortunes; III. x. 36.
——, fortune; V. ii. 174.
——, occur; III. iv. 13.
Chare, task; V. ii. 231.
Chares, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.
Charm, charmer; IV. xii. 16.
Check, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
Chuck, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
Circle, crown; III. xii. 18.
Clip, embrace; IV. viii. 8.

CLIP, surround; V. ii. 362.
CLOSE, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
CLOTH-OF-GOLD OF TISSUE, *i. e.* "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 204.
CLOUTS, cloths; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
CLOYLESS, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
COLOR, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
COMES DEAR'D, becomes endeared; (Ff., *"comes fear'd"*); I. iv. 44.
COMFORT; "best of c.", *i. e.* "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, *"Be of comfort"*); III. vi. 89.
COMMAND, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
COMMISSION, warrant; II. iii. 41.
COMPARISONS, advantages, *i. e.* "things in his favor, when compared to me"; (Pope, *"caparisons"*); III. xiii. 26.
COMPETITOR, associate; I. iv. 3.
COMPOSE, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
COMPOSURE, composition; I. iv. 22.
CONCLUSION; "still c.", *i. e.* quiet inference; (Collier MS., *"still condition"*); IV. xv. 28.
CONCLUSIONS, experiments; V. ii. 358.
CONFOUND, waste; I. i. 45.
——, destroy; III. ii. 58.
CONGEALMENT, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
CONTENT, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
CONTINENT; "thy c.", that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
CONTRIVING; "many our c. friends," *i. e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 196.
CONVERSATION, deportment; II. vi. 134.
CORRIGIBLE, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
COUCH, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
COULD, would gladly; I. ii. 133.
COURSE, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
COURT OF GUARD, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
CRACK, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
CRESCENT, increasing; II. i. 10.
CRESTED, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
CROWNET, crown; IV. xii. 27.
——S, coronets; V. ii. 91.
CUNNING, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 154.
——, skill, art; II. iii. 34.
CURIOUS, careful; III. ii. 35.
CURSTNESS, ill-humor; II. ii. 25.

DAFF'T, doff it, take it off; (F. 1, *"daft"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"doft"*; Rowe, *"dof't"*); IV. iv. 13.
DARE, defiance; I. ii. 198.
DARKENS, obscures; III. i. 24.
DARKLING, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
DEALT ON LIEUTENANTRY, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
DEATH AND HONOR, honorable death; IV. ii. 44.
DECLINED, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
DEFEAT'ST, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
DEFEND, forbid; III. iii. 46.
DEMON, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
DEMURELY, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.
DEMURING, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
DEPUTATION; "in d.", by deputy;

(Ff., *"disputation"*); III. xiii. 74.

Derogately, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.

Desires; "your d. are yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.

Determine, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.

Determines, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.

Diminutives, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.

Disaster, disfigure; II. vii. 19.

Discandy, melt; IV. xii. 22.

Discandying, melting, thawing; (Ff. *"discandering"*; Rowe, *"discattering"*); III. xiii. 165.

Discontents, malcontents; I. iv. 39.

Dislimns, effaces, blots out; (Ff., *"dislimes"*); IV. xiv. 10.

Dismission, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.

Disponge, pour down; IV. ix. 13.

Dispose, dispose of; V. ii. 186.

Disposed, settled matters; (Collier MS., *"compos'd"*); IV. xiv. 123.

Disposition; "pinch one another by the d.", "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 8.

Distractions, detachments; III. vii. 77.

Divine, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 126.

Doits, the smallest sum of money; (Ff., *"Dolts," i. e.* fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.

Doughty-handed, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.

Dread, fear; IV. xiv. 127.

Droven, driven; IV. vii. 5.

Dumb'd, silenced; (Ff. *"dumb"* Warburton, *"done"*); I. v. 50.

Ear, plow; I. iv. 49.

Earing, tilling, plowing; I. ii. 117.

Ebb'd, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.

Edges, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.

Edict; "make thine own e.", decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.

Effects, realization; V. ii. 333.

Egypt, *i. e.* the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.

Egypt's widow, *i. e.* Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.

Elder, better, superior; III. x. 13.

Embattle, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.

Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term; (Ff., *"imbost"*); IV. xiii. 3.

Enforce, urge; II. ii. 99.

——, lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.

Enfranched, enfranchised; (Theobald, *"enfranchis'd"*); III. xiii. 149.

Enfranchise, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.

Enow, enough; (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.

Ensued, followed; IV. xiv. 77.

Entertainment, reception; III. xiii. 140.

——, service; IV. vi. 17.

Enter with, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.

Envy, malice; V. ii. 164.

Estridge, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.

Eternal; "e. in our triumph," *i. e.* "be for ever recorded as

the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. *"eternaling"*); V. i. 66.

EVERY OF, every one of; I. ii. 40.

EVIDENCE, proof; I. iii. 74.

EXIGENT, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.

EXPEDIENCE, expedition; I. ii. 192.

EXTENDED, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 107.

EYE, appear; I. iii. 97.

FACTION, dissension; I. iii. 48.

FAIRY, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.

FALL, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.

——, let fall; III. xi. 67.

FALLIBLE, blunder for *infallible;* (F. 1, *"falliable"*); V. ii. 259.

FAME, rumor, report; II. ii. 166.

FAST AND LOOSE, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. xii. 28.

FATS, vats; II. vii. 124.

FAVOR, face, countenance; II. v. 38.

FEAR, frighten; II. vi. 24.

FEARFUL, full of fear; III. xi. 55.

FEATURE, external appearance; II. v. 112.

FEEDERS, parasites; III. xiii. 109.

FELLOWS, companions; IV. ii. 13.

FERVENCY, eagerness; II. v. 18.

FETCH IN, take, capture; IV. i. 14.

FEVER, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.

FIGS; "I love long life better than f.", a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 33.

FILES, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.

FINISH, end, die; V. ii. 193.

FLAW; "becomes his f.", *i. e.* "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.

FLEET, float; (Rowe, *"float"*); III. xiii. 171.

FLUSH YOUTH, "youth ripened to manhood"; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"flesh y."*); I. iv. 52.

FOISON, plenty; II. vii. 24.

FOLLOW'D, chased; V. i. 36.

FOOTMEN, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.

FOR, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.

FORBEAR, withdraw; V. ii. 175.

FORBEAR ME, leave me alone; I. ii. 127.

FORMAL, ordinary; II. v. 41.

FORSPOKE, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.

FORTH, out of; IV. x. 7.

FOR THAT, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.

——, because; III. vii. 30.

FRAME TO, conform; V. i. 55.

FROM, away from; II. vi. 30.

FRONT, oppose, face; I. iv. 79.

FRONTED, opposed; II. ii. 61.

FRUSTRATE, frustrated; V. i. 2.

FULLEST, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.

GARBOILS, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.

GAUDY, festive; III. xiii. 183.

GESTS, deeds; (Warburton's conj. adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"guests"*); IV. viii. 2.

GET, win; IV. viii. 22.

GIVE, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.

GIVE OFF, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.

GOT, won; V. ii. 30.

GOT UPON, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.

GRACE, honor; III. xiii. 81.

GRACE; "to gr.", by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.

GRACEFUL, favorable; II. ii. 60.

Grants, allows, admits; III. i. 29.
Grates me, it vexes me; I. i. 18.
'Greed, agreed; II. vi. 38.
Green sickness, a disease of women, characterized by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.
Griefs, grievances; II. ii. 100.
Grow to, be added to; II. ii. 25.

H, formerly pronounced *ache;* here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.
Hap, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.
Haply, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. i. 74.
Harried, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 43.
Hearts; "my h.", a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.
Heaviness, used with play upon the two senses of the word, (i.) weight, (ii.) sorrow; IV. xv. 33.
Heavy, sad; IV. xv. 40.
Held my cap off, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 65.
Herod, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 29.
Hie, hasten; II. iii. 15.
Hie thee, hasten; V. ii. 194.
High-battled, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.
His, its; III. xii. 10.
Holding, burden of the song; II. vii. 120.
Homager, vassal; I. i. 31.
Home, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 111.
Hope, suppose; II. i. 38.
Humanity, human nature; V. i. 32.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.
If that, if; III. xiii. 80.
Immoment, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.
Immortal, blunder for *mortal,* deadly; V. ii. 247.
Imperious, imperial; IV. xv. 23.
Import, carry with them; II. ii. 135.
Impress, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.
In, in for it; II. vii. 39.
Inclips, encloses; II. vii. 76.
Ingross'd, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.
Inhoop'd, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 38.
Injurious, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.
Intend; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.
Intrinsicate, intricate; (Capell's Errata, *"intrinsecate"*; Wray conj. *"intricate"*); V. ii. 307.
Isis, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 68.
It own, its own; II. vii. 51.

Jack, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.
Jaded, spurned; III. i. 34.
Jump, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

Keep; "k., yourself within yourself", keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.
Kind; "do his k.", *i. e.* "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 264.
Knave, boy; IV. xiv. 12.
——, servant; V. ii. 3.
Known, known each other; II. vi. 86.

LACK BLOOD, turn pale; I. iv. 52.
LANCE, cut; in order to cure; (F f., *"launch"*; Pope, *"launce"*); V. i. 36.
LANGUISH, lingering disease; (Johnson conj. *"anguish"*); V. ii. 42.
LANK'D, became thin; I. iv. 71.
LATE, lately; IV. i. 13.
LATED, belated; III. xi. 3.
LEGIONS, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.
LENGTH, length of life; (Steevens conj. *"life"*); IV. xiv. 46.
LETHE'D, oblivious, unconscious; (Ff., *"Lethied"*); II. i. 27.
LEVEL'D AT, guessed at; V. ii. 339.
LICHAS, the companion of Hercules; (Ff., *"Licas"*); IV. xii. 45.
LIFE; "her l. in Rome," *i. e.* her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.
LIGHTNESS, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.
LIKE, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37.
——, likely; III. xiii. 29.
LIST, listen to; IV. ix. 6.
LOATHNESS, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.
LOOF'D, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.
LOTTERY, prize; II. ii. 248.
LOUD, in high words; II. ii. 21.
LUXURIOUSLY, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

MAKE NOTE, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.
MALLARD, drake; III. x. 20.
MANDRAGORA, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.
MARBLE-CONSTANT, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.
MEAN, means; III. ii. 32.
MECHANIC, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.
MEDICINE, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.
MEETER, more fitting; V. i. 49.
MEETLY, well; I. iii. 81.
MERED; "m. question," *i. e.* "the sole cause and subject of the war"; (Rowe, *"meer"*; Johnson, *"mooted"*; Jackson, *"meted"*; Kinnear, *"merest," etc.*); III. xiii. 10.
MERELY, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.
MERITS, deserts; V. ii. 178.
MIND; "less noble m.", *i. e.* being of less noble mind; (Rowe, Pope, *less noble-minded*); IV. xiv. 60.
MINGLE, union; I. v. 59.
MISDOUBT, mistrust; III. vii. 63.
MISLIKE, dislike; III. xiii. 147.
MISSIVE, messenger; II. ii. 74.
MIS-THOUGHT, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.
MODERN, ordinary; V. ii. 167.
MOE, more; IV. xiv. 18.
MOMENT; "upon far poorer m.", with less cause; I. ii. 150.
MOODY, sad; II. v. 1.
MOONS, months; III. xii. 6.
MORN-DEW, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.
MORTAL, deadly; V. ii. 306.
MOST, utmost; II. ii. 169.
MOTION; "in my m.", "intuitively"; II. iii. 14.
MOUNT, "at the M.," *i. e.* M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.
MULETERS, muleteers, mule-

drivers; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Muliters"*; F. 1, *"Militers"*); III. vii. 36.

Mused of, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.

Muss, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.

Naught, worthless; IV. xv. 78.

Negligent; "in n. danger", *i. e.* "in danger through being negligent"; III. vi. 81.

Nessus; "the shirt of N.", the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.

Nice, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.

Nick'd, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.

Noises it, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.

Number, put into verse; III. ii. 17.

O, circle; V. ii. 81.

Oblivion, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.

Observance, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.

Obstruct, obstruction; (Warburton conj. adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"abstract"*; Keightley, *"obstruction"*; Cartwright conj. *"obstacle"*); III. vi. 61.

Occasion, necessity; II. vi. 144.

Of, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 161.

——, about, concerning; II. vi. 126.

——, from; IV. viii. 22.

——, for; IV. xv. 60.

Of, with; V. ii. 212.

Office, function, service; I. i. 5.

On, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.

Oppression, difficulty; (Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer, *"opposition"*); IV. vii. 2.

Orbs, spheres; III. xiii. 146.

Ordinary, meal; II. ii. 230.

Ostentation, display; (Theobald, *"ostent"*; S. Walker conj. *"ostention"*); III. vi. 52.

Out-go; "the time shall not o.", "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.

Outstrike, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.

Owe, own; IV. viii. 31.

Pace, break in; II. ii. 64.

Pack'd, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.

Pacorus, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.

Pales, impales, encloses; II. vii. 76.

Pall'd, decaying, waning; II. vii. 90.

Palter, equivocate; III. xi. 63.

Pants, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.

Paragon, compare; I. v. 71.

Parcel; "a p. of," *i. e.* "of a piece with"; III. xiii. 32.

——, specify; V. ii. 163.

Part, depart; I. ii. 193.

Particular, private affairs; I. iii. 54.

——, personal relation; IV. ix. 20.

Partisan, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 15.

Parts, sides; III. iv. 14.

Past, beyond; I. ii. 154.

Patch a quarrel, make a quar-

rel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.

PELLETED, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.

PENETRATIVE, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.

PERFORCE, of necessity; III. iv. 6.

PERIOD, end; IV. ii. 25.

PERSISTED; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.

PETITION; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 197.

PIECE, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.

——, master-piece; (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *"prize"*); V. ii. 99.

PINION'D, bound; V. ii. 53.

PINK EYNE, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 123.

PLACED, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.

PLANT, place; IV. vi. 9.

PLANTED, rise; (Warburton MS. *"planned"*); I. iii. 26.

PLANTS, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.

PLATED, clothed in armor; I. i. 4.

PLATES, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.

PLEACH'D, folded; IV. xiv. 73.

POINTS, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xiii. 157.

POLE, load-star; IV. xv. 65.

PORT, gate; IV. iv. 23.

——, carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.

POSSESS, give possession; III. xi. 21.

POSSESS IT, *i. e.* (?) "be master of it"; (Collier MS., *"Profess it"*; Kinnear conj. *"Pledge it"*, etc.); II. vii. 109.

POWER, armed force; III. vii. 58.

——, vital organ; III. xii. 36.

PRACTISED, plotted; II. ii. 40.

PRACTISE ON, plot against; II. ii. 39.

PRAY YE, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 122.

PRECEDENCE, what has preceded; II. v. 51.

PRESCRIPT, direction; III. viii. 5.

PRECEDENT, former; IV. xiv. 83.

PREGNANT, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.

PRESENT, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.

PRESENT, represent; V. ii. 217.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. ii. 161.

PROCESS, mandate; I. i. 28.

PROJECT, shape, form; (Hanmer, *"parget"*; Warburton, *"procter"*; Orger conj. *"perfect"*); V. ii. 121.

PROOF OF HARNESS, armor of proof, tested and tried armor; IV. viii. 15.

PROPER, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.

PROPERTIED, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.

PROROGUE, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.

PROSECUTION, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.

PTOLEMY; "the queen of Pt.", *i. e.* belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.

PURCHASED, acquired; I. iv. 14.

PURGE, be cured; I. iii. 53.

PYRAMISES, pyramids; II. vii. 41.

QUALITY, character; I. ii. 205.

QUEASY, disgusted; III. vi. 20.

QUICK, lively sprightly; V. ii. 216.

QUICKEN, receive life; IV. xv. 39.

QUIT, requite; III. xiii. 124.

RACE; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavor of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, *"ray"*); I. iii. 37.

RACK, floating vapor; IV. xiv. 10.

RAM, thrust; (Hanmer, *"Rain"*; Delius conj. *"Cram"*); II. v. 24.

RANGED, disposed in order; I. i. 34.

RANGES, ranks; III. xiii. 5.

RATES, is worth; III. xi. 69.

RAUGHT, reached; IV. ix. 29.

REEL, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.

REGIMENT, sway; III. vi. 95.

RELIGION, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.

REMARKABLE, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.

REMOVE, removal, departure; I. ii. 210.

RENDER, give up; III. x. 33.

RENDER'D, gave up; (F. 1, *"rendred"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"tendred"*); IV. xiv. 33.

RENEGES, denies; I. i. 8.

REPORTS, reporters; II. ii. 47.

REQUIRES, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.

REVOLTED, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.

RIBAUDRED, lewd; (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *"Yon' ribald-rid nag"*; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), *"Yon ribald hag,"* etc.); III. x. 10.

RIGGISH, wanton; II. ii. 245.

RIGHT, very, true; IV. xii. 28.

RIVALITY, co-partnership; III. v. 9.

RIVE, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.

SAFE, make safe; I. iii. 55.

SAFED, conducted safely; (Steevens conj.; Ff., *"saf't"*); IV. vi. 26.

SALT, wanton; II. i. 21.

SCALD, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.

SCANTLY, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.

SCOTCHES, cuts; IV. vii. 10.

SCRUPULOUS, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.

SEAL, make an end; (Hanmer, *"sleep"*; Johnson conj. *"seel"*); IV. xiv. 49.

SEEL, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.

SELF, same; V. i. 21.

SEMBLABLE, similar; III. iv. 3.

SENNET, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 20–21.

SEVERAL, separate; I. v. 62.

SHALL, will; II. i. 1.

SHARDS, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.

SHOULD MAKE, ought to have made; V. i. 14.

SHOWN, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.

——, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.

SHOWS, seems, appears; I. ii. 174.

SHREWD, bad; IV. ix. 5.

SHROWD, shelter, protection; (Hanmer *"shrowd, the great,"*; Collier MS., *"shrowd, who is"*; Bulloch conj. *"stewardship"*; Gould conj. *"shield"*); III. xiii. 71.

SIGNS; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.

SIRS, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.

SNARE, trap; IV. viii. 18.

So, if only; (according to some, = thus); I. iii. 73.

——, if; III. xiii. 15.

SOBER, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.
SOILS, blemishes; (Ff., *"foyles"* and *"foyls"*; Collier conj. *"foibles"*); I. iv. 24.
SOMETHING, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 352.
SOONEST, quickest; III. iv. 27.
SOOTHSAY, predict; I. ii. 52.
SOTTISH, stupid; IV. xv. 79.
SPACE, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.
SPANIEL'D, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.
SPEEDS, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.
SPOT, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.
SPRITELY, lively; IV. vii. 15.
SQUARE, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.
——; "kept my square," *i. e.*, kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.
——, fair, just; II. ii. 190.
SQUARES, squadrons; III. xi. 40.
STABLISHMENT, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.
STAGED, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.
STAIN, eclipse; (Theobald, *"strain"*; Warburton MS., and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2.), *"stay"*; Jackson conj. *"stun,"* etc.); III. iv. 27.
STALL, dwell; V. i. 39.
STAND ON, be particular about; IV. iv. 31.
STANDS UPON; "s. our lives u.", *i. e.* concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.
STATION, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.
STAYS UPON, awaits; I. ii. 121.
STEER, direct, control; V. i. 32.
STILL, continually, always; III. ii. 60.
STIRR'D, roused, incited; I. i. 43.
STOMACH, inclination; II. ii. 50.
STOMACH, resent; III. iii. 12.
STOMACHING, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.
STRANGLER, destroyer; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stranger"*; Rowe, *"estranger"*); II. vi. 133.
STROY'D, destroyed; III. xi. 54.
STUDIED; "well s.", desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.
SUBSCRIBE, sign; IV. v. 14.
SUCCESS, result, issue; III. v. 6.
SUCH, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.
SUFFER, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.
SUFFICING, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.
SUM; "the s.," *i. e.* tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.
SWORDER, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.
SYNOD, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.

TABORINES, drums; IV. viii. 37.
TAKE IN, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.
TALL, sturdy; II. vi. 7.
TARGES, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.
TEETH; "from his t.", not from his heart; III. iv. 10.
TELAMON, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.
TEMPER, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.
TEMPERANCE, chastity; III. xiii. 121.
——, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.
TENDED; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 212.
TERRENE, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.

Thanks, thanks for; (Capell conj. *"thanks for"*); V. ii. 21.
Them, themselves; (Capell's emendation; Ff., *"his"*; Theobald, *"their"*); III. vi. 88.
Theme; "was th. for you," had you for its theme; II. ii. 44.
Thereabouts, of that opinion; III. x. 30.
Thetis; "my Th.", *i. e.* "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.
Thick; "so th.", "in such quick succession"; I. v. 63.
Thickens, grows dim; II. iii. 27.
Think; "th. and die," *i. e.* "despond and die"; (Hanmer, *"Drink"*; Tyrwhitt conj. *"Wink"*; Becket conj. *"Swink"*); III. xiii. 1.
Thought, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.
Throes, puts in agony; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"throwes"*; F. 4, *"throws"*; perhaps *"throws forth"*=brings forth); III. vii. 81.
Throw upon, bestow upon; I. ii. 201.
Tight, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.
Timelier, earlier; II. vi. 52.
Tinct, tincture; I. v. 37.
Tires, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.
Token'd; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.
Top, height of; V. i. 43.
To't, to get to it; III. x. 32.
Touch, attain; V. ii. 333.
Touches, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 194.
Toward, in preparation; II. vi. 74.
Toys, trifles; V. ii. 166.
Treaties, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.
Triple, third; I. i. 12.
Triple-turn'd, three times faithless; (Jackson conj. *"triple-train'd"*); IV. xii. 13.
Trull, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.
Turpitude, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.

Undoing, destruction; V. ii. 44.
Unequal, unjust; II. v. 101.
Unfolded, exposed; V. ii. 170.
Unnoble, ignoble; III. xi. 50.
Unpolicied, devoid of policy; V. ii. 311.
Unpurposed, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.
Unqualitied, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.
Unseminar'd, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.
Unstate, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.
Unto, over; II. ii. 146.
Upon the river, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 192.
Urge; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretense for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 194.
Use; "in u.", in usufruct; I. iii. 44.
Use, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.
Useful, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.

Vacancy, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.
Vantage, advantage; III. x. 12.
Varletry, rabble; (F. 1, *"Varlotarie"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Varlotry"*); V. ii. 56.

Vessels; "strike the v.", *i. e.* "tap the casks"; (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 105.

Vials; "sacred v.", "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63.

Vie, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," *i. e.* "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.

View; "to my sister's v.", to see my sister; II. ii. 170.

Virtue, valor; IV. viii. 17.

Waged, were opposed to each other; (F. 2, *"way"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"may"*; Rowe, *"weigh'd"*; Ritson conj. *"Weigh"*); V. i. 31.

Wail'd, bewailed; III. ii. 58.

Waned, faded; (Ff., *"wand"*; Johnson conj. *"fond"*); II. i. 21.

Wassails, carousing; (Pope's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Vassailes"* and *"Vassails"*; F. 4, *"Vassals"*); I. iv. 56.

Way's, way he is; (so F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3 *"wayes"*; Hanmer, *"way he's"*); II. v. 117.

Weet, wit, know; I. i. 39.

Well said, well done; IV. iv. 28.

Wharfs, banks; II. ii. 218.

What, why; (Collier MS., *"Why"*); V. ii. 316.

Which, who; I. ii. 5.

Whole, well again; IV. viii. 11.

Windowed, placed in a window; IV. xiv. 72.

With, by; I. i. 56; III. x. 7; V. ii. 171.

With's, with us; III. i. 36.

Woo't, wouldst thou; (Capell, *"Wou't"*); IV. ii. 7.

Words, flatters with words, cajoles; V. ii. 191.

Worky-day, ordinary; I. ii. 56.

Worm, snake; V. ii. 243.

Wot'st, knowest; I. v. 22.

Wrong led, misled; (Capell, *"wrong'd"*); III. vi. 80.

Yare, light, active; III. vii. 39.

——, ready; III. xiii. 131.

——, be quick; V. ii. 286.

Yarely, readily; II. ii. 216.

Yield, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what period of the Poet's development does the style of this play assign its composition? What other plays belong to this period?

2. What distinguishes its style?

3. What are its historical sources?

4. Justify the love of Antony and Cleopatra,—or explain it.

5. Were the circumstances of Antony's political situation to blame for the mischief his devotion to the Egyptian queen made for him? Without these circumstances would his devotion necessarily have marred his life and success? Comment for and against.

6. Considering his passion for Cleopatra was it to be expected he would be faithful to Octavia? What was his real wrong to Octavia, dependent upon this condition?

7. Was Octavia wise to marry Antony knowing the circumstances?

8. If he had loved Octavia, was she calculated, as a woman, to help him maintain reason and balance in his life, more than such a woman as Cleopatra? If so, or if not, why?

9. What is the function of Enobarbus throughout the play? In what way does he knit the elements of the theme together?

10. What are the main features of Antony's character as compared with Octavius Cæsar's?

ACT I

11. To what view of the infatuation of Antony are we introduced in the opening lines of Antony's friend Philo?

12. In what way does the passage between Antony and Cleopatra, upon their entrance, give the keynote of the drama's action?

13. What does the passage between the handmaids of Cleopatra, and the soothsayer, reveal of the tone of life about the Queen?

14. Where does Antony express realization of the danger of his infatuation for Cleopatra?

15. How does Enobarbus show his insight into Cleopatra's nature? What undercurrent of feeling towards Antony's course is conveyed through his words?

16. How do Cleopatra's own actions corroborate the view Enobarbus takes of her?

17. What calls Antony to Rome? From what soldierly sternness does Cæsar describe him as having fallen?

18. What is revealed of the nature, and the sincerity of Cleopatra,—and of her love for Antony, in the passages where she appears during this act?

19. Does she enlist our sympathy? If so, how, and why?

20. Do her coquetries necessarily mean insincerity? Analyze the aspects she presents of herself.

ACT II

21. How does Pompey significantly describe the respective positions of the Triumvirs?

22. How does Enobarbus speak for the best of Antony's character, and how does Lepidus show himself in the short passage between them?

23. How is the situation between Antony, Cæsar, and the State, shown in the second scene? How also, does it reveal the qualities of the two great Triumvirs?

24. What are the pithy comments of Enobarbus during it?

25. What is the advice of Agrippa, to bring about amity?

26. How does Enobarbus describe the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra and the Alexandrian revels?

27. What does the soothsayer tell Antony, and what occasions does Antony recall to give color to the divinations?

28. How does Cleopatra receive the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia? Relate the passage. What does this show of her nature and the order of her love?

29. What is the prophecy of Enobarbus with regard to the marriage of Octavia and Antony?

30. How is the trouble between Pompey and the Triumvirate arranged?

31. What does Pompey's captain suggest he do? How does Pompey rebuff him?

32. What graphic sketch of Lepidus in his relation to the Triumvirate do the servants, on Pompey's galley, give?

ACT III

33. What successive occurrences lead to Antony's return to Egypt?

34. What does Cæsar relate of Antony's lavish gifts to Cleopatra and her sons?

35. What brings on the war between Antony and Octavius finally?

36. How does Cleopatra make it difficult for Antony to carry on the war?

37. How is he advised to carry on the battle of Actium? Why does he not follow the advice?

38. What is the result? Is the behavior of Antony in the matter explicable? On what grounds?

39. What is his emotion, owing to the result of the battle?

40. What are Cleopatra's pleas for her part in the disaster?

41. How does Enobarbus express himself over the disgrace of it? Whom does he blame most, Antony or the Queen? Why?

42. How does Enobarbus comment on the message of Antony to Cæsar?

43. What dramatic purpose with regard to the passion of Antony for the Queen does the incident of Thyreus, serve? What comment of Enobarbus in this scene, is tragically significant of the condition of Antony?

44. What is the final comment of Enobarbus upon Antony's resolution of valor concerning the further prosecution of the war?

ACT IV

45. What is the significant comment of Mæcenas with regard to Antony when Cæsar receives Antony's reply?

46. What is the dramatic character of scene ii? What personal sentiment of Antony's friends and followers toward him, is exemplified in it?

47. What is the dramatic purpose and effect of scene iii? Describe the scene.

48. What is the particular sting to Antony's feeling in the report of Enobarbus' defection?

49. What is the general effect upon Antony's followers finally, produced by his disgrace at Actium and the results of his subservience to Cleopatra?

50. What is the dramatic effect of the emphasis upon Antony's exultation over the first turn of the battle in his favor? How does it affect the atmosphere of portent already engendered?

51. What are we to believe drives Enobarbus to his death?

52. What turns the tide of Antony's passion against Cleopatra?

53. What gives the deep intensity to the expression of his feeling when he is told she is dead? Relate the substance of his words and action following. To what deed does the news drive him?

54. Describe the final passage between Antony and Cleopatra while Antony is dying. Cite its lines of especial beauty and tragic passion. What essential qualities are

expressed in Cleopatra's grief and resolution upon Antony's death?

ACT V

55. What feeling for Antony does Cæsar's words reveal? In what way does this and the emotions expressed for Antony personally, throughout the play by his friends and enemies, relate to the central *morale* of the theme?

56. How does Cleopatra pretend to meet the terms of Cæsar? What does she really plot?

57. What does she know is the prospect before her if she is carried to Rome?

58. Describe the manner of her death. Are her handmaids imbued with her spirit?

59. What are Cæsar's final commands with regard to the burial of the two great lovers?

CYMBELINE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Tragedie of Cymbeline was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369–399 (misprinted 993).

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

DOUBTFUL PASSAGES

The Vision in Act V, sc. iv, was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of the *Tempest;* in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV, sc. ii) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

> "Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

preferring no doubt Collin's more elegant rendering:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring!"

THE "TRAGEDY" OF CYMBELINE

The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; "all is outward sorrow" at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearean "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline;* the probabilities are in favor of 1609–1610.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His "*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Policie*" [1] shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearean representations at the Globe Theater in 1610–1611; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on May 15, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philas-*

[1] Among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillips.

ter (*cp.* the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia [1]) is noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to *circa* 1610–1611; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*," printed in 1612, and written *circa* 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline*.

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (*e. g.*, Act II, sc. ii, compared with *Macbeth*, Act II [2]), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606–1607, the whole being completed in 1609–1610; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II, sc. i, and Act V, sc. ii–v.[3] Another scholar [4] calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (*e. g.* Act I, sc. iii, Act II, sc. i; in the latter "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV, sc. i." He finds in Act III, sc. v, corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, etc., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.[5]

[1] As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

> The gods take part against me; could this boor
> Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster*, IV. i.).

Cp. Cymbeline, V. ii. 2–6.

[2] Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (ll. 12–14) recalls *"Tarquin's ravishing strides"* (*Macb.*, II. i. 55, 56); *"lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct"* (ll. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's *"silver skin laced with his golden blood"* (*Macb.*, II. iii. 118), &c.

[3] G. M. Ingleby (*cp.* his edition of *"Cymbeline,"* 1886).

[4] F. G. Fleay.

[5] *Cp. "A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare."*

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Tragedie of Cymbeline was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369–399 (misprinted 993).

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

DOUBTFUL PASSAGES

The Vision in Act V, sc. iv, was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of the *Tempest;* in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV, sc. ii) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

> "Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

preferring no doubt Collin's more elegant rendering:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring!"

THE "TRAGEDY" OF CYMBELINE

The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; "all is outward sorrow" at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearean "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline;* the probabilities are in favor of 1609–1610.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His "*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Policie*" [1] shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearean representations at the Globe Theater in 1610–1611; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on May 15, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philas-*

[1] Among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillips.

ter (*cp.* the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia [1]) is noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to *circa* 1610–1611; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*," printed in 1612, and written *circa* 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline*.

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (*e. g.*, Act II, sc. ii, compared with *Macbeth*, Act II [2]), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606–1607, the whole being completed in 1609–1610; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II, sc. i, and Act V, sc. ii–v.[3] Another scholar [4] calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (*e. g.* Act I, sc. iii, Act II, sc. i; in the latter "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV, sc. i." He finds in Act III, sc. v, corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, etc., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.[5]

[1] As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

> The gods take part against me; could this boor
> Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster*, IV. i.).

Cp. Cymbeline, V. ii. 2–6.

[2] Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (ll. 12–14) recalls *"Tarquin's ravishing strides"* (*Macb.*, II. i. 55, 56); *"lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct"* (ll. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's *"silver skin laced with his golden blood"* (*Macb.*, II. iii. 118), &c.

[3] G. M. Ingleby (*cp.* his edition of *"Cymbeline,"* 1886).

[4] F. G. Fleay.

[5] *Cp. "A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare."*

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakable links links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearean fragment of *Pericles*, with *The Tempest*, and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the poet's literary life; what the present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "on all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> "'O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
> That has such people in 't?'"

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with "the divine comedy" of "Posthumous and Imogen."

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the famous "wager-*motif*" and the "chest intrigue," is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

I. THE HISTORICAL ELEMENT. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and step-son, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III; ch. xiii–xviii); some few meager incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus' account of the battle, and of his

description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in "*a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*" The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland,* near the chapters dealing with the story of *Macbeth.*

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Much Ado About Nothing;* in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. THE STORY OF IMOGEN. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories; "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "*how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiuolo, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.*"

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone,* but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet,*" by Gerbert de Montruil, *circa* 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "*The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife.*" Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably

current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; *e. g.* the introduction in Act I, sc. iv, of the representatives of the four nationalities,[1] but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was also acquainted with Boccaccio's narrative. A curious English version appeared in a tract entitled "*Westward for Smelts,*" which was published in 1620; its chief interest lies perhaps in the fact that the story is there associated with English history, and referred to the times of Edward IV.[2]

III. IMOGEN AND SNOW-WHITE. Certain elements of the plot have still to be accounted for:—*e. g.* (i) the story of the wicked step-dame, with her subtle interest in the poisonous properties of herbs: (ii) the stealing of the princes, and their free life in the wilds and in their cave-home: (iii) Fidele's happy life with them in the cave; its sudden end; the re-awakening from death. These, and other points, serve to knit together the two main threads of the plot, but they are nowhere to be found in Holinshed, nor in Boccaccio, nor in the many variants of the "wager-story." The bare enumeration of the three elements must, I think, serve to establish Shakespeare's obligation to another source,—to a folk-story still among the most popular of all nursery tales,—the story of "Little Snow-white." The fairy tale as known to modern English children has come to them from Germany, but there can be little doubt that an English "Snow-white" was known to Shakespeare in his own youth, and was perhaps even dearer to him than the stories of "Childe Rowland" and "Mr. Fox." These latter fairy-tales are happily still preserved among the treasures of "English Fairy Tales": some day perhaps

[1] It is interesting to note that not only was the story of "*The Four Merchants*" well known in Denmark in the XVIth century, but during the same century Iceland had ballads and rhymes on the same theme; the writer possesses transcripts of several such versions.

[2] Malone alludes to an edition of 1603; but he probably made a mistake, the book may have existed in manuscript years before its publication.

Shakespeare's "Snow-white" may be added; one would, however, be much surprised if it differed strikingly from the tale so dear to us from infancy.

In the tale as in the play we have (i) a weak king surrendering his child to the tender mercies of a cruel step-mother, who, to quote from the popular version, "was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty"; (ii) the cottage of the dwarfs which gives Snow-white shelter is described in the best and truest versions as a cave in the forest; (iii) Snow-white, hungry and thirsty, enters the cave uninvited, and is found by the kindly dwarfs, much in the same way as Fidele by Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the dwarfs, "what a lovely child!" "By Jupiter, an Angel!" quoth Belarius,

> "or if not,
> An earthly paragon!" . . .

(iv) The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." Even so was it with Fidele.

> "But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
> In characters,
> And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
> And he her dieter." . . .

(v) "Snow-white," the story tells us, "kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in.'" . . . . . The situation is practically identical in the play, save that Imogen's wicked step-mother need not visit her, for she works her evil power by means of the poisoned cordial. Both in the play and in the tale the poison sends the victim into a death-like trance. (vi) The simple nar-

rative of the nursery story is perhaps the best commentary on the sweetest scene of the play, the finding of Fidele dead —"the bird is dead that we have made so much on"—and the burial, the sorrow of the princes, and their dirge. "Snow-white was dead, and remained dead. The dwarfs laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long. Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said 'we cannot bury her in the dark ground,' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made. They put the coffin out upon the mountains, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove." Beneath all the complexity of plot created by Shakespeare, this original can still clearly be detected; in the play the homely robin, "the ruddock," does service for the owl, the raven, and the dove of the story. The parallels might easily be multiplied. These will perhaps suffice to show that Imogen, "*the sweetest, fairest lily*," and Fidele, "*that sweet rosy lad*," owed something of their beauty to the child "white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony." "Imogen" is in very deed "Snow-white," the best beloved of childhood's heroines, transfigured as manhood's ideal of all womanly perfection.

"Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
Till the Tree Die."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The only contemporary notice that has reached us of *The Tragedy of Cymbeline* is from Dr. Simon Forman's *Book of Plays and Notes Thereof*, lately discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum. Unluckily, Forman's notice of *Cymbeline* does not give the date and place of the performance; but from the dates set down in other parts of his *Diary* it appears that he must have seen the play acted some time between April 20, 1610, and May 15, 1611. We subjoin the greater part of the notice:

"Remember, also, the story of *Cymbeline*, how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute, and, being denied, after with a great army, who landed at Milford-Haven, and were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cloten, that was the Queen's son, going to Milford-Haven to seek the love of Imogen, the king's daughter. And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest; and said it was a chest of plate, sent from her love and others. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet; and after accused her of adultery to her love. And, in the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken prisoner, and after revealed to Imogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled

to meet her love at Milford-Haven; and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were. And how, by eating a sleeping dram, they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her in her love's apparel; and how she was found by Lucius."

All this, to be sure, does not prove that the play was new when Forman saw it; since we know not how long it may have held its place on the stage; and the fact of its being kept out of print during the Poet's life is strong evidence that the company were interested in retaining it for performance. It appears, also, by an entry of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, that the play was acted at Court, on January 1, 1633, before King Charles I, and was "well liked by the King." Nevertheless, our own conviction is very clear that the play, as it has come down to us, was indeed fresh from the mint about the time of Forman's notice. External evidence bearing on this point, we have already implied there is none. But the play has the same general characteristics of style and imagery as *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale;* while perhaps no play in the whole series abounds more in those overcrammed and elliptical passages which show too great a rush and press of thought for the author's space. The poetry and characterization, also, are marked by the same severe beauty and austere sweetness, as in the other plays mentioned; while the moral sentiment of the piece comes out from time to time in just that condensed and flashing energy which indicates, to our mind, the Poet's last and highest stage of art.

Every discerning and careful student will easily perceive that some passages of *Cymbeline,* especially in the fifth act, run in a very different style from the rest of the play. We refer, of course, to that piece of dull impertinence, the vision of Posthumus in prison, his dialogue with the Jailers, and the absurd "label" found on his bosom after the vision disappeared. For nothing can well be plainer than that this whole thing is strictly impertinent: it does not

throw the least particle of light on the character or motive of any person; has indeed no business whatsoever with the action of the drama, except to hinder and embarrass it. The dialogue with the Jailers is the brightest part of it; yet even here we have, in effect, but a stupid repetition of what Posthumus has already set forth with such utterance as Shakespeare alone could give him. This ugly blemish apart, the *dénouement* is perfect, and the whole preparation for it made with consummate judgment and skill.

Nevertheless, there the passage stands, and, unsightly an old patch as it may seem, we have no doubt it was woven into the place by Shakespeare himself. It is very much in the manner of those rude and inartificial plays of an earlier time, which Shakespeare did more than anybody else, to supersede and drive out of use. This has naturally led some to consider it the relic of an older drama, perhaps one written in the Poet's youth, and in the other parts thoroughly rewritten when his powers were in their full-grown and ripened strength. But, whether retained from an earlier effort of his own, or borrowed from the work of some other hand, it must have been worked in with the nobler effluence of his genius for motives which could have no place with him as an artist. How well it was adapted to take with the vulgar taste of that day, may be judged well enough from the comparative thrift that waits on divers stupid absurdities of the stage in our time. Doubtless, in his day as in ours, there was a large majority who, for the sake of this blemishing stuff, would tolerate the glories of the play: and though, in this case at least, we cannot but wish it were otherwise, still it ought to be no prejudice to Shakespeare, that he was not inaccessible to such motives as have always largely influenced men in his line.

Cymbeline was first published in the folio of 1623, where it stands the last in the division of Tragedies, and the last in the volume. The original presents a tolerably well-printed text, with the acts and scenes duly marked, and the stage-directions remarkably full and precise.

The historical matter of Cymbeline, what there is of it, was drawn from Holinshed. The whole matter of old Belarius and the disguised princes, for aught that hath yet been discovered, was original with the Poet; the only mention of them in Holinshed being as follows: "Touching the continuance of Kymbeline's reign, some writers do vary, but the best-approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years, and then died, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." The name of Cloten also was found among the ancient British kings; but the character and all the incidents belonging to it are without any historical basis. The part of the Queen, also, is throughout the Poet's own creation; at least, no originals of it have been brought to light. The main plot of the drama, with all that relates to Imogen, Posthumus, and Iachimo, is of fabulous origin.

What source Shakespeare directly drew from in this part of the play, is involved in some uncertainty. The chief points in the story seem to have been a sort of common property among the writers of Mediæval Romance. A general outline of the tale,—containing the husband's wager on the virtue of his wife, the successful falsehood practised by the undertaker, to persuade him of her infidelity, his seeking to avenge himself by her death, her escape, his subsequent discovery of the falsehood, the punishment of the traitor, and the reunion of the separated couple,—has been traced to two old French romances of the thirteenth century, and to a French Miracle-play of the Middle age. Brief sketches of all these are given in Mr. Collier's collection of ancient romances entitled *Shakespeare's Library*. It is remarkable that the old Miracle-play has two points of resemblance to *Cymbeline*, which have not been found elsewhere. One is, that Berengier, who answers to Iachimo, when proposing the wager, says to the husband,—"I tell you truly that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire." So, in Act I, sc. v, of the tragedy, Iachimo says,—"With no more advantage than

the opportunity of *a second conference*, I will bring you from thence that honor of hers." The other is, that Berengier endeavors to work the lady up to a fit of jealousy and resentment by telling her,—"I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who does not value you the stalk of a cherry: he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard that he knows not how to part from her."

But the completest version of the story is in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, being the Ninth Novel of the Second Day. Here we meet with several incidents, such as the trunk used for conveying the traitor into the lady's bedchamber, his discovery of a private mark on her person, and her disguise in male attire, which establish a connection between the novel and the tragedy; though whether the Poet read Boccaccio in the original or in a translation since lost, is still uncertain. We subjoin a sketch of the story as told by the novelist:

Several Italian merchants, meeting in Paris, fell to talking freely about their wives. "I know not," said one, "how my wife behaves in my absence; but, whenever I meet with an attractive woman, I make the best I can of the opportunity." "And so do I," said another; "for whether I think my wife unfaithful or not, she will be so if she pleases." All agreed in this opinion, except Bernabo Lomellia, of Genoa, who said he had a wife perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of such chastity, that if he were absent ten years she would remain true. Thereupon a young merchant named Ambrogiulo became very facetious and loose-spoken, boasting that he would seduce this modern Lucretia, if opportunity were given him. Bernado met his boast by proposing a wager, which the other accepted.

Ambrogiulo then went to Genoa, where he soon found that Ginevra had not been overpraised, and that his wager would be lost, unless he could prevail by some stratagem. Accidentally meeting with a poor servant-woman of Ginevra's, he bribed her to his purpose; and she, pretend-

ing absence for a few days, begged the lady to take charge of a large chest till her return: she consented, and the chest was placed in her bed-chamber. The lady having retired for the night, when she was fast asleep, with a taper burning in the chamber, Ambrogiulo crept from his lurking-place, made a careful survey of the room, the furniture, and pictures; then approached the bed, looking eagerly for some mark on her person, and at last discovered a mole and a tuft of golden hair on her left breast. Then, taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he crept back into the chest, where he stayed till the third day, when the woman returned, and had the chest carried home.

On his return to Paris, the villain called together those who were present at the laying of the wager, produced before them the stolen trinkets, calling them gifts from the lady, and gave an account of the room and its contents. Bernabo said his account was correct, and that the purse and the ring belonged to his wife; but that all this might have been obtained from some of her servants, and therefore it did not make good his claim to the wager. Then the other said,—"The proofs I have given ought to suffice; but as you require more, I will silence your doubts: Ginevra has a mole on her left breast." Bernabo showed at once by his looks that this was true, and soon acknowledged it in words; then paid the wager, and started for Italy. Arriving near home, he sent for his wife, and gave secret orders to have her put to death on the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place, and told her of his master's orders: she protested her innocence of any crime against her husband, besought the compassion of the servant, and promised to hide herself in some distant abode. He spared her life, and returned with some of her clothes, saying he had killed her.

Ginevra then disguised herself in man's apparel, and became the servant of a Catalonian gentleman, who took her to Alexandria. Here she was so fortunate as to gain the favor of the Sultan, who took her into his service, and made her captain of the guard. Not long after, she

was sent with a band of soldiers to Acre, where, being in the shop of a Venetian merchant, she saw a purse and girdle which she recognized as her own. On her asking whose they were, and whether they were for sale, Ambrogiulo, who had arrived with a stock of merchandise, stepped forth and said they were his, and begged her, since she admired them, to accept them as a gift. She asked him why he smiled. He replied, that the purse and girdle were presents to him from a married lady of Genoa; and that he smiled at the folly of her husband, who had laid five thousand florins against one that his wife's virtue was incorruptible.

The conduct of her husband was now explained to her. She feigned pleasure at the story, and persuaded the villain to go with her to Alexandria. Her next care was, to have her husband brought thither, who was now in great distress. Then she prevailed on the Sultan to force from Ambrogiulo a public recital of his whole course of villainy; whereupon Bernabo owned that he had caused his wife to be murdered, in the belief of her guilt with Ambrogiulo. "You see," said she to the Sultan, "how little cause the lady had to be proud either of her gallant or her husband. If you, my lord, will punish the deceiver and pardon the deceived, the lady shall appear in your presence." The Sultan assenting, she then fell at his feet, and, throwing off her disguise, declared herself to be Ginevra: the mole on her breast soon put an end to all doubt of the fact. The villain was then put to death, and his great wealth given to Ginevra. The Sultan made her a princely gift of jewels and money, furnished a ship, and suffered her and Bernabo to depart for Genoa.

There is also a vulgarized and mutilated English version of the same tale, which places the scene in England, in the reign of Henry VI, and makes all the persons Englishmen. It was published in a book called *Westward for Smelts*, and was entitled "The Tale told by the Fishwife of the Stand on the Green." Malone and some others too hastily concluded this to have been the piece used by Shake-

speare, supposing it to have been first printed in 1603. But no copy of that date, or of any earlier date than 1620, has been seen or heard of, and an entry of it at the Stationers' in January, 1620, seems to establish that it had not been published before that time. Besides, it varies from Boccaccio's tale in some points wherein the tragedy agrees with it, as in making the villain conceal himself under the lady's bed, instead of using a chest, and in leaving out the item of the mole: so that, even granting it to have been published early enough, still it would not quite answer the purpose.

Those who have undertaken to reform the original classification of Shakespeare's plays, have been something at loss, apparently, what to do with *Cymbeline*. As already seen, it has somewhat of historical matter; but the history is so slight, and, withal, so manifestly neither forms nor guides the plot, but merely, as in case of *Macbeth*, subserves it, that the play cannot with any show of propriety be called an historical drama. Then, the predominant tone of feeling carries too much of tragic earnestness and intensity to permit the regarding it as a comedy, while at the same time there is not enough of tragical impression in the incidents and the catastrophe to warrant the calling it a tragedy. Perhaps it may be taken as proof that the Gothic drama, like the Gothic architecture, is naturally capable of more variety than can be embraced within the ordinary rules of dramatic classification. Hazlitt describes it as a "dramatic romance," and this description probably fits it as well as any that can be given. At all events, certain it is, that the play has just enough of historical or traditionary matter to give it a legendary character, while the general scope and structure of the piece admit and even invite the freest playing-in of whatsoever is wild and wonderful and enchanting in old romance. By throwing the scene back into the reign of a semi-fabulous king, the Poet was enabled to cast around the work an air of historical dignity, and yet frame the whole in perfect keeping with the deep, solemn, and all but tragic pathos which

sets and regulates the harmonies of the piece. A confusion of times, places, and manners, with the ceremonial of old mythology and the sentiments of Christian chivalry, the heroic deeds of earlier, and the liberal ideas of later periods, blended together without restraint and in the order merely of inherent fitness; the play is of course replete with improbable incidents; yet the improbability is everywhere softened by distance, and even made grateful by the romantic sweetness, the sober wisdom, and the pathetic tenderness, that still spring up fresh and free in its course. All which may sufficiently account for the strong sentence some have put in against this "marvelous drama," as Ulrici justly calls it; and also of the equally strong and far wiser judgment of the poet Campbell, who regards this play as "perhaps the fittest in Shakespeare's whole theater to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offense, but leave us enchanted with the offender."

One can scarce help regarding the title of this play as a misnomer. For Cymbeline himself is so far from being the center of action and interest, that we care little or nothing for him, save as related, personally and dramatically, to Imogen, in whom the whole interest of the play centers, and whose presence, virtual or actual, fills every part of it. Notwithstanding, Ulrici, the German critic, who at least is not easy to beat in the making out of a case, maintains the appropriateness of the title. His argument is worth quoting for its ingenuity, if for nothing else. "Cymbeline," says he, "the husband, the father, and the king, whom the miseries of all the other parts more or less remotely affect, in whom the rays of the large circle converge again, around whom all revolves, forms, as it were, the quiescent center of motion, which, however passive and latent, regulates the fortunes of all, and is influenced by them. The drama, therefore, justly takes its name from him."

Schlegel pronounces *Cymbeline* "one of Shakespeare's

most wonderful compositions." Few will deny that he has chosen the right word for the impression which the play leaves strongest in the mind. Less grand and lofty in design than the Poet's great tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, it scarce falls behind any of them in grace and power of execution. One cannot easily conceive how a finer and more varied display of poetry and character could be reduced within the same compass. We have already touched upon the improbability of some of the incidents. But it should be observed that the most improbable of these, excepting the vision in Act V, were borrowed from general circulation and belief. The story containing them, cast into divers forms, was a popular favorite throughout the then better part of Europe; and in this case their improbability has been much alleviated by the Poet's art, and by the home breathings of nature that wait upon them. The incidents being granted, Shakespeare's ordering of them to his use and purpose, the whole framing and management of the plot so as to work out the proposed result, are certainly most skillful and judicious; insomuch that he may be fairly said to have shown as much of judgment here, as of genius in the richly-varied poetry and character of the drama. Of course the leading purpose of the play is to be sought for in the character of Imogen. Around this, however, are ranged a number of subordinate purposes, running out into a large diversity of matter and person; yet all are set off with such artful blendings and transitions of light and shade, and grouped with such mastery of perspective, and such picturesque effect, that the very diversity serves but to deepen the impression of unity.

It is worth special noting how the constancy of the heroine, in the trial and proof of which the whole play takes its form and process, seems to have infused its spirit into the other parts. All the persons are equally set in their respective courses; the Queen in her intriguing malignity, the King in his self-blinded dotage, Cloten in urging on his love-suit, Pisanio in his fidelity of service, Belarius in

his resentment, Iachimo in his treachery, and Posthumus in his quest of death. All these persons, too, have each their several plot; each is forecasting and scheming for some end which can only be reached by thwarting another; so that the groundwork of the drama presents little else than a series of counter-plottings. And all are defeated in their turn, and, what is more, the final result is brought about by their defeat; as if on purpose to illustrate again and again, that men are not the masters of their own lot; and that while they are each intent on their several plans, a higher Power is secretly working out other plans through them. Accordingly, if the bad thrive for awhile, it is that they may at last be the more effectually caught and crushed in their own toils; if the good are at first cast down, it is that they may be uplifted in the end, and "happier much by their affliction made." And so, while the drama is bristling throughout with resolves and deeds, yet all of them miscarry, all of them fail. It is the very prevalence, in part, of what we call chance over human design, that gives the work such a wild, romantic, and legendary character; making the impression of some supernatural power putting to confusion the works of men, that its own agency may be the more manifest in the order that finally succeeds.

In Imogen not a single trait or line of female excellence is omitted. As if on purpose for the better depicting of a perfect wife, the Poet keeps her out of the other relations through most of the play. Already a wife when we first see her, she acts but little in any other quality; yet in this one she appears herself the mistress of all womanly perfections, such as would make glad the heart and life of whoever stood in any relationship with her. That her attractions may the more appear as in herself, not in the feeling of others, that is, in her character, not in her sex, the latter is hidden from those about her: yet, without any of the advantages that would arise from its being known what she is; disrobed of all the poetry and religion with which every right-minded man invests the presence of

womanhood; still she kindles a deep, holy affection in every one that meets with her. Hazlitt, with characteristic liveliness and obliquity of criticism, says,—"Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him, and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband." If this be true, how is it that she so wins and wears the hearts of those who know not nor suspect what she is? Why should wise and reverend manhood exclaim at the sight of her,—"Behold divineness no elder than a boy!" In truth, the "sweet rosy lad," and the "page so kind, so duteous, diligently," is hardly less interesting, though in a different sort, than the lady, the princess, and the wife. But is it to us, not to the other persons of the drama, that she is "interesting only from her tenderness and constancy to her husband?" Nay, much of the interest we take in her as a woman and a wife springs from the feelings kindled in others towards her as a sad, sweet, lovely boy. But, if the meaning be, that it is only while acting in the quality of a wife that she interests us; of this there can be no question, for we scarce see her acting in any other. Indeed, so far from just is the remark quoted, that there is perhaps no character in Shakespeare more apt to inspire one with the sentiment,—

> "What joy to hear thee, and to see!
> Thy elder brother I would be,
> Thy father, any thing to thee."

Imogen has all the intelligence of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, without any of Portia's effort or art. Portia is always trying to be wise, and always succeeds; Imogen has at least equal success without trying: and her wisdom is better than Portia's inasmuch as, seated more in the heart than in the head, and springing rather from nature than from reflection, it comes forth so freely and spontaneously that she herself takes no thought of it. It is this inward framing and tuning of the heart to the harmonies of truth that enables her to anticipate as by instinct the wisdom that comes to others only by large and

ripe experience. For it may well be observed, that in her moral reflections Imogen is wise far beyond any capabilities of the mere intellect.

And she is as spirited, withal, as intelligent, whenever duty bids or permits her to be so. Her anger is hard indeed to arouse, but woe to the man that does arouse it. Notwithstanding her sharp trials and vexations, though pursued by cunning malice "hourly coining plots" and "sprighted by a fool," the calm sweetness of her temper is ruffled but twice, and that is when duty to her husband and to herself requires it. In both cases her anger is like a flash of lightning, brief, but sure. Not even Cloten's iron stomach is proof against her scorching strokes when her spirit is up. There is no mistaking her meaning, when she speaks, every word goes right to the spot; and her quick keen rebuffs crack on the feelings and sting like a whip.

Of her personal beauty we never think at all save when others are speaking of it. And the reason seems to be, partly because she wears it so unconsciously herself, partly because, when she is before us, the radiance of her person is quenched in that of her mind and character; she so fills the inner eye, that what touches the outer is scarce heeded more than if it were not. And it is much the same with her disguise: we take no thought of it, because she takes none. For it is remarkable that she shows no fear and makes no effort, either, like Rosaline, lest she should betray her sex to others, or, like Viola, lest she should wrong it to herself. The outward proprieties of her sex are indeed exquisitely preserved; yet she seems no more conscious of doing this than of the circulation of her blood. Her thoughts and feelings are all intent on higher matters, and such is her command of our sympathies, that for the time being she empties our minds of every thing but what is in her own.

But it is needless to dwell upon, it is impossible to exhaust the beauty of this delineation. The whole play is full of the divinest poetry, and it is nearly all inspired by Imogen,

except what she herself utters and is. Other of the Poet's heroines are equal, perhaps superior, in the conception; but none of them is carried out with such sustained force and wealth of development: she is all or nearly all that a woman can be or ought to be, and we are given to see and feel all that she is. Perhaps she does not strike the imagination quite so enchantingly as Miranda, nor the heart quite so profoundly as Cordelia; but she goes near to make up the account, in that she unites, as far as seems possible, the interest of both.

The design of the play evidently required that Posthumus should be kept in the background. For he could not be in the foreground without staying beside Imogen; staying there, he could not be cheated out of his faith in her; in which case there would be no chance for the trial and proof of her constancy. Hence the necessity of putting so much respecting him into the mouths of the other persons; and certainly their tongues are rich enough in praise of him. It was no easy thing to carry him through the part assigned him in the play, without disqualifying overmuch the lady's judgment in choosing him; and the Poet manifestly labors somewhat to plant such second-hand impressions of him as may secure the vindication of her choice in our thoughts. For he clearly meant that her wisdom and insight, as approved in other things, should serve to us as a pledge and guaranty of his worth; that "by her election should be truly read what kind of man he is." And not the least of his merits as an artist is the skill he has in making his characters so utter themselves as at the same time to mirror one another. And so here, being forced either to withdraw Posthumus from our immediate view, or else to set him before us in a somewhat unfavorable light, the best thing he could do, was to give us a reflection of him from Imogen; and if that reflection, confirmed as it is by others, be not enough, there was no help for it; it was the best that the nature of the case admitted of. And surely it were something bold in any man to wage his own judgment in a matter of this kind against

such a woman's as Imogen; for, as Campbell says, "she hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return."

Still we can hardly keep quit of the suspicion, that his high credit with her and others is partly owing to the presence of such a foil as Cloten, in comparison with whom he is an angel of a man indeed. And at all events one cannot choose but wish that the Poet had made him hold out a little more firmly against the forged or stolen evidences of his wife's infidelity, and keep his faith at least till the last and strongest item was produced. It is observable, that the Poet represents his very fullness of confidence at first as rendering him all the more liable to the reverse in the contingency that is to arrive: because he is perfectly sure that no proofs of success can be shown by Iachimo, therefore, when some such proofs *are* shown, he falls the more readily into the opposite state. And this, undoubtedly, is in the right line of nature. For to shake the confidence of such a man in such a case is to invert it all into distrust at once. The character of Posthumus is crowned with a liberal measure of redemption in the latter part of the play. After his revenge, as he believes, has been taken, his exceeding bitterness of remorse and penitence turn our revenge into pity; for his experience presses home to our hearts as well as his own, that, "though those who are betray'd do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe"; and his persevering quest of death finally repeals the feeling which we should otherwise be apt to have, that death were none too bad for him.

Cloten is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. His character reminds us of nothing so much as the description of Desborough in Woodstock: "His limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Pre-

cisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unhingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and twitches: the several parts of him hold no mutual intercourse or intelligence, but appear set at incurable odds one with another, each having a will and a way of its own, so that no two of them can pull or strike together. Hence the excruciating, though at the same time laughable, unfitness of all that he does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed a reasonable gift of practical shrewdness, is not without frequent flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, consequential booby. It is very curious to observe how his vein of pithy and sententious remark goes to heighten the ridiculousness of his character, from the Saint-Vitus'-Dance of mind, so to speak, through which it comes sprawling out. Therewithal, he is rude, coarse, boisterous, vain, insolent, ambitious, malignant. Thus rendered ludicrous by whatsoever is best in him, and rendered frightful by whatsoever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners; he is of course just the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an "imperceiverant thing," for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

The character of Cloten was for a long time thought to be out of nature and monstrous. But Miss Seward tells us, in one of her letters, that he is the exact prototype of a man she once knew: "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of speaking; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valor; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and

confused the man's brain, and which, in Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character;—but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature." All which would seem to infer that in this instance Shakespeare made the original, and nature imitated him!

The part of Iachimo illustrates, though not on a very large scale, Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. At our first meeting with Iachimo, he is in just that stage of moral sickness, that he must be worse before he can be better; and in his sharp practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. So that his treachery is one of those large over-doses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. Such is the cunning leechcraft of nature: out of men's vices she hatches scorpions to lash and sting them into virtue.

Those who think poetry dwells more in the palace than the cottage, and that Shakespeare is apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favor of conventional aristocracy, may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential heroism. His action shows not one self-regarding thought or purpose: he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his self-forgetting, incorruptible loyalty to them.

In the two princes the Poet again shows his preference of the innate to the acquired; if indeed one may venture to affirm what is due to nature, and what to art, in a place where have fallen the instructions of the veteran sage and

hero whom they call father. From the lips of old Belarius they have drunk in the lore of wisdom and virtue: all their nobler aptitudes have been fed and nurtured alike by the stories of his life and by the influences of their mountain home. What they hear from him only makes them desire to be like him when they are old; and this desire prompts them to go where he has been, see what he has seen, and do as he has done. So that all his arguments for keeping them withdrawn from the world are refuted by his own character; they cannot rest away from scenes where such treasures grow. The wisdom of experience in him and the wisdom of nature in them are both equally beautiful in their way, both equally becoming in their place; and if they have been to him the best of materials to work upon, he has been to them the best of workmen. Except themselves, truth, piety, gentleness, heroism, are the only inmates of their rocky dwelling. Love and reverence, the principles of whatsoever is greatest and best in human character, have sprung up in their breasts in healthy, happy proportion, and indissolubly wedded themselves to the simple and majestic forms of nature around them. And how inexpressibly tender and sweet the pathos that mingles in their solemnities round the tomb of their gentle visitor, supposed to be dead! But, indeed, of these forest scenes it is impossible to speak with any sort of justice. And we cannot tell whether the "holy witchcraft" of these scenes be owing more to the heroic veteran, the two princely boys, or the "fair youth" that has strayed amongst them,

> "A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament."

It is hardly too much to say, that whatsoever is most beautiful elsewhere in the Poet, is imaged here in happier beauty. And when the youthful dwellers in the mountain and the rock, awed and melted by the occasion, weep and warble over the grave of that "blessed thing" that seems to

have dropped down from heaven merely to win their love and vanish; one would think the scene must, as Schlegel says, "give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

IMOGEN

It is true that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama, and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature, that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the color laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me, that Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers: but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper subject—the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus, and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes; and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration of one

> Who sat 'mongst men like a descended god.
> . . . . . .
> Who lived in court, which it is rare to do,
> Most praised, most loved:
> A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
> A glass that feated them.

And with what beauty and delicacy is her conjugal and matronly character discriminated! Her love for her husband is as deep as Juliet's for her lover, but without any

of that headlong vehemence, that fluttering amid hope, fear, and transport—that giddy intoxication of heart and sense, which belongs to the novelty of passion, which we feel once, and but once, in our lives. We see her love for Posthumus acting upon her mind with the force of an habitual feeling, heightened by enthusiastic passion, and hallowed by the sense of duty. She asserts and justifies her affection with energy indeed, but with a calm and wife-like dignity.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Posthumus impresses us, not as a favorite of the gods, but as a man whose penitence is as unbridled and excessive as his blind passion. Far other is the case of Imogen. In her perfection is indeed attained. She is the noblest and most adorable womanly figure Shakespeare has ever drawn, and at the same time the most various. He has drawn spiritual women before her—Desdemona, Cordelia—but the secret of their being could be expressed in two words. He has also drawn brilliant women—Beatrice, Rosalind—whereas Imogen is not brilliant at all. Nevertheless she is designed and depicted as incomparable among her sex—"she is alone the Arabian bird." We see her in the most various situations, and she is equal to them all. We see her exposed to trial after trial, each harder than the last, and she emerges from them all, not only scatheless, but with her rare and enchanting qualities thrown into ever stronger relief.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

POSTHUMUS

Posthumus, highly endowed, refined and sensitive, is in directest contrast in most respects to Cymbeline, his father-in-law, and yet participates in the characteristic weakness of want of balance between intellect and passion which renders him the prey of treacherous and calumnious malice.

The eulogies upon him with which the play opens, and that excite the envy of Iachimo afterwards, are no more

than are due to the excellencies and capacities of his nature; but the crudeness of the inexperienced islander is still about him, and he is no match for the serpent guile of an Italian liar and slanderer who works upon him against his better sense, until he is a party to a wager that no circumstances and no conditions can palliate or justify. Something of simplicity mingles with the frankness of both husband and wife, and therein also are they sympathetic; though the husband is less pardonable. It is a grievous fault that he accepts so disgraceful a challenge, and argues defective acumen that he does not discern base motive when it is put upon the footing of a wager for his priceless diamond. Imogen at first seems quicker in detecting the serpent by his glistening eye when she repels the tempter; but in truth she is little wiser, and is as inconsiderate in putting any trust in the beguiling Italian afterwards, as her husband in making covenants of honor with one so self-convicted of baseness and mean thoughts. When the revulsion comes, the heart of Posthumus is still more nearly right than his judgment, and while he expresses repentance for his precipitate cruelty to Imogen, he continues in the belief that she was guilty. The slander of Iachimo springs up again in the bosom of Imogen, and when she reads her husband's command to kill her, she ascribes it to the seduction of some painted jay of Italy.

The poet, it must be said, struggles manfully to countervail the repulsiveness of the wager that was a condition of his plot, by giving Posthumus the benefit of every excuse that could come from provocation and the dexterity of his assailant, both in seducing him to the contract and deceiving him as to the result; but the repulsiveness still remains, for it is essential and inseparable, and all that remained was to supply another group to relieve by more hearty interest, and to withdraw some attention from the wretchedness of the story by interest in the ingenuity—and this is quite unrivalled, of its progress and elucidation.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE QUEEN

Imogen's step-mother, the Queen and wife of Cymbeline, is a strong-minded woman, who "bears all down with her brain." She rules the king by force or craft, and has arranged to marry Imogen to her own shallow-pated son Cloten. This ancestress of all the plotting step-mothers carries poison in her heart: her relatives may expect to find it in their food; for she is curious in distilling the essences of noxious herbs, under a scientific pretext to watch their effects in creatures not worth the hanging. But the compound that is ostensibly for rats is intended to dispossess Imogen of all her watchful liegemen, including her husband; and then, after getting her married to Cloten, the "mortal mineral" was meant to waste the King by inches to a grave that should be a royal footstool for her son.

Now the King has no suspicion of the simmering deviltry that he embraced. When all her projects are discovered, he exclaims,—

> "O most delicate fiend!
> Who is't can read a woman?"

Not he, certainly; for he had been fooled in the time-honored way of crafty women.

> "Mine eyes
> Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
> Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
> That thought her like her seeming."

At the point of death, she confessed to her physician the whole of her unsexed intent. She never loved the King as Lady Macbeth loved her lord, but only affected the greatness got by him: she was wife to his place, but abhorred his person. Who but a woman could play that game with such an air of jaunty probability that invested her blackest kisses! Imogen's husband was a scorpion to her, ranked among the vermin which she meant to kill for pastime. And she purposed to lull the King into security by "watching, weeping, tendance, kissing," while her poi-

son was vacating his throne. At the last, she only repented that the evils she hatched were not effected, "so, despairing, died," a martyr to an unfulfilled ideal. She is really the Lady Macbeth of the popular conception, being fiendlike from ambition. It would not have been Shakespearean if such a woman had been duplicated to furnish a wife to Macbeth. One hated with all her baffled spite, and the other loved with all her heart, her King.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

BELARIUS

When the sons of Cymbeline were yet in their infancy, there dwelt at his court a faithful and famous warrior, named Belarius, who by valuable services had deserved the favor and love of his prince. Suddenly Cymbeline's anger fell upon the guiltless man; calumny deprived him of the royal favor; two villains swore falsely that he had entered into a treacherous league with the Romans, and Cymbeline banishes him and robs him of his possessions. The soldier, grown old in the service of the world, could not quietly suffer this punishment for his fidelity; he took the unmerited disgrace as a warrant for revenge, carried off the two sons of Cymbeline, with their nurse, married her, and brought up the boys as his own children in a solitary cavern in a forest. Here the old warrior, who formerly had not "paid pious debts to heaven," becomes a gentle hermit, and endeavors in this wilderness to educate two worthy royal youths for their country. Experience had taught him that "the gates of monarchs are arched so high" that they make men impious against God and nature, that no one can keep himself pure in the high places of life, in courts and in cities, amidst the worldly impulses of usury, ambition, and false thirst for glory; that the art of the court in the world in its present condition cannot easily be renounced, but for the soul's good it were better to be unknown. Embittered by the corruption of the world, he thinks to do the greatest service to the ungrateful and

weak king by keeping the boys free and far from it, bringing them up in the pious worship of nature, warning them of the danger of intercourse with the world by images from nature, showing them the sweetness of retired humble life, and praising the beetle as safer than the eagle.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

CLOTEN

Beside this lout, the other rejected wooers in Shakspere's plays, Aguecheek, Slender, and Roderigo, show like gallants of the finest water. Asinine though they be, they have the saving grace of disbelief in their own capacities, but Cloten is a bullying coxcomb, insanely puffed up by his sudden elevation to princely rank. He goes in constant fear of doing something that will be a "derogation" to his novel dignity, and his version of *noblesse oblige* is summed up in the words, "it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors." At bowls and cards, which are his chief occupations, his anxiety is to win the stakes, and it is in a similarly mercenary spirit that he pays court to Imogen. His amorous tactics are as inept as the rest of his conduct. He wakes her with a serenade because he has been "advised to give her music o' mornings," and with brazen effrontery tries to bribe one of her waiting women to be his accomplice. Imogen meets his advances with a studied attempt at politeness till he begins to abuse Posthumus as "a base slave, a hilding for a livery," whereupon, angered beyond control, she retorts in kind, and ends with the scathing outburst,

> "His meanest garment
> That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
> In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
> Were they all made such men."

—BOAS, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

In sharp contrast to her [Imogen], we have, on the one hand, the Queen, and on the other Iachimo, the cunning, intriguing deceiver, who is corrected by the deep misery which he prepares for others and for himself. Belarius, however, whose first intentions were only revenge and destruction, has unconsciously and involuntarily saved the two princes from the Queen's clutches, and, contrary to his original plan—which he was unable to carry out in opposition to his own better nature—has trained them into splendid youths in every way worthy of being rulers; this at the same time determines the happy close of his own life. Pisanio, the faithful, honest servant, has always the intention of doing good, but, owing to his thorough measures, brings suffering and peril upon those whom it was his endeavor to save and reunite. Cymbeline, lastly, the husband, father and king—who is more or less directly affected by the complications in the lives of all the others, hence as it were, the point where all the radii of the wide circle meet, and from which they in the first instance proceed, and upon whom everything turns although he himself appears the least active—he forms the quiescent center of the action, and in his undutiful lassitude and passiveness regulates the fortunes of all, but is ultimately obliged to take all their fortunes upon himself. The drama, therefore, very justly bears his name.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

FAULTS OF THE PLAY

Cymbeline, the story of which is made out of scraps of Holinshed and a tale of Boccaccio, is almost ruined by its plot. It is not the anachronisms that matter—though this is the most freely and wildly anachronistic of all Shakespeare's plays—but the monstrous conduct of Posthumus makes his final reconciliation with Imogen unpleasant to regard closely, while the conversion of Iachimo is merely

childish.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

DEFECTS AND BEAUTIES

In *Cymbeline* the plot is weak, incidents are unreal, anachronisms are abundant, the conduct of Posthumus is sometimes inexplicable, and one character at least is spoiled by the poet's determination to bring forth good from evil.—I mean the character of Iachimo; even villainy should not be made ridiculous in perfect drama, but Iachimo's repentance and forgiveness is ridiculous. All these defects we grant, and having granted them, admit as freely the truth, beauty and charm of the play. These are secured chiefly by the character of Imogen, the most perfect woman in Shakespeare; a wife, as the perfect woman should be; young, as best befits the ideal of woman,—and all else that the ideal implies and reality adores—lovely, perfectly heroic, quick-witted, accomplished, refined, long-suffering, tender.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

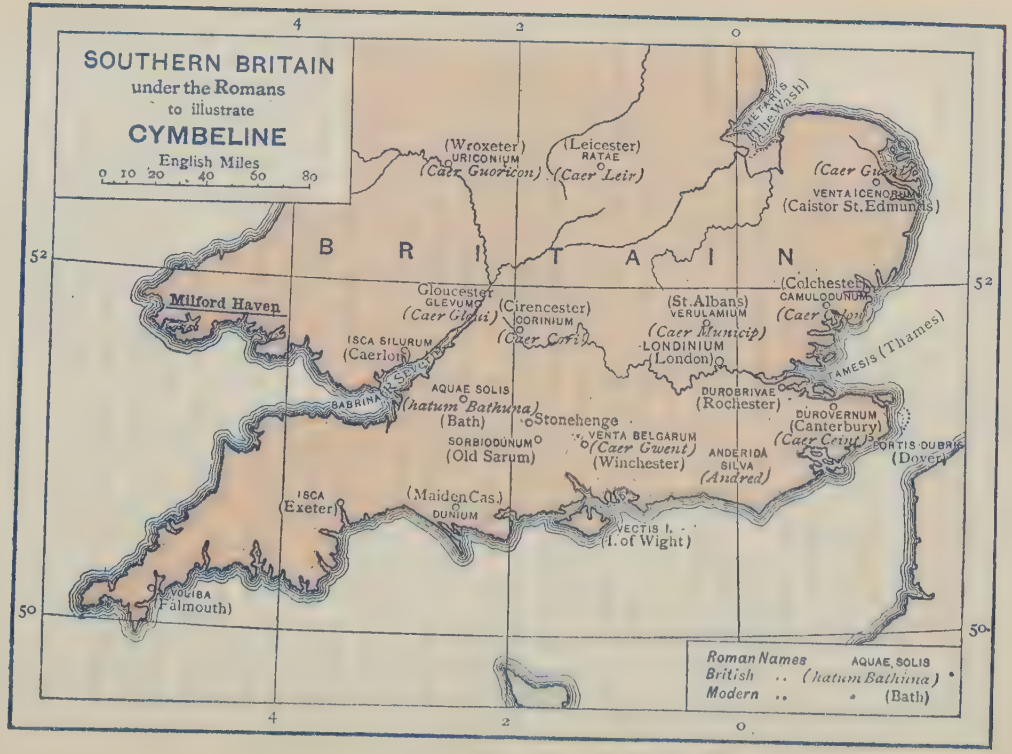
THE CONCLUSION

The conclusion of Cymbeline has been lauded because it is consistent with *poetical justice.* Those who adopt this species of reasoning look very imperfectly upon the course of real events in the moral world. It is permitted, for inscrutable purposes, that the innocent should sometimes fall before the wicked, and the noble be subjected to the base. In the same way, it is sometimes in the course of events that the pure and the gentle should triumph over deceit and outrage. The perishing of Desdemona is as *true* as the safety of Imogen; and the poetical truth involves as high a moral in the one case as in the other. That Shakspere's notion of poetical justice was not the hackneyed notion of an intolerant age, reflected even by a Boccaccio, is shown by the difference in the lot of the offender in the Italian tale and the lot of Iachimo. The Ambrogiolo of the novelist, who slanders a virtuous lady for the gain of a

wager, is fastened to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by flies and locusts. The close of our dramatist's story is perfect Shakspere.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

It is the peculiar excellence of Shakespear's heroines, that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others. They are pure abstractions of the affections. We think as little of their persons as they do themselves, because we are let into the secrets of their hearts, which are more important. We are too much interested in their affairs to stop to look at their faces, except by stealth and at intervals. No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character, the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakespear —no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise—no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant; for the romance of his heroines (in which they abound) is only an excess of the habitual prejudices of their sex, scrupulous of being false to their vows, truant to their affections, and taught by the force of feeling when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it. His women were in this respect exquisite logicians; for there is nothing so logical as passion. They knew their own minds exactly; and only followed up a favorite purpose, which they had sworn to with their tongues, and which was engraven on their hearts, into its untoward consequences. They were the prettiest little set of martyrs and confessors on record.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*


SOUTHERN BRITAIN
under the Romans
to illustrate
CYMBELINE
English Miles
0 10 20 40 60 80
4 2 0
52
50
B R I T A I N
(Wroxeter)
URICONIUM
(Caer Guoricon)
(Leicester)
RATAE
(Caer Leir)
METARIS
(the Wash)
(Caer Gwent)
VENTA ICENORUM
(Caistor St. Edmunds)
Milford Haven
Gloucester
GLEVUM
(Caer Glou)
(Cirencester)
CORINIUM
(Caer Cori)
(St. Albans)
VERULAMIUM
(Caer Municip)
LONDINIUM
(London)
(Colchester)
CAMULODUNUM
(Caer Colon)
ISCA SILURUM
(Caerleon)
SABRINA R. SEVERN
TAMESIS (Thames)
AQUAE SOLIS
(Aquæ Bathonæ)
(Bath)
Stonehenge
DUROBRIVAE
(Rochester)
DUROVERNUM
(Canterbury)
(Caer Ceint)
PORTUS DUBRIS
(Dover)
SORBIODUNUM
(Old Sarum)
VENTA BELGARUM
(Caer Gwent)
(Winchester)
ANDERIDA
SILVA
(Andred)
ISCA
(Exeter)
(Maiden Cas.)
DUNIUM
VECTIS I.
(I. of Wight)
VOLIBA
(Falmouth)
Roman Names AQUAE SOLIS
British .. (Aquæ Bathonæ)
Modern .. (Bath)

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain*
CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen*
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*
GUIDERIUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan*
PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces*
PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus*
CORNELIUS, *a physician*
A Roman Captain
Two British Captains
A Frenchman, friend to Philario
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court
Two Gentlemen of the same
Two Jailers

Queen, *wife to Cymbeline*
IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen*
HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

Apparitions

SCENE: *Britain: Rome*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Posthumus, an English gentleman, marries Imogen, daughter of Cymbeline, king of Britain, without her father's consent. For this he is banished by the angry king. He goes to Rome and there meets an Italian named Iachimo, who wagers that he will dishonor Imogen. Posthumus accepts the wager, for he has implicit confidence in his wife. The Italian does not succeed in open overtures to Imogen and decides to use underhand methods to win his bet.

ACT II

He has himself carried secretly in a trunk to Imogen's bedroom, and while she sleeps he notes everything in the room and slips off her arm a bracelet which Posthumus gave her when he went away. By means of this bracelet and the description he is able to give of her room, Iachimo convinces the husband of his wife's unfaithfulness.

ACT III

Posthumus sends a request to his friend, Pisanio, to slay Imogen, but he, instead of doing as Posthumus wishes and believing in the lady's innocence, persuades her to attire herself in male apparel and to go in search of her husband. As she is passing through Wales she stops for rest and refreshment at a cave in which lives Belarius, with two young men. This Belarius is a nobleman who had been unjustly banished by the king years before and in revenge had kidnapped the two little sons of the king. Although

these lads had grown up in ignorance of their identity and are also unaware of who their guest may be, they are strongly attracted to her and welcome her with great joy.

ACT IV

While Imogen is sleeping within the cave, her stepbrother Cloten arrives without in pursuit of her, and he is slain and beheaded in combat with one of the princes. Imogen's sleep is so deep that her companions believe her dead and lay her body and that of Cloten side by side in the woods, and lightly cover them with leaves and flowers. When Imogen awakes, she mistakes the body beside her for that of Posthumus. Grief-stricken, she takes service with a Roman general who is invading England.

ACT V

Iachimo and Posthumus have accompanied this army to Britain, but Posthumus leaves it to fight for the king, and in the disguise of a peasant does valiant service in the battle which follows the invasion. Belarius and the two princes also fight bravely for Cymbeline, and when the Romans are defeated, the king restores Belarius to favor. The latter restores to their father the long-missing princes. Both Imogen and Iachimo are among the prisoners taken by the English. The latter confesses his villainy and Imogen reveals her identity to her father. Posthumus is also forgiven and his wife restored to him.

CYMBELINE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what 's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10

3. *"does the king";* Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Ff., *"do's the kings"*; Hanmer, *"do the king's."*—I. G.

6. *"referr'd herself";* committed her destiny.—C. H. H.

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.
Sec. Gent. You speak him far.
First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.
Sec. Gent. What 's his name and birth?
First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom

22. *"compare";* compare himself with him.—C. H. H.
27. *"his measure duly";* the meaning is, my praise, however extreme it may appear, is less than the truth warrants: I rather stop short of his merits, than go the full length of them.—H. N. H.
31. *"Tenantius"* was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud.

He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,

On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.—H. N. H.

47. *"most praised, most loved";* "This encomium," says Johnson, "is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare.*"—H. N. H.

For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honor him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

51. *"price"*; worth.—C. H. H.

60. *"no guess in knowledge,"* none which approves itself as true.—C. H. H.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*
Imo. O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world

That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offenses. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,

101. *"Though ink be made of gall";* ox-gall was actually one of the constituents of Elizabethan ink, as is shown by contemporary receipts for making it.—C. H. H.

106. *"pays dear for my offenses";* meaning that the king is so infatuated with her, that the more she offends him, the more he lavishes kindnesses upon her, in order to purchase her good-will.—H. N. H.

Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

118. *"while sense can keep it on"*; that is, while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. Whether this error is to be laid to the Poet's charge or to the printer's, it would not be easy to decide. Malone has shown that there are many passages in these plays of equally loose construction.—H. N. H.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A luster to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

132. To *"repair"* is to restore to the first state, to renew.—H. N. H.

133. *"A year's age";* this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *"a yare* [*i. e.* speedy] *age";* Hanmer, *"many A year's age";* Nicholson, *"more than Thy years' age,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad!

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor-shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When 't pleased you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honor
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.
Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had

14. *"o' the backside the town"*; that is, to the jail, the place where other bankrupt debtors go.—H. N. H.

measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You 'll go with us?

First Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

33. *"reflection of her wit";* to understand the force of this, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath.—H. N. H.

And question'dst every sail: if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,

9. *"make me with this eye or ear"*; Ff., *"his"* for *"this."*—I. G.
19. *"space"*; size.—C. H. H.

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Aye, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her

17. *words him . . . from the matter"*; that is, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.—H. N. H.

colors are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans. 40

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been

23. *"are wonderfully to"*; Warburton conj. *"aids wonderfully to"*; Capell conj. *"are wonderful to"*; Eccles, *"and wonderfully do."*—I. G.

28. *"How creeps acquaintance?"*; how have you stolen into acquaintance? *Creeps* hints at the stealthy process implied in the unexpected result.—C. H. H.

put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveler; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by other's experiences: but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

52. *"shunned to go even with what I heard";* rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience.—H. N. H.

63. *"difference";* ground of quarrel.—C. H. H.

68. *"our country mistresses";* the ladies of our nation.—C. H. H.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

83. *"hand-in-hand";* balanced.—C. H. H.

88. *"could not but";* Malone's emendation of Ff., *"could not."*—I. G.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offense herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

132. *"herein too"*; so Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"heerein to"*; Grant White, *"herein-to"*; Anon. conj. *"hereunto"*; Vaughan conj. *"herein, so."* —I. G.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

158. *"afraid";* Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald Ff., *"a Friend";* Becket conj. *"affied";* Jackson conj. *affianc'd* Collier MS., *"afeard";* Ingleby conj. *"her friend."*—I. G.

158. *"therein the wiser";* that is, you are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. The original reads, *a friend* instead of

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are

afraid. The latter word was suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Theobald. It is not altogether easy to get at the meaning of *a friend* in such a connection: besides, Posthumus has just professed himself "her adorer, *not* her *friend.*" And the change is further approved by what Iachimo says just after: "But, I see, you have some religion in you, that *you fear*"; that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honor attempted, lest it should give way. It need scarce be said, that to such a man as Iachimo religion and superstition are synonymous terms.—H. N. H.

161. *"religion"*; conscientious scruple.—C. H. H.

165. *"am the master of"*; control and am responsible for.—C. H. H.

yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;

181. *"commendation"*; letter of introduction to procure me a more cordial reception.—C. H. H.

185. *"voyage"*; adventurous attack.—C. H. H.

Make haste: who has the note of them?
First Lady. I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, aye: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offense,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigor of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.
Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes.
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

44. *"be false with her";* this soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As gréat as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up
Thou knów'st not what; but take it for thy labor:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

to be "very inartificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows." The great critic forgot that it was intended for the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life.—H. N. H.

54. *"shift his being";* to change his abode.—H. N. H.

What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shaked: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

68. *"chance thou changest on";* so Ff.; Rowe reads *"chance thou chancest on";* Theobald, *"change thou chancest on."*—I. G.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

Scene VI

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You 're kindly welcome.

7. "*glorious*"; bent on glory.—C. H. H.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust— LEONATUS.'
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious

25. *"trust—"*; Boswell's reading; Ff., *"trust."*; Hanmer, *"truest."*; Rann, *"truest,"*; *Thirlby* conj. *"trusty."*—I. G.

36. *"number'd,"* (?)="rich in numbers"; Theobald, *"unnumber'd"*; Warburton, *"humbl'd"*; Farmer conj. *"umber'd"*; Jackson conj. *"member'd"*; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.—I. G.

37. *"Partition make"*; distinguish.—C. H. H.

'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He 's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,

40. *"chatter this way";* show their preference for one by chattering in her direction.—C. H. H.

45. *"desire vomit emptiness";* Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—*"Desire,* when it approached *sluttery,* and considered it in comparison with *such neat* excellence, would not only be *not so allured to feed,* but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness,* would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, *"desire vomit ev'n emptiness";* Capell, *"desire vomit to emptiness";* Hudson, *"desire vomit from emptiness."*—I. G.

To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveler.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Aye, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—

79. "That he is not grateful for his own gifts, is much; that he is not grateful for you, his gift beyond price, fills me with wonder and pity."—C. H. H.

82. *"bound to pity";* that is, on his own account merely, or *in respect of* himself, let alone his wife, his conduct is bad enough; but when I consider the grossness of his sin *in respect of* you, I am bound, &c. *In* was, and indeed still is, often used with the sense of *in respect of*.—H. N. H.

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labor; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I

95. *"doubting";* fearing (that).—C. H. H.

97. *"or, timely knowing,"* etc.; or else, being known in time, are remedied as soon as known.—C. H. H.

99. *"both spur and stop";* the information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred,* but so *short-reined,* as he cannot stirre forward." —H. N. H.

109. *"unlustrous";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"illustrious";* Ingleby, *"ill-lustrous."*—I. G.

Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

123. *"ventures"*; creatures who hazard their persons for gold.—C. H. H.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not

140–210. Concerning the art with which the character of Imogen is worked out, especially in her interview with Iachimo, Mr. Richard Grant White, in his Shakespeare's *Scholar,* has some thoughts so just and so well put, that we are unwilling to forego the benefit of them. "The firm, undallying chastity," says he, "of Imogen is indicated with unsurpassable tact and skill in this scene. She is slow to understand Iachimo; but the moment he makes his proposition plainly, before a word of anger or surprise passes her lips, she calls for the faithful servant of her lord, to remove him who has insulted her and his friend's honour. Then her indignation bursts from her; but again and again she interrupts its flow with 'What, ho! Pisanio!' She holds no question with him who made such a proposition to her; enters into no dispute of why or wherefor: she seeks nothing but the instantaneous removal of the man who has dared to attempt her chastity. Not only does she refuse all consideration of the right or wrong of the proposition, but the mere proposal changes, on the moment, all previous relations between her and the proposer, although they were established by her husband himself. It is not until her pure soul, as quick to believe good as it was slow to imagine evil, is quieted by the entire withdrawal of Iachimo's advances, and the assignment of a comprehensible, though not excusable reason for them, that she ceases to call for him who is in some sort the representative of her husband. An exquisite touch of the master's hand occurs in a single pronoun in the succeeding speech of Imogen. Born a princess, she has given herself to Posthumus, a nameless man, as freely as if she were a peasant's daughter; and she is remarkable, with all her dignity, for her unassuming deportment: but the insult of Iachimo stings her into pride, and, for the first and only time, she takes her state, and speaks of herself in the plural number. She says, 'to expound his mind,' not to *me,* but 'to *us.*'"—H. N. H.

For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,

157. *"The credit";* the faith Imogen has in her husband's integrity.—C. H. H.

Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honor for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so

noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offense to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offense to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Aye, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There 's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted;

therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother 59
Should yield the world this ass? a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm

69. *"horrid act of the divorce";* the original is here allowed on all hands to be corrupt; being literally thus:

> "A Mother hourely coyning plots: a Wooer,
> More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
> Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
> Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme
> The walls of thy deere Honour."

Modern editions, with the exception of Knight's, make the clause, "Then, that horrid act," &c., a continuation of the foregoing sentence, thus: "More hateful than the foul expulsion is of thy dear husband, than that horrid act," &c. Knight connects the same clause with what follows, changing *then* into *from,* thus: "From that horrid Act of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm," &c. We see no cause for any variation from the old copy, except in the pointing and in the changing of *heel'd* into *he'd.* Of course, as we print the passage, the clause, "Then that horrid act," &c., is thrown in as a sort of indignant or abhorrent ex-

The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

clamation; and the following sentence has a tacit reference to "that horrid act." Both the usual reading and Knight's have an awkwardness about them which we can hardly believe belongs to the text. Our arrangement, besides varying less from the original presents, we think, a reading perfectly free and natural.—H. N. H.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd
sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the
taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her
lids
To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my de-
sign,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the
story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body

13. *"press the rushes";* it was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.—H. N. H.

18. *"How dearly they do 't";* how exquisitely they (her lips) kiss. —C. H. H.

22. *"white and azure";* this is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue. By *azure* our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but a tinct or effusion of a blue color. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:

"And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd
Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd.*"—H. N. H.

Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning

36. *"conscience";* Posthumus' inward conviction.—C. H. H.

45. *"Tereus and Progne"* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure,* 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metam.* l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis.*—H. N. H.

48. *"dragons of the night";* the task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness.—H. N. H.

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

Scene III

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after

49. *"bare the raven's eye";* Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Ff.,*"beare the Rauens eye."*—I. G.

51. *"time, time!";* the inexpressible purity and delicacy of this scene has been often commended. It cannot be overpraised. The imagery all shows of "heaven's own tinct," as though by some secret sympathy it had caught the very life and quality of the subject. Its richness and rareness enchant the senses; but the enchantment is wrought so entirely through the imagination, that the senses are at the same time purified, and, as it were, turned into soul in the contemplation. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect, if not our love, upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, only chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character, inasmuch as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium.—H. N. H.

the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,

23. *"the lark at heaven's gate sings";* a similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost,* Book v., 197: "Ye birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And in Shakespeare's xxix. *Sonnet:*

> "Haply, I think on thee, and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Divers other poets, from Chaucer downwards, have the same figure. The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Compaspe:*

His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never mend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the

"Who is't now we hear?
None bu the *lark* so shrill and clear:
Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring."—H. N. H.

26. *"on chaliced flower";* the morning dries up the dew which lies in the *cups* of flowers called *calices* or chalices. The marigold is one of those flowers which close themselves up at sunset. So in *King Henry VIII:* "Great princes' favorites *their fair leaves spread,* but *as the marigold at the sun's eye.*" A similar idea is expressed in *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cantels,* 1578: "Floures which, unfolding their tender leaves at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to *open their smiling eies,* which were oppressed with the drowsinesse of the passed night."—Such instances of false concord as *lies* were common with the older poets, and can hardly be called breaches of grammar.—H. N. H.

29. *"With every thing that pretty is";* Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), *"With all the things that pretty bin";* Warburton, *"With everything that pretty bin."*—I. G.

34. *"vice";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"voyce."*—I. G.

reason I was up so early: he cannot choose
but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my
gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

53. "*soliciting*"; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); F. 1 reads "*solicity*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*solicits*"; Pope, "*solicits.*"—I. G.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho! [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

66. *"extend our notice"*; that is, we must extend towards himself our notice *of* his goodness heretofore shown to us. Shakespeare has many similar ellipses.—H. N. H.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That 's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Aye,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess!
[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now for all
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—

106. *"Are not"*; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, *"cure not"*; but no change is necessary.—I. G.

106. *"mad folks"*; this is a covert mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is, "If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be." Cloten takes her meaning at once.—H. N. H.

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made 132
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio! 140

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. 'His garment!'

120. *"in meaner parties";* in the case of lowlier persons.—C. H. H.

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*
Clo. You have abused me:
'His meanest garment!'
Imo. Aye, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I 'll be revenged:
'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honor
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar

15. *"Is yet fresh in their grief"; i. e.* is kept green by their grief for the losses the Romans had inflicted.—C. H. H.

Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

83. *"So likely to report themselves";* telling their own story so clearly.—C. H. H.

84. *"another nature, dumb";* that is, so near speech. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is: The *sculptor* was as *nature dumb;* he gave everything that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech.*—H. N. H.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honor!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir,—I thank her—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,

91. *"This is her honor!";* Posthumus ironically scoffs at Iachimo's notions of evidence.—C. H. H.

96. *"air this jewel";* in the original this is pointed thus: "Then if you can be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel." This is preferred by some editors, and may be right; the sense being, "If your cheeks can be pale, I will but show this jewel, and that will make them so." Still the usual pointing commends itself as much the better.—H. N. H.

And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it, or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn and honorable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Aye, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I 'll be sworn—

125. *"sworn and honorable";* it was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.—H. N. H.

132. *"Of one persuaded well";* by one convinced of (his lady's virtue).—C. H. H.

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I 'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father. I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let 's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself. 152
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,

149. *"besides"*; beyond.—C. H. H.
2. *"half-workers"*; sharers in the work.—C. H. H.

And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

16. *"full-acorned boar";* hereby hangs one of the most curious tales of misprinting and correcting that we remember to have met with. The original reads thus: "Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a *Iarmen on.*" There can be no doubt that *on* is for *one,* as the word was very often so printed. But what to do with *Iarmen,* that is the question. Pope and Warburton betook themselves to the strange reading, "a *churning* on." Malone turned *Iarmen* into *German,* and such has been the reading of every edition, we believe, published since. Yet, why Posthumus should speak of a *German* boar, is more than anyone can tell. And the reading has been acquiesced in probably because none other was thought of that would bear any sort of scrutiny. Mr. Collier's second folio has *foaming,* which is indeed a great improvement on *German.* But Collier's *foaming* has done something far better yet, in having drawn forth the following note from Mr. Singer: "There can be no doubt that the misprinted word was *brimmen,* or *brimeing.* Thus Bullokar: '*Brime,* a term among hunters, when the wild boar goeth to the female.' Shakespeare has everywhere displayed his knowledge of and fondness for terms of the chase. I am told the word still lingers in the purlieus of the New Forest, and elsewhere provincially." The verb *brime,* from the Anglo-Saxon *bremman,* means to be *hot, furious, rampant.* To the authority produced by Singer we may add the following from Holland's *Pliny:* "They stand lightly to the first *brimming,* but by reason that they are subject to cast their pigges they had need to be *brimmed* a second time." Also this, from Holland's *Plutarch:* "For the same reason they take the sow to be a prophane and unclean beast, for that ordinarily she goeth a *brimming* and admitteth the boar, when the moon is past the full." So that *brimeing* accords perfectly with the sense of *full-acorn'd.*—H. N. H.

The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*

35. *"devils cannot plague him better";* "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes" (Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*).—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,

Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame:' with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once a point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

20. *"rocks"*; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff., *"Oakes."*—I. G.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one: but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all color here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put

55. *"We do"*; these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Ff.; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.—I. G.

57. *"whose use"*; the practice of which.—C. H. H.

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honor;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

62. *"called himself a king";* here, again, Holinshed was the Poet's authority: "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."—H. N. H.

78. *"So Cæsar shall not find them";* the main points of this speech are thus set forth in Holinshed: "Kymbeline was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man, as some write, was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. But here is to be

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the remain is 'Welcome.' [*Exeunt.*

noted that, although our histories do affirm that Kymbeline lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay; yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the Empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus, being otherwise occupied, was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom, at length, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France. But, here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom we now call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue these rebels, near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain."—H. N. H.

Scene II

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She 's punished for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*]
'Do 't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st

10. *"as low as were thy fortunes";* thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers.—H. N. H.

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath,
should he take me in his dominion, could not

23. *"I am ignorant";* that is, I am unpracticed in the arts of murder.—H. N. H.

37. *"in dangerous bonds";* who have entered into bonds entailing a penalty if broken or "forfeited." The seal was essential to the validity of the bond. The "forfeiter" of a bond does not therefore "bless" the bees who furnished its seal, as the lover does those whose wax "clasps" his lady's *billets.*—C. H. H.

be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,—
Love's counselor should fill the pores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

42. *"as"*; but that.—C. H. H.
63. *"inherit"*; come by, possess.—C. H. H.

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,

66. *"our return to excuse";* that is, how to excuse for the gap that we shall make in time.—H. N. H.

67. *"be born or ere begot";* that is, *before* the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.—H. N. H.

73. *"riding wagers";* this practice was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, *put out* money *upon a horse race under themselves,* yea, upon a journey afoote."—H. N. H.

75. *"run i' the clock's behalf";* do the clock's work (*i. e.* in the hour-glass).—C. H. H.

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

82. *"I cannot look through";* of course, Imogen here speaks with her hand as well as with her tongue. "Neither the right side, nor the left, not what is behind me, but have a dense fog in them: the path straight before me to Milford is the only one where I can see my way." We adopt Mason's pointing. As commonly pointed, *I* is the subject of *have*, thus: "I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, nor what ensues; but have a fog," etc.—H. N. H.

2. *"Stoop";* Hanmer's emendation of Ff., *"Sleepe."*—I. G.

6. *"turbans";* F. 1, *"Turbonds";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Turbands."*—I. G.

Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill!
Your legs are young: I 'll tread these flats.
Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not

23. *"bauble";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"Babe";* Hanmer, *"bribe";* the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, *"badge," i. e.* decoration, ribbon.—I. G.

26. *"keeps his book uncrossed";* that is, such a man—the man who "rustles in unpaid-for silk"—gains the bow of courtesy from his tailor, but remains still in debt to him, leaves his account unsettled. To *cross the book* is still a common phrase for wiping out an entry of debt. The original has *gain* instead of *gains;* but the use of *him* shows that the verb should be in the singular.—"No life to ours" is no life *compared to ours.* The form of expression was common.—H. N. H.

What air 's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, traveling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valor is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor, which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,

29. *"What air's from home"*; what the air is like abroad.—C. H. H.
34. *"prison for"*; Pope's emendation of F. 1, *"Prison, or"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Prison or"*; Anon. conj., and Vaughan conj., *"prison of."*—I. G.

Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends

In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,

83. *"I' the cave wherein they bow"*; Warburton's emendation; Ff., *"I' th' Cave, whereon the Bowe"*; Rowe, *"I' th' cave, where on the bow"*; Pope, *"Here in the cave, wherein"*; Theobald, *"I' th' cave, there, on the brow,"* etc.—I. G.

86. *"trick"*; art.—C. H. H.

87. *"who"*; whom.—C. H. H.

94. *"nerves"*; muscles.—C. H. H.

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so

96. *"in as like a figure";* "acting my words" as graphically as his brother. While Guiderius' gestures reflect the immediate impression of Belarius' tale, Arviragus, a more imaginative hearer, heightens what he hears by his greater energy of conception.—C. H. H.

105. *"to her grave";* the grammatical construction requires "to *thy* grave" but we have frequent instances of this change of persons not only in Shakespeare, but in all the writings of his age.—H. N. H.

2. *"ne'er long'd my mother";* that is, "as I have now long'd to see Posthumus." It would seem something fitter to Imogen's state of

To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take of some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I ex-

mind, to read, "Ne'er long'd *his* mother so to see *him* first." Nevertheless, the sense is clear enough.—H. N. H.

8. *"self-explication";* the power of accounting for himself.—C. H. H.

pect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
with the breach of hers. Let thine own
hands take away her life: I shall give thee
opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my
letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done,
thou art the pandar to her dishonor, and
equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favor 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me. 60

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity

53. *"Whose mother was her painting"; i. e.* "who owed her beauty to her painted face"; or, perhaps "whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities"; according to others, "whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade."—I. G.

55. *"hang by the walls";* that is, to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.—H. N. H.

61. *"false Æneas"; i. e.* in his betrayal of Dido.—C. H. H.

From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart;—
Something 's afore 't. Soft, soft! we 'll no defense;—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

65. The *"leaven"* is, in Scripture phraseology, "the whole wickedness of our sinful nature." See *1 Corinthians,* v. 6, 7, 8. "Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay *falsehood* to the charge of men without guile; make all suspected."—H. N. H.

82. *"afore't";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"a-foot."*—I. G.

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

105. *"I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first";* Hanmer's emendation; Ff. read *"I'll wake mine eye-balles first";* Rowe, *"I'll break mine eye-balls first";* Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, *"I'll wake mine eye-balls out first";* Collier MS., *"I'll crack mine eye-balls first."*—I. G.

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretense? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Aye, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where abide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court--

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you abide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

136. Vaughan proposed *"With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing"*; Spence, *"trash noble"* (*i. e.* base coin); Elze, *"that ignoble,"* etc.—I. G.

139. *"Where then?"* perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.—I. G.

148. *"dark as your fortune"*; that is, wear an *outside* as dark, have your person as *obscured*, as your fortune now is. The original has *mind* instead of *mien*, which latter is from Collier's second folio.

That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in jibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The old reading, however, has been plausibly explained thus: "To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind*, is secrecy; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*." Still we have no doubt *mien* is the right word, as it gives a clearer sense, and coheres better with the rest of the passage. In the Poet's time, it was often spelled *mine*, and so might easily be misprinted *mind*.—The next clause is somewhat dark, and may be explained thus: "You must disguise that character which, to be seen hereafter in its proper light, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself"; meaning, of course, her character *as successor to the crown*.—H. N. H.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

178. *"Which you'll make him know";* Hanmer's reading; Ff. read *"Which will make him know";* Theobald, *"Which will make him so."* —I. G.

179. *"embrace";* welcome.—C. H. H.

182. *"You have me, rich";* "as for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me."—H. N. H.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best;
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene V

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honor in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honors us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for

We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear

35. *"too slight in sufferance"*; too negligent in thus indulging her. —C. H. H.

44. *"loud'st of noise"*; Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, *"lowd of noise"*; Rowe, *"loudest noise."*—I. G.

Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.
[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she 's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!
[*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she 's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

69. *"may this night forestall him";* that is, may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an unexpected and premature death.—H. N. H.

Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what 's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools 79
Shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home

72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, "than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind"; Hanmer, *"than any lady, winning from each one."*—I. G.

What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pist. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

101. *"or this, or perish";* meaning, probably, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Dr. Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.—H. N. H.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath

dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Aye, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labor be his meed!
[*Exit.*

Scene VI

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to laps in fullness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

12. *"to lapse in fullness";* to be false in the midst of abundance. —C. H. H.

Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat and industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savory: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

27. *"Such a foe"; i. e.* send me such a foe!—C. H. H.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you 're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What 's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;

50 *"strew'd i' the floor";* Hanmer altered this to *"o' the floor,"* but unnecessarily: *in* was frequently used for *on* in Shakespeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in* earth."—H. N. H.

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offense.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I 'ld buy.

Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,

64. *"in"*; into.—C. H. H.

71. Perhaps we should read, with Hanmer, *"I'd bid"*; *i. e.* "I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you."—I. G.

77. *"my prize"*; my estimation.—C. H. H.

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger that this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
With their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of different multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'll change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

89. *"since Leonatus' false";* Malone says,—"As Shakespeare has used in other places 'Menelaus' tent,' and 'thy mistress' ear' for 'Menelauses tent,' and 'thy mistresses ear'; it is probable that he used 'since Leonatus' false' for 'since Leonatus *is* false.'" Steevens doubts this, and says that the Poet may have written "Since Leonate is false," as he calls *Enobarbus, Enobarbe;* and *Prospero, Prosper,* in other places.—H. N. H.

Scene VII

Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
Sec. Sen. Aye.
First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

7. *"gentry"*; the patricians.—C. H. H.
9. *"commends"*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff., *"commands,"* (perhaps ="commands to be given").—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:

14. *"the advantage of the time";* the prestige of worldly station.—C. H. H.

16. *"more remarkable in single oppositions";* more distinguished when compared in particular accomplishments (Schmidt). Cloten's language is vague, but this seems preferable to the usual interpretation: "more remarkable in single combats."—C. H. H.

yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [*To Imogen.*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how!
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'ld say
'My father, not this youth.'
Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health. So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field!
We 'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.
Arv. We 'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters;

48. *"neat cookery";* it is well known that a certain "strong-minded

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who 's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

woman" has fallen into something of a merry mocking humor at the praise bestowed on Imogen's "neat cookery." Her superfine sensibilities, it would seem, were shocked that a princess and heroine of tragedy should be charged with so vulgar an accomplishment. Alas, that a strong mind should have been so educated by literary studies out of sympathy and fellowship with nature! There is not a finer stroke in the whole delineation; nor, we will venture, is there a line of poetry in the English language that shows a more exquisite skill to touch the springs of natural feeling.—H. N. H.

60. *"untwine his perishing root";* we have here an expression of precisely the same sort as one now, against propriety, growing into use; namely, "differing *with* another," instead of "differing *from* another." In our time, of course the proper language would be,—"Let the elder *twine* his root *with* the vine"; or,—"Let the elder *untwine* his root *from* the vine"; just as it is proper to say,—"I *agree with* you"; or,—"I *differ from* you." The passage in the text has drunk up a deal of editorial ink, and been made the darker for it.—H. N. H.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

71. *"mountaineers"* savages.—C. H. H.
73. *"answering a slave without a knock";* that is, answering one who called me *a slave.*—H. N. H.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What 's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

101. *"companies"*; companions.—C. H. H.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
Was nothing but mutation, aye, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing— 139
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He 'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness

132. *"humor"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"honor."*—I. G.

Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor Sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his color

148. *"my way long forth";* that is, "made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious.*"—H. N. H.

I 'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body 's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

168. *"parish";* Hanmer, *"marish";* Garrick's version, *"river";* Becket conj. *"parage."*—I. G.
179. *"Civility";* breeding.—C. H. H.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbor in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would

211. *"Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at";* not as if death's dart had struck him, since he laughed.—C. H. H.

222. *"harebell";* wild hyacinth.—C. H. H.

223. *"whom not to slander";* who without slandering it.—C. H. H.

224. *"The ruddock,"* etc.; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, *e. g.*

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.
—Drayton, *The Owl.*

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood*

With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done; 229
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.'

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse 241
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting

was dramatized as early as 1600 in Yarrington's *"Two Lamentable Tragedies."*—I. G.

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

262. *"Golden"*; glancing in the brilliance of youth.—C. H. H.

The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

275. To *"consign to thee"* is to "seal the same contract *with thee";* that is, add their names to thine upon the register of death.—H. N. H.

280. *"quiet consummation have";* probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial Service: "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory." Mr. Richard Grant White, in his clever book entitled *Shakespeare's Scholar,* handles these verses rather unceremoniously, calling them "stiff, formal, artificial rhymes, worthy only of a verse-crazed cit affecting the pastorals." And he adds,—"The lines are the production of some clumsy prentice of the Muse." Of course we cannot, even if we had the wit, stay now to criticize either the verses or the critic. Still, we have to confess that, possibly more from long association than from judgment, the lines *feel* to us very much at home where they are, seem to relish of the soil in which they are represented as growing, and fall in so accordantly with the spirit of the persons and the occasion, that we can discover no savor of "affecting the pastorals" in them. We venture to hope that Mr. White, in his next edition, will put more of light and less of smoke into this handful of critical eruption.—H. N. H.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night:—faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses! [*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper, 298

285. *"Upon their faces";* Malone observes, that "Shakespeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed." It is one of the Poet's lapses of thought, and will countenance the passage remarked upon in Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? — How! — 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio!
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Aye me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord,

Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he

346. *"show'd me a vision";* it was no common dream, but sent from the *very gods,* or the gods themselves. *Fast* for *fasted,* as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted.* In *King John* we have *heat* for *heated, waft* for *wafted.* Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible.—H. N. H.

349. *"spongy";* moist.—C. H. H.

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lie slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner

364. *"than noble nature did"*; who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it?—H. N. H.

Than thine own worth prefer thee; go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Aye, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

A fever with the absence of her son;

389. *"poor pickaxes"*; meaning her fingers.—H. N. H.
400. *"preferred"*; committed.—C. H. H.

A madness, of which her life 's in danger.
Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant,

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

21. *"and will, no doubt, be found";* perhaps we should read, *"he'll* no doubt be found." But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age.—H. N. H.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.
First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you 're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*
Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be
true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:

30. *"than what you hear of"*; "Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us."—H. N. H.

36. *"I heard no letter" i. e.* (?) "I've not had a line"; Hanmer reads *"I've had"*; Capell, *"I have had"*; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), *"I had."*—I. G.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.

[*Exit.*

15. *"dread it, to the doers' thrift";* perhaps this means that the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them repent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested *"dreaded . . . thrift";* but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.—I. G.

Scene II

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but

The villainy of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save

8. *"Lolling the tongue";* a mark of bloodthirstiness in wild beasts. —C. H. H.
12. *"lane";* narrow defile.—C. H. H.
26. *"that"; i. e.* "that death."—I. G.

But to look back in frown: stand, stand!' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends

30. *"the file";* the whole force.—C. H. H.
34. *"gilded";* flushed.—C. H. H.
43. *"they";* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"the"; i. e.* "retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors."—I. G.

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

53. *"Nay, do not wonder";* Theobald reads *"Nay, do but wonder";* Staunton conj. *"Ay, do but wonder";* "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).—I. G.

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favorer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:

74. That is, *"he, Death,* being now a favorer to the Briton, I will be a Briton no longer; I have resumed the part I came in, turned Roman again, in which character I shall find him." Sir Thomas Hanmer, and other editors after him, supposing Posthumus to be speaking of himself, and not of Death, in this line, changed *Briton* into *Roman.*—H. N. H.

But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who 's there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog! 91
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer: then exeunt omnes.

Scene IV

A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Jailers.

First Jail. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you:
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Jail. Aye, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Jailers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty: yet am I better

1. *"you have locks upon you"*; the Jailer alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.—H. N. H.

Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom, 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

15. *"to satisfy";* to make atonement for his guilt (as distinguished from merely repenting it).—C. H. H.

21. *"their abatement";* the proportion of the debt which they do not take.—C. H. H.

24. *"'Tween man and man,"* etc.; in common traffic not every coin is weighed.—C. H. H.

25. *"for the figure's sake";* that is, "men do not take every stamp or piece by weight; some pieces, though too light, they accept, in order to make up the number required: still more, then, so accept mine,

You rather mine, being yours: and so, great
powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art—
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

great powers, since all the pieces I have are of your own coinage." —H. N. H.

28. *"cancel these cold bonds"*; so in *Macbeth: "Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond* that keeps me pale." There is an equivoque between the legal instrument and bonds of steel.—H. N. H.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,

That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honor to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolors turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

116. *"to foot us";* that is, to grasp us in his pounces. The word is thus used by Herbert:

"And till they *foot* and clutch their prey."—H. N. H.

116. *"his ascension is more sweet than our blest fields";* he ascends with an odor sweeter than that of the Elysian fields of asphodel.—C. H. H.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor dream as I have done;

122. It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare was at any time the author of this interlude; impossible, that he was so, when his powers were in anything such strength as they show in the rest of the play. The more common opinion is, that the interlude was foisted in by the players, in order to catch the interest of vulgar wonder. That such things were sometimes done, is indeed beyond question. It may also be observed that, if the whole apparition, together with what follows down to the re-entrance of the jailers, be omitted, there will appear no gap in the play, unless in the allowing of Posthumus some space for sleep; the origin of the tablet being, for aught we can see, as well explained without the apparition as with it. Still we incline to the opinion that the matter was worked in by the Poet from an older drama either written by himself in his youth, or found among the stock-copies of the theater. For, though the tablet be as well accounted for without the apparition as with it, in what Posthumus afterwards says of it, yet the former is itself as absurd as anything in the latter, and as much below the style of the rest of the play. Nevertheless, the contents of the tablet are so worked into the dialogue as to make the tablet itself an inseparable item of the drama. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the Poet either retained the matter from some early production of his pen, or else found it already in popular favor on the stage, and so worked it in with his own "noble stuff," for purposes too obvious to need remarking upon.—H. N. H.

Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

First Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
First Jail. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must

166. *"Paid"* here means *"subdued* or *overcome* by the liquor.—H. N. H.

either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

First Jail. I 'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt all but First Jailer.*

First Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my

present profit, but my wish hath a efer-
ment in 't. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only

23. So in *Macbeth:* "The *business* of this man looks out of him." —H. N. H.

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

54. *"and in time"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"yes and in time"*; S. Walker conj. *"and in due time,"* etc.—I. G.

55. *"to work her son into the adoption of the crown"*; to procure his adoption as heir.—C. H. H.

Ladies. We did, so please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth

68. *"prove it in thy feeling";* attest it by your own sufferings.—C. H. H.

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favor is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Aye, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.

120. *"One sand another not more resembles";* some words are perhaps lost. Walker conjectured that two half lines had dropped out:—

Not more resembles [
Than he resembles] that sweet rosy lad, etc.—C. H. H.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint,
And not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing*] Aye, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Aye me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing,
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;

208. *"the forfeit";* the fine paid for breach of a "bond" or contract.—C. H. H.

That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honor'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

221. *"and she herself";* not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.—H. N. H.

225. *"Be villainy less than 'twas";* let villainy be a term for less heinous acts, those truly vile taking their name from Posthumus.—C. H. H.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'
Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

255. *"Cease"* was not unfrequently used thus as a transitive verb. See *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act iii. sc. 9, note 5.—H. N. H.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.
Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,

262. *"upon a rock"; i. e.* "as a shipwreck'd sailor." *Cf.* the close of Goethe's *Tasso*:—

So klammert sich der Schiffer endlich noch
Am Felsen fest.—C. H. H.

263. The stage-direction was first inserted by Hanmer, and explains the meaning of the lines, and gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.—I. G.

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

305. *"scar"; "had ever s. for," i. e.* had ever received a scar for; Ff. 1, 2, *"scarre"*; Collier conj. *"sense"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"score"*; Bailey conj. *"soar."*—I. G.

308. *"by tasting of our wrath"*; the consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste.*—H. N. H.

313. *"For mine own part . . . dangerous"*; dangerous as regards myself.—C. H. H.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons!
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue!
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offense, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years

319. *"assumed this age";* referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. —H. N. H.

334. *"my mere offense";* the old copy reads *"neere* offence"; the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."—H. N. H.

Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,

346. *"shaped unto"*; fell in with.—C. H. H.

352. *"Thou weepest"*; "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly (Johnson).—H. N. H.

354. *"Unlike"*; unlikely.—C. H. H.

Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It is a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Aye, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting loved,
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!

378. *"When ye"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"When we"*; Capell, *"When you."*—I. G.

When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how
lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman cap-
tive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;
And all the other by-dependances,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor
place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

382. *"fierce,"* disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conj. *"forc'd"*; Bailey conj. *"brief."*—I. G.

383. *"circumstantial branches, which distinction should be rich in"*; separate narratives which ought to be followed out in all their rich detail.—C. H. H.

384. *"distinction should be rich in," i. e.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).—I. G.

392. *"our long inter'gatories"*; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; F., *"our long Interrogatories."*—I. G.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!

We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and

428. *"Spritely shows"* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.—H. N. H.

434–440. Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows: "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." Collier thinks "it is very possible that the scroll and the vision were parts of an older play." Our agreement with him herein has been already declared.—H. N. H.

freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers

460. *"My peace we will begin";* it should apparently be, *"By* peace we will begin." The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "peace and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies, "We will begin *with peace, to fulfill the prophecy.*"—H. N. H.

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

466. *"laid most heavy hand";* that is, have laid most heavy hand *on.* Many such elliptical passages are found in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abode; "desire my man's a.", *i. e.* bid my servant to stay; I. vi. 53.

Absolute, absolutely certain, positive; IV. ii. 106.

Abuse, deceive; I. vi. 131; IV. ii. 351.

Abused, deceived; I. iv. 124; III. iv. 106.

Act, action, operation; I. v. 22.

Action, state, course; V. iv. 151.

Adjourn'd, deferred; V. iv. 78.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38.

——, veneration, and wonder; IV. ii. 232.

Adorer, idolator; I. iv. 82.

Adventure, run the risk; III. iv. 157.

Adventured, dared, ventured; I. vi. 172.

Advice; "best a.", deliberate consideration; I. i. 156.

Afeard, afraid; IV. ii. 94.

Affected, loved; V. v. 38.

Affiance, fidelity; I. vi. 163.

Affirmation; "bloody a.", "sealing the truth with his blood"; I. iv. 70.

Affront; "gave the a.", confronted the enemy; V. iii. 87.

——, confront; IV. iii. 29.

Afric, Africa; I. i. 167.

After, afterwards; I. v. 80; I. vi. 50; II. iii. 20.

After, according to; IV. ii. 334.

After-eye, look after; I. iii. 16.

Air's from, air there is away from; III. iii. 29.

Albeit, although; II. iii. 62.

Allow'd, acknowledged; III. iii. 17.

Amazed, confused; IV. iii. 28.

Amend, make better; V. v. 216.

Ancient, old, aged; V. iii. 15.

Andirons, irons at the side of the fireplace; II. iv. 88.

Annoy, harm; IV. iii. 34.

Answer, punishment; IV. iv. 13.

——, return, retaliation; V. iii. 39.

——, correspond to; IV. ii. 192.

Answer'd him, done like him; V. iii. 91.

Ape, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31.

Apparent, plain, evident; II. iv. 56.

Apprehension, conception; IV. ii. 110.

Approbation, attestation; I. iv. 144.

Approve, prove; IV. ii. 380; V. v. 245.

Approvers; "their a.", those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. 25.

Arabian bird, the phœnix; I. vi. 17.

Arm, take up into the arms; IV. ii. 400.

Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. ii. 26.
As, for; I. vi. 130.
——, like; II. iv. 84.
——, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. 116.
Assumed, put on; V. v. 319.
At, on; III. iv. 194.
Atone, reconcile; I. iv. 46.
Attemptable, open to temptation; I. iv. 72.
Attended, listened to; I. vi. 142.
Attending, doing service; III. iii. 22.
——, awaiting; V. iv. 38.
Averring, alleging; V. v. 203.
Avoid!, begone! away!; I. i. 125.

Back'd, seated upon the back of; V. v. 427.
Base, a game in which the quickest runner is the winner; V. iii. 20.
Basilisk, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the beholder with death; II. iv. 107.
Bate, beat down, deduct; III. ii. 56.
Bay, bark at; V. v. 223.
Beastly, like beasts; III. iii. 40; V. iii. 27.
Becomed, become; V. v. 406.
Behalf; "in the clock's b.", *i. e.* doing the service of a clock; III. ii. 75.
Belch from, vomit from; III. v. 139.
Bent, cast, look; I. i. 13.
Beseech, I beseech; I. i. 153.
Beseeming, appearance; V. v. 409.
Betid, happened; (Ff., *"betide"*); IV. iii. 40.
Be what it is; let it be what it may; V. iv. 150.
Beyond nature, which are immortal; V. v. 165.
Bloods, temperaments; I. i. 1.
Bold, sure, confident; II. iv. 2.
Bondage, obligation; II. iv. 111.
Book, tablet; V. iv. 133.
Boot; "to b.", in addition; I. v. 69; II. iii. 36.
Bore in hand, falsely pretended, abused with false hopes; V. v. 43.
Bow, makes to bow; III. iii. 3.
——, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.
Brain not, do not understand; V. iv. 148.
Brands, torches; II. iv. 91.
Bravely, well; II. ii. 15.
Bravery, "state of defiance"; III. i. 18.
Brawns, arms; IV. ii. 311.
Breeding, life; V. iii. 17.
Bring, accompany, escort; I. i. 171.
Brogues, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214.
Bugs, bugbears; V. iii. 51.
But, except, without; V. v. 311.
By, from; II. iv. 77, 78; III. v. 58.
By-dependances, accessory circumstances; V. v. 390.
By-peeping, looking aside, side-long glances; (Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, *"lye-peeping"*; Collier MS., *"bo-peeping"*; Keightley, *"bide peeping"*; &c., &c.); I. vi. 108.

Calves'-guts, fiddle-strings; II. iii. 35.
Capon, perhaps used quibblingly for *"capon," i. e.* "with a coxcomb"; II. i. 27.
Carl, churl, peasant; V. ii. 4.

Carriage; "your c." carrying you off; III. iv. 191.
Cased, covered; V. iii. 22.
Cave, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.
Cave-keeper, one who lives in a cave; IV. ii. 298.
Century, hundred; IV. ii. 391.
Certainty, certain results; IV. iv. 27.
Chaffless, without chaff; I. vi. 178.
Chance, event, circumstance; V. v. 391.
Change you, do you change color; I. vi. 11.
Characters, handwriting; III. ii. 28.
——, letters; IV. ii. 49.
Charge, burden, take hold of; III. iv. 45.
Charm'd, made invulnerable; V. iii. 68.
Charming, having magical, protecting power; I. iii. 35.
——; "more c.", *i. e.* charming more, bewitching others more; V. iii. 32.
Check, reproof; III. iii. 22.
Cinque-spotted, with five spots; II. ii. 38.
Circumstances, details; particulars; II. iv. 62.
Citizen, cockney-bred, effeminate; IV. ii. 8.
Civil, civilized; III. vi. 23.
Clean, altogether; III. vi. 20.
Clipp'd, surrounded, encircled; II. iii. 138.
Clipp'd about, embraced; V. v. 452.
Close, secret; III. v. 85.
Closet, private chamber; I. v. 84.
Cloth, dress, livery; II. iii. 127.
Clotpoll, head; IV. ii. 184.
Clouted brogues, hob-nailed boots; IV. ii. 214.
Cloys, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 118.
Cognizance, visible token; II. iv. 127.
Collection of, inference from; V. v. 432.
Color; "against all c.", contrary to all appearance of right; III. i. 52.
Colors; "under her c.", *i. e.* "under her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 22.
Comfort, happiness, joy; V. v. 403.
Common-kissing, kissing anything and everything; III. iv. 167.
Companion, fellow; (used contemptuously); II. i. 31.
Company, accompany; V. v. 408.
Comparative for, comparing with; II. iii. 133.
Conclusions, experiments; I. v. 18.
Condition, character; V. v. 165.
Conduct, escort, safe-conduct; III. v. 8.
Confections, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246.
Confident; "three thousand c.", with the confidence of three thousand; V. iii. 29.
Confiners, borderers; IV. ii. 337.
Confounded, destroyed; I. iv. 60.
Consequence, succession; II. iii. 125.
Consider, pay, reward; II. iii. 33.
——, take into consideration; V. v. 28.
Constant-qualified, faithful; I. iv. 72.
Construction, interpretation; V. v. 433.
Consummation, end, death; IV. ii. 280.

CONTAINING; "whose c", the contents of which; V. v. 430.
CONTENT THEE, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. 26.
CONVEY'D, stolen; I. i. 63.
CONVINCE, overcome; I. iv. 113.
CORDIAL, reviving to the spirits; I. v. 64.
COUNTERCHANGE, exchange; V. v. 396.
COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 175.
CRACK'D, blustered, bragged; V. v. 177.
——, broken; V. v. 207.
CRARE, skiff, a small vessel; (Sympson's conj., adopted by Steevens; Ff., *"care"*; Warburton, adopted by Theobald, *"carrack"*; Hanmer, *"carack"*); IV. ii. 205.
CRESCENT, increasing, growing; I. iv. 2.
CROP, harvest, produce; I. vi. 33.
CURB'D, restrained; II. iii. 124.
CURIOUS, careful; I. vi. 191.
CUTTER, sculptor; II. iv. 83.
CYDNUS, a river in Cilicia; II. iv. 71.
CYTHEREA, Venus; II. ii. 14.

DAMM'D, stopped up; V. iii. 11.
DARK, mean, obscure; III. iv. 148.
DEAR, deeply felt; V. v. 345.
DEBITOR AND CREDITOR, account book; V. iv. 172.
DECAY, destroy; I. v. 56.
DEFECT; "d. of judgment", *i. e.* "the defective use of judgment" (Ingleby); IV. ii. 111.
DEFINITE, resolute; I. vi. 43.
DELICATE, alluring; (?) ingenious, artful; V. v. 47.
DELIGHTED, delightful; V. iv. 102.
DEPEND, impend, remain in suspense; IV. iii. 23.
DEPENDING, resting, leaning; II. iv. 91.
DESPERATE; "upon a d. bed", dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6.
DESPITE; "in my d.", in defiance of me; IV. i. 17.
DIE THE DEATH, die a violent death; IV. ii. 96.
DIFFERING MULTITUDES, wavering multitudes, fickle mobs; III. vi. 86.
DISCOVER, disclose, confess; I. vi. 98; III. v. 95.
DISEDGED, surfeited; III. iv. 97.
DISMISSION, rejection, dismissal; II. iii. 58.
DOOM'D, decided; V. v. 420.
DOUBTING, suspecting that; I. vi. 95.
DRAWN, tapped, emptied; V. iv. 169.
DRAWN TO HEAD, gathered together, levied; III. v. 25.
DRUG-DAMN'D, detested for its drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15.

EARNEST, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. v. 65.
ELDER, elder-tree; IV. ii. 59.
ELDER, *i. e.* later, of more recent date; V. i. 14.
ELECTED, chosen; III. iv. 113.
ELECTION, choice; I. ii. 30.
EMPERY, empire; I. vi. 120.
ENCHAFED, enraged; IV. ii. 174.
ENCOUNTER, meet; I. iii. 32.
——, meet with; I. vi. 112.
ENDED, died; V. v. 30.
ENFORCE, force, compel; IV. iii. 11.
ENFORCED, forced; IV. i. 21.
ENLARGEMENT, liberty; II. iii. 124.
ENTERTAIN, take into service; IV. ii. 394.

Estate, state, condition; V. v. 74.
Even, keep pace with, profit by; III. iv. 185.
——, just; III. vi. 16.
Event, issue, result; III. v. 14.
Ever, ever ready; I. iv. 43.
Exhibition, allowance; I. vi. 122.
Exorciser, conjurer; IV. ii. 276.
Extend; "to e. him", *i. e.* to increase his reputation; I. iv. 23.
——; "I do e. him within himself", *i. e.* I praise him not more, but even less, than he deserves; I. i. 25.
Extremity, cruelty; III. iv. 17.

Fail, fault, offense; (Upton conj. *"fall"*); III. iv. 67.
Fairies, evil fairies; II. ii. 9.
Fall'n-off, revolted; III. vii. 6.
False, turn false; II. iii. 75.
Fan, winnow, test; I. vi. 177.
Fangled, gaudily ornamented; V. iv. 134.
Far; "speak him f.", praise him highly; (Ff. 3, 4, *"fair"*); I. i. 24.
Fast, fasted; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"feast"*; Hanmer, *"fasting"*; &c.); IV. ii. 347.
Fatherly, in a fatherly way; II. iii. 40.
Favor, beauty, charm; I. vi. 42.
——, external appearance; IV. ii. 104.
——, countenance; V. v. 93.
Fear, fear for; I. iv. 117.
Fear'd, mixed with fear; (Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Knight, *"sear'd"*; Hudson, *"sere"*; Elze, conj. *"dear"*; &c., &c.); II. iv. 6.
Fearful, full of fear; III. iv. 46.
Feat, dexterous, neat; V. v. 88.
Feated, fashioned; (Rowe, *"featur'd"*); Johnson, *"feared"*); I. i. 49.
Feature, shape, exterior; V. v. 163.
Fell, cruel; IV. ii. 109.
Fellows, equals in rank; III. iv. 94.
Feodary, accomplice; III. ii. 21.
Fetch, take; I. i. 81.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. ii. 141.
Fit, ready; III. iv. 172.
Fitment, equipment; V. v. 409.
Fits, befits; III. v. 22.
Fitted, prepared; V. v. 55.
Fitting, befitting, becoming; V. v. 98.
Foot, kick; III. v. 151.
For, as for; II. iii. 116; V. iii. 80.
——, fit for, only worthy of; II. iii. 127.
——, because; III. iv. 54; IV. ii. 129.
——, for want of; III. vi. 17.
For all, once for all; II. iii. 110.
Fore-end, earlier part; III. iii. 73.
Forespent, previously bestowed; II. iii. 65.
Forestall, deprive; III. v. 69.
Fore-thinking, fore-seeing, anticipating; III. iv. 172.
Forfeiters, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38.
Forfend, forbid; V. v. 287.
Forlorn, lost, not to be found; V. v. 405.
Foundations, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7.
Fragments, scraps, remnants of food; V. iii. 44.

FRAME TO, conform; II. iii. 52.
FRANCHISE, free exercise; III. i. 58.
FRANKLIN, yeoman; III. ii. 79.
FRAUGHT, burden; I. i. 126.
FREENESS, generosity; V. v. 421.
FRETTED, ornamented, embossed; II. iv. 88.
FRIEND, lover; I. iv. 82.
——; "to fr.", for my friend; I. iv. 125.
FRIENDLY, in a friendly manner; V. v. 482.
FRIGHTED, affrighted, frightened; II. iii. 144.
FROM, away from; I. iv. 18.
——, far from; V. v. 431.
FULL-HEARTED, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7.
FUMES, delusions; IV. ii. 301.
FURNACES, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66.

GAIN; "g. his color," *i. e.* "to restore him to health"; IV. ii. 167.
GALLOWSES, gallows; V. iv. 215.
'GAN, began; V. iii. 37.
GECK, dupe; V. iv. 67.
GENTLE, of gentle birth; IV. ii. 39.
GIGLOT, false, wanton; III. i. 31.
'GINS, begins; II. iii. 24.
GIVE ME LEAVE, pardon me; V. v. 149.
GIVEN OUT, reported, made out; V. v. 312.
GO BACK, succumb, give way; I. iv. 124.
GO BEFORE, excel; V. ii. 8.
GO EVEN, accord; I. iv. 52.
GORDIAN KNOT, the celebrated knot, untied by Alexander; II. ii. 34.
GREAT COURT, important court business; III. v. 50.
GREAT MORNING, broad day; IV. ii. 61.
GUISE, practice; V. i. 32.
GYVES, fetters; V. iv. 14.

HABITS, garments; V. i. 30.
HAND-FAST, marriage engagement; I. v. 78.
HANGINGS, hanging fruit; III. iii. 63.
HAPLY, perhaps; III. iii. 29; IV. i. 21.
HAPPY, skillful, gifted; III. iv. 178.
HARDER, too hard; III. iv. 165.
HARDIMENT, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75.
HARDINESS, hardihood, bravery; III. vi. 22.
HARDNESS, hardship, want; III. vi. 21.
HAVE AT IT, I'll tell my story; V. v. 315.
HAVE WITH YOU!, Take me with you!; IV. iv. 50.
HAVING, possessions; I. ii. 20.
HAVIOR, behavior; III. iv. 9.
HEAD, armed force; IV. ii. 139.
HEAVED TO HEAD, raised to my lips; V. v. 157.
HECUBA, the wife of Priam; IV. ii. 313.
HERBLETS, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
HIE THEE, hasten; II. iii. 142.
HILDING, mean wretch; II. iii. 127.
HIND, boor, serf; V. iii. 77.
HOLD, fastness; III. vi. 18.
HOLP, did help; V. v. 422.
HOME, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
HORSE-HAIRS, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 34.
HOW MUCH, however much; IV. ii. 17.
HUNT, game taken in the chase; III. vi. 90.

Ignorant, silly, inexperienced; III. i. 27.

Imperceiverant, dull of perception; (Ff., *"imperseuerant"* (probably the correct reading); Hanmer, *"ill-perseverant"*); IV. i. 17.

Imperious, imperial; IV. ii. 35.

Importance, import, occasion; I. iv. 49.

Importantly, with matters of such importance; IV. iv. 19.

In, into; III. vi. 64.

Incivil, uncivil; V. v. 292.

Injurious, malicious, unjust; III. i. 49.

——, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.

Instruct, inform; IV. ii. 360.

Insultment, insult; III. v. 147.

Into, unto; I. vi. 167.

Irregulous, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.

Is, is in existence; I. iv. 90.

Issues, deeds, actions; II. i. 53.

It, its; III. iv. 161.

Jack, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack, and to be in excellent position; II. i. 2.

Jack-slave, lowborn fellow; (a term of contempt); II. i. 23.

Jay, a loose woman; a term of reproach; III. iv. 52.

Jealousy, suspicion; IV. iii. 22.

Jet, strut; III. iii. 5.

Join; "j. his honor", *i. e.* "gave his noble aid"; I. i. 29.

Journal, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.

Jovial; "our J. star"; (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joyfullest star, and of the happiest augury of all", hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.

Jovial, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311.

Joy'd, rejoiced; V. v. 424.

Jump, risk; V. iv. 189.

Justicer, judge; V. v. 214.

Keep house, stay at home; III. iii. 1.

Ken; "within a k.", within sight; III. vi. 6.

Kitchen-trulls, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.

Knowing, knowledge; I. iv. 33; II. iii. 102.

Known together, been acquainted with each other; I. iv. 40.

Label, tablet; V. v. 430.

Laborsome, elaborate; III. iv. 168.

Lady; "my good l.", (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 157.

Laming, crippling; V. v. 163.

Lapp'd, wrapped, enfolded; V. v. 360.

Late, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.

Laud we, let us praise; V. v. 477.

Lay, wager; I. iv. 173.

Lay the leaven on, corrupt and deprave; III. iv. 65.

Lean'd unto, bowed to, submitted to; I. i. 78.

Leans, is about to fall; I. v. 58.

Learn'd, taught; I. v. 12.

Leave; "by l.", with your permission; V. v. 315.

——, leave off, cease; I. iv. 118.

Left, left off; I. iii. 15.

——, left off reading; II. ii. 4.

Less; "without l.", without more, with less (probably to be explained as a double negative); I. iv. 26.

Let blood, let suffer, perish; IV. ii. 168.
Liegers, ambassadors; (Ff., *"Leidgers"*); I. v. 80.
Like, equal; I. i. 21; V. v. 75.
——, the same; IV. ii. 237.
——, likely; II. iv. 16.
——, equally; III. iii. 41.
Limb-meal, limb from limb; IV. iv. 147.
Line, fill with gold; II. iii. 73.
Long of, through, owing to; V. v. 271.
Looks us, seems to us; III. v. 32.
Lucina, the goddess of childbirth; V. iv. 43.
Lud's town, the old name of London; III. i. 32.

Madded, maddened; IV. ii. 313.
Madding, maddening, making mad; II. ii. 37.
Made finish, put an end to; V. v. 412.
Makes, produces, causes; I. vi. 38.
Martial, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310.
Mary-buds, marigolds; II. iii. 27.
Match, arrangement; III. vi. 30.
Matter, business; IV. iii. 28.
Mean affairs, ordinary affairs; III. ii. 52.
Means; "your m.", as to your means; III. iv. 181.
Mercurial; "foot m.", *i. e.* "light and nimble like that of Mercury"; IV. ii. 310.
Mere, utter; IV. ii. 92.
——, only; V. v. 334.
Mineral, poison; V. v. 50.
Minion, darling, favorite; II. iii. 47.
Misery; "noble m.", miserable nobility; V. iii. 64.
Moe, more; III. i. 36.
Moiety, half; I. iv. 127.
Mortal, deadly, fatal; I. iv. 48.
Motion, impulse; II. v. 20.
Motives; "your three m.", the motives of you three; V. v. 388.
Move, induce; I. i. 103.
Moved, incited, instigated; V. v. 342.
Mows, grimaces, wry faces; I. vi. 41.
Mulier, (fancifully derived from *"mollis aer"*); V. v. 449.
Mutest, most silent; I. vi. 116.

Naught, wicked; V. v. 271.
Neat-herd, keeper of cattle; I. i. 149.
Nice, capricious; II. v. 26.
Niceness, coyness; III. iv. 159.
Nonpareil, paragon; II. v. 8.
North, north-wind; I. iii. 36.
Note, reputation; I. iv. 2.
——, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; I. v. 2.
——, eminence; II. iii. 126.
——, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44.
——, "our n.", taking notice of us; IV. iv. 20.
——, take note, notice; II. ii. 24.
Nothing, not at all; I. iv. 115. III. vi. 86.
Nothing-gift, gift of no value; III. vi. 86.
Now, just now; V. iii. 74.
Number'd, abundantly provided; I. vi. 36.

Occasions; "over his o.", (?)= "in regard to what was required"; according to some, "beyond what was required"; V. v. 87.

'Ods pittikins, a petty oath; IV. ii. 293.

O'ergrown, overgrown with hair and beard; IV. iv. 33.

Of, with; I. vi. 150.

——, on; II. iii. 118; IV. iv. 48.

——, by; II. iii. 138; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. 22; V. v. 346.

——, over; IV. i. 25.

——, about, in praise of; V. v. 177.

Offer'd; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4.

On, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198.

On's, of us; (F. 1, *"one's"*; Steevens, *"of us"*; Vaughan conj. *"o' us"*); V. v. 311.

On't, of it; I. i. 164; V. ii. 3.

Open'd, disclosed; V. v. 58.

Operate, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197.

Or, before; II. iv. 14.

Orbs, orbits; V. v. 371.

Order'd; "more o.", better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. 21.

Orderly, proper; II. iii. 53.

Ordinance, what is ordained; IV. ii. 145.

Or ere, before; III. ii. 67.

——, rather than; V. iii. 50.

Out-peer, excel; III. vi. 87.

Outsell, exceed in value; II. iv. 102.

Outsells, outvalues, is superior to; III. v. 74.

Outstood, overstayed; I. vi. 207.

Outward, external appearance; I. i. 23.

Overbuys, pays too dear a price; I. i. 146.

Owe, own; III. i. 38.

Packing, running off; (?) plotting; III. v. 80.

Paid, punished; IV. ii. 246.

Paled in, surrounded; III. i. 19.

Pandar, accomplice; III. iv. 33.

Pang'd, pained; III. iv. 99.

Pantler, keeper of the pantry; II. iii. 128.

Paragon, pattern, model; III. vi. 44.

Part; "for mine own p.", for myself; V. v. 313.

Parted, departed; III. vi. 52.

Partisan, halberd; IV. ii. 399.

Parts, endowments; III. v. 71.

Passable, affording free passage; I. ii. 10.

Passage, occurrence; III. iv. 95.

Peculiar, own particular, private; V. v. 83.

Peevish, foolish; I. vi. 54.

Penetrate, touch; II. iii. 15.

Penitent, repentant; V. iv. 10.

Perfect; "I am p.", I am perfectly well aware, I well know; III. i. 74.

——, perfectly well aware; IV. ii. 118.

Perforce, by force; III. i. 73.

Pervert, averted; II. iv. 151.

Pinch, pain, pang; I. i. 130.

Pleaseth, if it please; I. v. 5.

Point; "at p.", on the point of; III. i. 30; III. vi. 17.

Point forth, indicate; V. v. 455.

Post, hasten; V. v. 192.

Posting, hurrying; III. iv. 39.

Postures, shapes, forms; V. v. 165.

Powers, armed forces; III. v. 24.

Practice, plot, stratagem; V. v. 199.

Prefer, recommend; II. iii. 52; IV. ii. 386.

——, promote; V. v. 326.

PREFERMENT, promotion; V. iv. 216.
PREGNANT, evident; IV. ii. 325.
PRESENTLY, immediately; II. iii. 142.
PRETTY, fair, advantageous; III. iv. 151.
PRIDES, (?) ostentatious attire; II. v. 25.
PRIEST, priestess; I. vi. 133.
PRINCE, play the prince; III. iii. 85.
PRIZE, value; (Hanmer, *"price"*; Vaughan, *"peize"*); III. vi. 77.
PROBATION, proof; V. v. 362.
PROFESS MYSELF, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 82.
PRONE, eager, ready; V. iv. 209.
PROOF, experience; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 27.
PROPER, handsome; III. iv. 65.
——, own; IV. ii. 97.
PRUNES, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118.
PUDENCY, modesty; II. v. 11.
PUT ON, incite to, instigate; V. i. 9.
PUTTOCK, kite; I. i. 140.

QUARRELOUS, quarrelsome; III. iv. 163.
QUARTER'D FIRES, camp fires; IV. iv. 18.
QUENCH, become cool; I. v. 47.
QUESTION, put to the trial, *i. e.* fight a duel; II. iv. 52.

RAMPS, leaps; I. vi. 134.
RANGERS, nymphs; II. iii. 75.
RANK, rankness; (used quibblingly); II. i. 18.
RAPS, transports; I. vi. 51.
RARE, overpowering, exquisite; I. i. 135.
RAVENING, devouring greedily; I. vi. 49.
RAZED OUT, erased; (Ff., *"rac'd out"*); V. v. 70.
READY, *i. e.* dressed for going out, ready dressed; (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 87.
REASON OF, argue about, talk about; IV. ii. 14.
RECK, care; IV. ii. 154.
RECOIL, degenerate; I. vi. 128.
REFT'ST, didst deprive; (Ff., *"refts"*); III. iii. 103.
RELATION, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86.
REMAIN, remainder, rest; III. i. 88.
REMAINDERS; "the good r. of the court," *i. e.* "the court which now gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 129.
REMEMBRANCER OF HER, he who reminds her; I. v. 77.
RENDER, rendering an account; IV. iv. 11.
——, surrender; V. iv. 17.
——, relate, tell; V. v. 135.
REPENTED, regretted; V. v. 59.
REPORT; "suffer the r.", may be told; I. iv. 66.
——, fame; III. iii. 57.
RESTY, torpid; III. vi. 34.
RETIRE, retreat; V. iii. 40.
REVOLT, inconstancy; I. vi. 112.
REVOLTS, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6.
RIGHT, truly; III. v. 3.
RIPELY, speedily; III. v. 22.
ROCK, rocky eminence ("such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck" (Ingleby); V. v. 262.
ROMISH, Roman; I. vi. 152.

RUDDOCK, robin redbreast; (Ff., *"Raddocke"*); IV. ii. 224.
RUNAGATE, renegade; I. vi. 137.

SAFE, sound; IV. ii. 131.
SAMPLE, example; I. i. 48.
SAUCY, insolent; I. vi. 151.
SAVING REVERENCE, asking pardon; IV. i. 6.
SAYEST THOU?, what do you say?; II. i. 29.
SCORN, mockery; V. iv. 125.
SCRIPTURES, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning); III. iv. 84.
SEAR UP, prob. due to a blending of (i.) "sear"=dry up, with (ii.) "sear"="cere," *i. e.* seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud, (*cp.* "cerement," "cere cloth"); I. i. 116.
SEARCH'D, searched for; V. v. 11.
SEASON, time; IV. iii. 22.
SEASONS COMFORT, *i. e.* "gives happiness its proper zest"; I. vi. 9.
SEE, *i. e.* see each other; I. i. 124.
SEEK THROUGH, pursue; IV. ii. 160.
SEEM; "still s."=ever put on an appearance; I. i. 3.
SEEMING, external appearance; V. v. 65.
——, appearance of fact; "this hath some s.", this seems well-founded; V. v. 453.
SELF, same; I. vi. 122.
SELF-FIGURED, self-contracted, formed by themselves; (Theobald conj., adopted by Warburton, *"self-finger'd"*); II. iii. 123.
SENSELESS, unconscious; II. iii. 59.
SENSELESS OF, insensible to; I. i. 135.
SERVING; "in their s.", employing, using them; III. iv. 174.
SET on, forward, march on; V. v. 485.
SETS, which sets; I. vi. 170.
SET UP, incite; III. iv. 91.
SEVERALLY, each in his own way; V. v. 397.
SHAKED, shaken; I. v. 76.
SHALL, will; III. iv. 132.
SHAME, shyness, modesty; V. iii. 22.
SHAMELESS-DESPERATE, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58.
SHARDED, protected by scaly wing-cases; III. iii. 20.
SHES, women; I. iii. 29.
SHOP, store; V. v. 166.
SHORT, take from, impair; I. vi. 200.
SHOT, tavern reckoning, score; V. iv. 158.
SHOW, deceitful appearance; V. v. 54.
SHOWS, appearances; V. v. 428.
'SHREW ME, *i. e.* beshrew me; a mild oath; II. iii. 146.
SHRINE, image; V. v. 164.
SILLY, simple; V. iii. 86.
SIMULAR, false, counterfeited; V. v. 200.
SINGLE OPPOSITIONS, single combats; (?) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 16.
SINKS, makes to sink; V. v. 413.
SINON, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men; III. iv. 62.
SIR, man; I. vi. 160.

SIRRAH, a form of address to an inferior; III. v. 80.
SLIGHT IN SUFFERANCE, careless in permitting it; III. v. 35.
SLIP YOU, let you go free; IV. iii. 22.
SLUTTERY, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.
SNUFF, a candle that has been snuffed; I. vi. 87.
So, it is well; II. iii. 17.
SOLACE, take delight; I. vi. 86.
SOLDIER TO, enlisted to; (?) equal to; III. iv. 187.
SO LIKE YOU, if it please you; II. iii. 60.
SOMETHING, somewhat; I. i. 86; I. iv. 129.
SOMETIME, sometimes; II. iii. 78.
——, once; V. v. 333.
SORER, more grievous, more evil; III. vi. 13.
SOUTH-FOG; "the S. rot him"; it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapors and diseases; II. iii. 135.
SPECTACLES, organs of vision; I. vi. 37.
SPEED; "how you shall s.", how you will fare; V. iv. 191.
SPRIGHTLY, of good cheer, in good spirits; III. vi. 75.
SPRITED, haunted; II. iii. 143.
SPRITELY, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v. 428.
SPURS, shoots of the root of a tree; IV. ii. 58.
STAGGERS, giddiness, reeling; V. v. 233.
STAND, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 76.
——, withstand; V. iii. 60.
STAND'ST SO, dost stand up so; III. v. 56.
STARVE, die of cold; I. iv. 196.
STATES, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 40.
STATIST, statesman, politician; II. iv. 16.
STILL, continually; II. v. 30.
——, always; V. v. 250.
STORY, *i. e.* the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry; II. ii. 27.
STORY HIM, give an account of him; I. iv. 39.
STRAIGHT-PIGHT, straight fixed, erect; V. v. 164.
STRAIN, impulse, motive; III. iv. 96.
——, stock, race; IV. ii. 24.
STRAIT, straight; V. iii. 7.
STRANGE, foreign, a foreigner; I. vi. 54.
STRICTER, more restricted, less exacting; V. iv. 17.
STRIDE A LIMIT, overpass the bound; III. iii. 35.
STROW, strew; IV. ii. 287.
SUIT, clothe; V. i. 23.
SUPPLYANT, auxiliary; III. vii. 14.
SUPPLYMENT, continuance of supply; (Pope, *"supply"*); III. iv. 183.
SUR-ADDITION, surname; I. i. 33.
SWEET, sweet-heart; (Collier MS., *"suite"*); I. v. 80.
SWERVE, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 129.
SYENNA, the ruler of Syenna; IV. ii. 341.
SYNOD, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89.

TABLES, tablets; III. ii. 39.
TAKE, take pay; III. vi. 24.
TAKE IN, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. 9.
——, conquer, overcome; IV. ii. 121.

TAKE ME UP, take me to task; II. i. 4.
TALENTS; "beyond all t.", exceeding any sum; I. vi. 80.
TANLINGS, those tanned by the sun; IV. iv. 29.
TARGES, targets; "t. of proof", targets of tested metal; (F. 4, *"Targets"*; Pope, *"shields"*; Capell, *"targe"*); V. v. 5.
TASTE, feel, experience; V. v. 403.
TASTING OF, experiencing, feeling; V. v. 308.
TEMPER, mix; V. v. 250.
TENDER; "t. of our present", tendering of our present gift; I. vi. 208.
TENDER OF, sensitive to; III. v. 40.
TENT, probe; III. iv. 119.
THAT, for that, because; III. v. 71.
——, since that; III. vii. 4.
——, that which; IV. ii. 125; V. iv. 135.
——, so that; V. iii. 11; V. iv. 45.
THERETO, in addition thereto; IV. iv. 33.
THICK, fast, quickly; III. ii. 58.
THIS, this is; (S. Walker conj. *"this"*); II. ii. 50.
THREAT, threaten; IV. ii. 127.
THROUGHFARE, thoroughfare; I. ii. 11.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; II. iv. 12; III. vi. 36.
THUNDER-STONE, thunder bolt; IV. ii. 271.
TIME, age; I. i. 43.
TINCT, color; II. ii. 23.
TIREST ON, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. 98.
TITAN, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 167.
TITLE, name; I. iv. 104.
TO, as to; I. iv. 113.
——, compared to; III. ii. 10.
——, is to be compared to; III. iii. 26.
——, in addition to; IV. ii. 333.
TOMBOYS, hoydens; I. vi. 122.
TONGUE, speak; V. iv. 148.
TOUCH, feeling, emotion; I. i. 135.
TOYS, trifles; IV. ii. 193.
TRIMS, dress, apparel; III. iv. 168.
TRIP ME, refute me, give me the lie; V. v. 35.
TROTH, the truth; V. v. 274.
TROW, I wonder; I. vi. 47.
TRUE, honest; II. iii. 77.
TRUER, more honest man; I. v. 43.
TUNE, voice; V. v. 238.
TWINN'D, resembling each other like twins; I. vi. 35.

UNBENT; "to be u.", to unbend thy bow; III. iv. 112.
UNDERGO, undertake, perform; I. iv. 166; III. v. 110.
UNDERTAKE, give satisfaction; II. i. 31.
UNPARAGON'D, matchless; I. iv. 95; II. ii. 17.
UNPAVED, castrated; II. iii. 35.
UNPRIZABLE, invaluable; I. iv. 107.
UNSPEAKING SOTS, blockheads wanting power of speech; V. v. 178.
UNTWINE, cease to twine; IV. ii. 59.
UP, put up; II. iv. 97.
UP-CAST, a throw directed straight up; II. i. 2.
USE; "their u.", they use us; IV. iv. 7.
UTTERANCE; "at u.", at all hazards; III. i. 74.

Valuation, value; IV. iv. 49.
Vantage, opportunity; I. iii. 24.
——, advantage; V. v. 198.
Vantages, favorable opportunity; II. iii. 51.
Venge, avenge; I. vi. 92.
Verbal, wordy, verbose; II. iii. 110.
Very Cloten, Cloten himself; IV. ii. 107.
View; "full of v.", full of promise; III. iv. 151.

Wage, wager; I. iv. 155.
Waggish, roguish; III. iv. 161.
Waked, awoke; V. v. 429.
Walk, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury; IV. ii. 8.
Warrant, pledge; I. iv. 70.
Watch; "in w.", awake; III. iv. 44.
Watching, keeping awake for; II. iv. 68.
Way; "this w.", by acting in this way; IV. iv. 4.
Weeds, garments; V. i. 23.
Well encounter'd, well met; III. vi. 66.
Wench-like, womanish; IV. ii. 230.
Went before, excelled; I. iv. 86.
What, what a thing; IV. i. 16.
When as, when; (Dyce, *"when-as"*); V. iv. 138; V. v. 435.
Which, who; II. iii. 111.
Whiles, while; I. v. 1.
Who, whom; V. v. 27.
Whom, which; III. i. 54.
Windows, eyelids; II. ii. 22.
Wink, shut their eyes; V. iv. 195.
Winking, having the eyes shut; II. iii. 27.
——, blind; II. iv. 89.
Winter-ground, protect from the inclement weather of the winter; (Collier MS., *"winter-guard"*; Bailey conj. *"winter-fend"*; Elze, *"wind around"*); IV. ii. 229.
With, by; II. iii. 143; V. iii. 33.
Woodman, huntsman; III. vi. 28.
Worms, serpents; III. iv. 38.
Would so, would have done so; V. v. 189.
Wrings, writhes; III. vi. 79.
Write against, denounce; II. v. 32.
Wrying, swerving; V. i. 5.

You're best, you had better; III. ii. 79.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What are some of the reasons for assigning the probable date of composition of this play?

2. Is *Cymbeline* absolute tragedy? Give a reason.

3. What fairy legend is employed in the composition of this play? What historical element is made use of and what are its sources?

4. Characterize this play.

ACT I

5. What is the dramatic value of the opening scene?

6. In scene ii, explain the expression, "she's a good sign."

7. What subtle form of reasoning does Iachimo use to force Posthumus to a wager?

8. In scene v, how is the reader prepared for the ultimate failure of the Queen's poison to effect death?

9. What is the significance of the word "us" as used by Imogen in her repulsion of Iachimo (scene vi)?

10. What is Iachimo's object in rousing Imogen to revenge upon her husband's supposed infidelity?

ACT II

11. In scene ii, wherein is revealed the purpose of the trunk mentioned in a previous scene?

12. Explain the use of Iachimo's word, "windows," in relation to the eyes of Imogen (scene ii).

13. Comment on Iachimo's soliloquy, at Imogen's bedside (scene ii).

14. What was the ancient belief in regard to the lark? (See "Song" in scene iii.)

15. Does Posthumus wait for a conclusive proof of Imogen's infidelity, before admitting her guilt? How does this fact help to complete the plot?

ACT III

16. How does the interview of Cymbeline with Caius Lucius help to portray the characters of the king, the queen, and Cloten?

17. Compare Pisanio's confidence in Imogen's virtue with that of her husband (scene ii). Is this a feature of the plot and why?

18. What new characters are introduced in scene iii? What do Belarius' apprehensions foretell?

19. How do the two lads reveal their royal birth?

20. Comment on Imogen's protestations against her husband's charge of infidelity—was she convincing, provided the reader had had no previous assurance of her innocence?

21. What comparison does Imogen make of herself when she thinks her husband has become tired of her? Explain the comparison, in view of the custom prevailing at that time.

22. Why does Imogen refrain from suicide?

23. What change of mind suddenly comes to Imogen?

24. What does Pisanio persuade her to do?

25. Why is the Queen so desirous for Imogen's downfall?

26. How does Cloten learn of Imogen's whereabouts? What does he plan to do, and how does this serve as a key to his whole character?

27. How does scene vi continue to demonstrate the gentility of Imogen?

ACT IV

28. How does scene i prove that "clothes do not make the man"?

29. How does Shakespeare clear the stage (scene ii) for a duel?

30. What is the attitude of Belarius and of the two brothers at the death of Cloten?

31. What is the poetical significance of the solemn music introduced in this scene?

32. What lines refer to the ancient belief that the robin covered the graves of the dead (scene ii)?

33. What do the commentators have to say about the Song in this scene?

34. What lines, in Imogen's outburst upon the discovery of Cloten's body, justify the latter's boast of physical equality with Prometheus?

35. What is the condition of affairs at Court in scene iii? How does it present Cymbeline?

36. In scene iv, what natural instinct has come to the surface in the natures of the two young princes?

ACT V

37. In the opening lines of this Act, what is the attitude of Posthumus towards Imogen?

38. What is the dramatic value of the battle in this Act?

39. What change has come over Iachimo?

40. In scene iii, explain the meaning of "a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys."

41. How is Posthumus "charmed"? Does he seek death?

42. Name some of the plays in which Shakespeare has introduced apparitions, etc.

43. Who is "the poor soldier" to whom Cymbeline and Belarius refer in scene v?

44. How does the description of the Queen's death help to explain many things?

45. How does Lucius' praise of his "page" contribute still further to the many proofs of Imogen's beautiful character?

46. Does Iachimo's confession give the impression that he had undertaken his deception of Posthumus more for material gain or, out of deviltry?

47. How is Imogen's identity revealed?

48. Why does Belarius reveal the identity of Guiderius and Arviragus?

49. What becomes of Iachimo?

50. What is the interpretation of the prediction submitted by Posthumus to the soothsayer?

51. What chastening influence does the return of the young princes have upon Cymbeline?

52. How does the play close, and why is it an appropriate ending?

53. Whom do you regard as the central figure in the play?

54. Compare Posthumus and Othello.

Date Due

AUG 2	DEC 5		
DEC 2	OCT 7		
APR 27 '60	NOV 2 1983		
MAY 11 '60	AUG 2 1984		
MAY 25 '60	JUL 2 6 RECD		
JAN 4			
JAN 19			
B 21			
MAY 18			
AUG 2 '61			
MAY 21			
SEP 26			
MAY 13			
NOV 29			
APR 25			
AUG 4			

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

HOLY NAMES COLLEGE LIBRARY
00048137

PR
2754
H82
v.8 Shakespeare, William
AUTHOR
TITLE Modern readers Shakespeare:v.8, Julius Caesar, All's well that ends well, Antony & Cleopatra, Cymbeline
DATE DUE BORROWER'S NAME
AUG 2 St. Barbara Julie
DEC 2 Mary Barbara
APR 27 60 Sharon Martin
34783

PR Shakespeare 34783
2754
H82
V. 8